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# THE BOYNE AND AGHRIM

The Story of some Famous Battlefields  
in Ireland

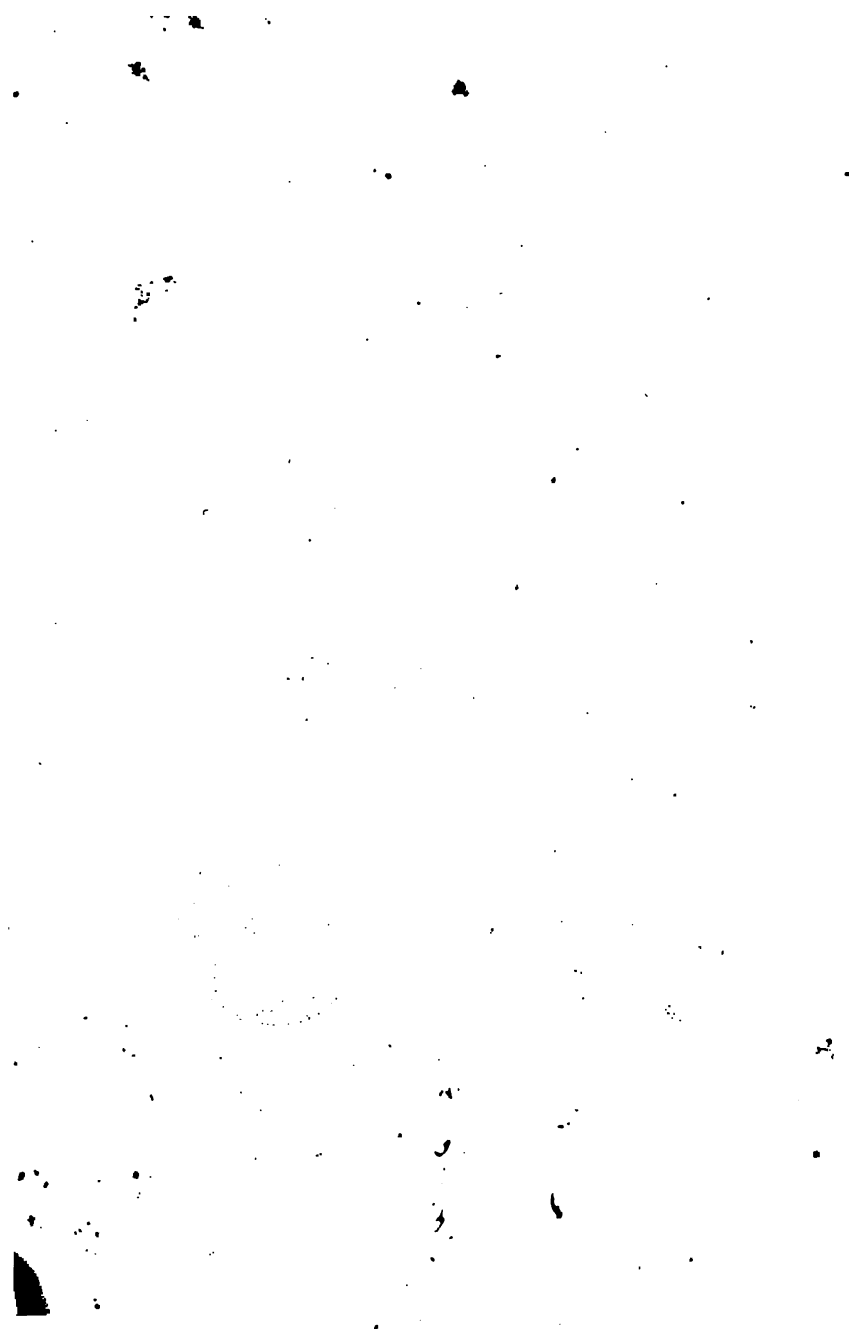


BY

THOMAS WITHEROW



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# *THE BOYNE AND AGHRIM*

OR

**The Story of some Famous Battlefields  
in Ireland**

BY

**THOMAS WITHEROW**

*Professor of Church History in Magee College, Londonderry*



**WILLIAM MULLAN AND SON  
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**Inscribed**

**TO THE**

**REV. ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY,**

**MAGHERAFELT,**

**In Memorial of**


**A LONG AND UNBROKEN FRIENDSHIP.**





## P R E F A C E.

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HEN "Derry and Enniskillen" was published, it was not the design of the Author to return to the subject again. He had told his story, drawn the moral, and had no personal wish to touch any more a matter, of which Ireland has had perhaps quite enough. But after the publication of that volume, an urgent desire was expressed in various quarters to have the history brought down in a similar style to the close of the Revolutionary War: and the Author found it impossible in the circumstances to resist the pressure brought to bear upon him in such a kindly way.

The present volume is the result. It takes up the narrative at the close of the siege of Derry in 1689, and follows it down to the pacification of Limerick in 1691.

To pursue a path on which Lord Macaulay has left at every turn the footprint of his genius, is suggestive of a contrast anything but flattering to the man who is bold enough to make the attempt. No one can be more sensible of this than the Author himself. But he was encouraged to run the risk, believing that many would like to read the

story of the Irish War apart from the history of England, and that the subject in such a form would admit of being treated a little more in detail than was practicable on the plan adopted by the noble historian.

The aim of the writer has been simply to tell what occurred during this memorable episode in Irish history, and to do justice so far as it was in his power to both sides. His wish is to instruct the reader, not to excite prejudice or to stir up strife. All the harm in society usually arises, not from knowing the facts, but from not knowing them. It is ignorance, not intelligence, which turns into offence and reproach what in reality is discreditable to nobody.

MAGEE COLLEGE, 3rd Feb., 1879.

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# THE BOYNE AND AGHRIM.



## CHAPTER I.

### *THE IRISH PARLIAMENT OF 1689.*

**W**HEN King James left Derry in such haste on the 20th of April, 1689, his immediate purpose was to make arrangements for opening the Parliament of Ireland, which he had summoned to meet in Dublin on the 7th of May. The time selected was very unfavourable. The country was in a state of war. The most peaceful districts were infested by bands of armed men, who, under pretence of being soldiers, were in reality robbers. The inhabitants seemed as if given over entirely to a spirit of anarchy and bloodshed. The excitement in the popular mind at that memorable time did not foreshadow calm and rational deliberation.

Of the two Houses of Legislation assembled on this occasion, the constituent elements were somewhat peculiar. Had all the peers of Ireland attended, as the roll then stood, there would have been ninety Protestants as against forty-five Roman Catholics. With their co-religionists up in arms, and life and property everywhere in peril, it could scarcely be

expected that many Protestants would on this occasion answer to their names ; but lest some might do so, special care was taken to give due weight to the other side. Several new peerages were created, and various outlawries against ancient titles were reversed. But it was not necessary ; there was no risk of the Protestant lords being in a majority. Of sixty-nine temporal peers there were at the time but four or five in the island, and those who had fled across the channel were so glad to get away that they could not think just then of coming back. Out of twenty-two spiritual peers, there were yet seven in the country, of whom four responded to the summons to attend King James's Parliament. The principal of these was Dr. Dopping, Bishop of Meath—a fast believer in the divine right of kings, but an adept in the right reverend art of trimming his sails to suit the wind. Out of thirty-seven Roman Catholic lords twenty-four generally attended, of whom fifteen had been previously under attainder, and two or three were minors. Not more than six or seven, therefore, were legally entitled to vote, and of these, few, if any, had ever sat in Parliament before. No Roman Catholic bishop was summoned ; the time for taking that advanced step had not yet arrived.


Nor had the House of Commons any better claim to represent either the electors or the people. The Protestant freeholders had fled across the sea for refuge, or, as in case of Derry and Enniskillen, they were up in arms against the Crown, or they were overawed by garrisons and armed bands, who, in the opposite interest, kept possession of every fortress and hamlet in the land. The Roman Catholic freeholders were few, not amounting in some counties to more

than a dozen. The corporations of towns which Tyrconnel had reformed and replenished with men after his own heart, could, however, be depended on at such an emergency. All they needed was a hint. Accordingly, with the writ of election, there was usually sent down from Dublin Castle, a letter addressed to the sheriff or other returning officer, naming the person whom it might be advisable to choose. On the receipt of this official document, the sheriff summoned a meeting of the corporation or of the county freeholders, as the case might be, and with their assistance elected and returned the man whom the lord-lieutenant had so kindly named. The result was that thirty-four places, most of them connected with the seat of war in Ulster, had no representatives returned. Five or six Protestants were chosen, too few to obstruct seriously the work in contemplation, but numerous enough to prevent its being said that this was entirely a Romish Parliament. The actual number of Roman Catholics returned was 244. Most of these were the descendants of men who had lost their estates for taking part in the rebellion and massacre of 1641, and were furious against the Protestants that were now in possession of the forfeited property, and by whom they considered themselves deeply wronged. Some respectable Roman Catholics were known to have purchased under the Act of Settlement; but few of these were elected to the House of Commons, the Dublin authorities naturally supposing that such men would have a personal interest in opposing any transfer of the land. The majority therefore of the men who came up to attend this Parliament, came up with a burning sense of injustice on their minds, determined not so much

to consult for the safety of the State, as to seize the present opportunity of righting their own wrongs. Personally they were nearly all inexperienced, hot-headed, fanatical men, gifted with a sort of blind faith in the omnipotence of Parliaments, and confident that the hour of national deliverance had come.

The published list of members actually attending the upper house contains forty-six names ; that of the lower house contains two hundred and twenty-seven. The place of meeting was not that which, a century later, was made illustrious by the stately eloquence of Grattan and the brilliant rhetoric of Curran. The grand old house on College Green, to which the hearts of patriotic Irishmen have turned for a century with an interest that none but themselves can ever understand, was not erected at the time of which we speak. The Parliament of 1689 met on the northern bank of the Liffey, on a spot where a Dominican convent had once stood. The place for some time before had been appropriated to the Inns of Law ; and on the same site the modern structure known as the Four Courts has since been built.

At the time and place appointed, James in due form opened this strangely constituted Parliament. Arrayed in royal robes, and with a crown upon his head, he took his seat upon the throne. The faithful Commons, as the manner is, were summoned to attend at the bar of the Lords, and the king addressed the assembly. In his speech he praised the Irish nation for their exemplary fidelity in supporting his cause when so many of his subjects in other places had taken sides with his enemies. He had always been in favour of liberty of conscience, and of protecting every man in the use of his goods and property. It was the deter-





mination on his part to give legal effect to religious freedom, which raised him up enemies both at home and abroad ; nevertheless, he was resolved to abolish the Test Oath and every other distinction for mere religious opinion, and he expected the concurrence of Parliament in a design so Christian. He would agree to any laws for the good of the nation, and was willing to compensate those who had been injured by the Act of Settlement, so far as would consist with reason, justice, and the public interest. He ended by asking for the co-operation of his Parliament in securing the objects in view, and by paying a compliment to Louis XIV., King of France, both for hospitality to himself and to his family when they were driven out of England, and for the active assistance now lent him in the attempt to recover his crown.

This, no doubt, was a very liberal speech ; but unfortunately we cannot accept its professions apart from the comment and exposition supplied by the king's public life and conduct, and especially by the bills to which he attached his signature before that Parliament broke up. Moreover we must take into account the advice, which Avaux, ambassador at Dublin of Louis, was at that very time urging upon him, to the effect that he ought to manage his affairs in Ireland so as not to deprive Protestants of all hope of obtaining in the end fair play for their religion ; because, he was reminded, that if, by the aid of Ireland and Scotland, he had got the better of the Prince of Orange and had sent him back to Holland, he could then, when undisputed master of the three kingdoms, secure much more important advantages for his own religion, than he could possibly do at present, when so many of his subjects were in arms against his

authority. In his very liberal professions we must believe, therefore, that James was acting on the policy suggested by his friend, the persecutor of the Huguenots, namely, to follow in the mean time the rules of prudence that he might have it in his power to do at last what he believed to be most agreeable to God.\*

In accordance with the same advice, James, the day after this royal speech was delivered, issued a declaration, addressed to his Irish subjects, in which he said that his desire was to give freedom of conscience to Episcopalians and Dissenters, and in which he promised full pardon to all his enemies of every class, who should return to their allegiance within twenty-four days after his landing in England. The manifest design of this announcement was to strengthen his party across the channel, by attempting the somewhat hopeless task of rekindling among Protestants that sense of security under his government which his own imprudence had already extinguished. But three months did not pass till the sincerity of these promises was put to a crucial test, and his senators at Dublin had shown how far they were willing to go along with him in the line of conciliation.

After thanking the king for his gracious speech from the throne, both Houses entered on business by recognising the undoubted hereditary right of James to the crown, and by condemning William as an usurper; a judgment which, from their point of view, was no more than might be expected. The next step was the repeal of Poyning's Act, by which they denied the right of the English Government to

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\* *Aræus*, p. 168.

rectify or review the Acts of the Parliament of Ireland. They declared, therefore, in due form the independence of the Irish nation, and that in future no appeal should hold from the Acts of the Parliament of Ireland to the justice of England. If Ireland had fought and won, this measure would have been natural and fair enough; but it was somewhat premature to disown English supremacy, while Derry was yet untaken and Enniskillen was free.

The Act to abolish the Test and to afford liberty of conscience to his Irish subjects, was passed as the king desired. This, it must be admitted, was in itself an excellent measure, and, if it stood alone on the statute book of James's Dublin Parliament, it would do to him and them the greatest honour. But the drawback is, that we know the motives by which it was prompted, and we have to read it in the light of the other Acts by which it was accompanied. Thus studied it is impossible to believe that, after it had served its purpose, there was, on the part of its authors, any honest intention to carry it out.

Among the first things done by Parliament was to make provision for the expenses of the king. He had modestly asked for fifteen thousand pounds a month, but the House was generous beyond expectation, and voted him twenty thousand. But this liberal grant was attended by a circumstance not so pleasant to reflect upon. The revenue of Ireland from all sources, previous to the war, had never exceeded £332,000. Now when the island was virtually blockaded by the English fleet, when trade and commerce were at a stand, and the inhabitants engaged in a bloody war, there was every probability of the national income being reduced. Badly as the Irish army was paid,

its necessary expenses amounted to £1,100,000 per annum. To pay all this, along with the expenses of the civil list, and in addition £20,000 a month for the king, out of an annual income of perhaps less than £300,000 a year, was a difficulty which might well perplex the most dexterous financier. The money brought from France it was thought wise to economize: and even if it had been all available, it could not have raised the national revenue to the amount required. Borrowing was impossible, because there was nobody both able and willing to lend. The difficulty was so pressing, that the Government some day soon was certain to try the obvious experiment of manufacturing money.

The Commons showed some little reluctance in agreeing to the proposed salary of the Crown, because they were afraid, that were this matter once settled, the king might not be so ready to comply with their wishes in regard to the confiscated estates. The Act of Settlement is the name given to the measure passed under Charles II., in 1662, which confirmed the division, among Protestant owners, of those estates that the Irish had forfeited by their participation in the rebellion and massacre of 1641, with which the name of Sir Phelim Roe O'Neill is connected no less in history than in the popular traditions of the country. The alienation of property which followed the overthrow of the insurgents on that occasion, was regarded by the English as the just penalty of murder and rebellion, but by the Irish, who suffered from it, it was regarded as barefaced robbery—an act of cruel injustice. The Irish Parliament, composed largely of the sons of families who had on that occasion ventured their all and lost, thought that the time had now come

to do justice to themselves. Prudence might have counselled delay. Had James driven out his rival and had peace been established, few would be surprised if those who took up arms against the king had met the fate which always attends the rebel who fails. But the Dublin Parliament could not wait. The king was now in their power: once off to England, their influence over him was gone. His present necessities would make him pliant. The majority was on their side; they could carry what they pleased. It would be folly to allow the present opportunity to pass without providing a remedy for the grievance.

Accordingly a Bill for repealing the Act of 1662 was brought into the House of Commons by the Lord Chief Justice Nugent, and it was read there three times without opposition. It proposed to restore all the landed property of Ireland *simpliciter* to the representatives of those who were in possession of it on the 22nd day of October, 1641, that is, on the day before the late rebellion broke out. Its authors never took into account how the present holders had obtained possession. Some of them held their estates by direct grant from the Crown; others by mortgage in payment of a just debt; others by purchase from a previous owner. But there was no provision in the Bill to restore the purchaser his money, or to repay the creditor his debt. The present owner was required by the Act, without consideration of circumstances, to hand over the property to the representative of the man who had lost it over forty years before.

Had the measure, however, stopped here, it would not have touched the case of Protestant owners who were in possession prior to 1641. It would not have affected any who acquired their estates at the Ulster

Plantation or at an earlier time. But its authors took good care to guard against any such grand oversight as this. They inserted a provision to the effect that all persons in Ireland, who had held any correspondence with those in arms, or who had given them any aid since August, 1688, that is, from two months before the Prince of Orange landed, and before the civil war had begun, should forfeit his estates. This clause covered the case of every Protestant landowner, no matter when he got possession of his property ; for every man in Ireland who could write his own name had probably corresponded with friends in England during the last nine months, or had held communication with persons, whether in England or Ireland, now in arms against King James. It would, be only necessary to produce against a man some letter to a friend, and this, irrespective of its contents, would, in terms of the Act, be evidence sufficient to secure the forfeiture of his farm or estate. Vast quantities of letters, it was known, had been intercepted by Government during the last nine months, and had been detained, for what object was now clear. In effect, the Act secured that every Protestant should lose his estate. If obtained since 1641, it was lost by the Act of Repeal ; if obtained before 1641, it was lost by writing a letter to a friend. In either case it was certain to be lost. Nothing, it is manifest, could justify such legislation as this ; it can be accounted for only by the fact, that the legislators were making laws to right themselves, and came to their task under a burning sense of individual wrong.

In the House of Lords, the repeal of the Act of Settlement met with some unexpected opposition. All indeed were agreed as to the right of seizing the

goods and property of all persons now in arms against the king; but there were a few Roman Catholics, and among them two or three of the judges, who had bought from Protestants estates which had been given them by Cromwell, and, as Parliament had sanctioned the sale, two of these judges, who were members of the House, raised some opposition to the passing of a Bill which made provision for stripping them of their land but not for returning their money. Feeling that a hideous wrong was about to be perpetrated on themselves, they grew more sensitive to the outrage impending over others. They knew that they were the rightful owners of lands which, under protection of law, they had bought and paid for in sterling coin, and they could not see that they ought now to be plundered of that which they had honestly purchased on the faith of an Act of Parliament.

An address in the interest of these purchasers, pointing out the injustice of disturbing the Act of Settlement, was drawn up by Judge Keating, and presented to the king by the Earl of Granard. His answer was more mysterious and scriptural than it was reassuring. "He would not do evil that good might come." He must, however, have been well aware of the very serious consequences attending the repeal of the Act. As Duke of York and a member of the King's Council, he had been present at the discussions held on the subject, when the original Act of 1662 was passed. He himself had received under it an Irish estate valued at £10,000 a year. On his accession he had declared, through his representatives in Ireland, his firm resolve to maintain the Settlement. He had heard now within the House the speeches made by some who were opposed to the Bill,

and he knew that other Protestants outside had petitioned to be heard at the bar against it, and that their petition was refused. There is good reason to think, moreover, that some impression was made upon his mind unfavourable to the measure, in consequence of the representations of the two Roman Catholic judges who were to be among the heaviest sufferers, as well as by the consideration of the troubles it would entail upon himself in England, should he ever regain his throne. But James was entirely in the power of those by whom he was now surrounded. The great stickler for prerogative had at last brought himself into a position in which no prerogative was left him. He could not resist a Parliament who had set their hearts on carrying this measure, and who, if not gratified, knew how to take their revenge. The Commons could not be convinced that their proposed Bill was unjust ; on the contrary, they maintained obstinately that purchasers under the Act of Settlement deserved to suffer for having bought land which was wrongly acquired, and that no length of possession could in such circumstances give the present owners any claims. In vain the king recommended them to be moderate. Moderation was the very last duty that such men were disposed to practise.

Fuel was added to the flame when it oozed out that the king himself, to some extent, sympathized with the opposition to the Bill. Matters went so far, that James, on his side, talked of proroguing Parliament : the friends of the measure, on the other, could not see that they were bound to fight to recover the king's inheritance, if, at the same time, they were to be kept out of their own. A rupture between king and Parliament at such a time would be inevitable ruin to both.



A kind of compromise was in these circumstances agreed upon ; it was arranged finally to repeal the Act of Settlement as proposed, but to reimburse purchasers out of the property of Protestants now confiscated to the Crown. Slight and ineffectual as was the opposition of the king to this act of undisguised spoliation, it lost him in a great measure the esteem of his Irish subjects. He might indeed be a Catholic by profession, but in their eyes he was at heart an Englishman, thickly crusted over with all the sympathies and antipathies of his race.

While the Commons were engaged in discussing the Act of Settlement, Denis Daly, Esq., Justice of the Common Pleas, who disapproved their proceedings, expressed his mind rather freely in regard to their conduct. It was reported to them that in private conversation the judge had said, "They were a mere rabble, not a Parliament ; that every one of them was talking of his own private losses and interests, not of the good of the nation ; and that the king need not expect people to fight for him who were robbed of their estates." These indiscreet words gave very deep offence. Orders were instantly given that Judge Daly should be impeached. The House was sitting on the case, and from the temper displayed by various speakers there was reason to fear that the decision would go against the accused, when one of the members, Nugent of Carlandstown, rushed into the chamber and shouted, "Good news ! Derry is taken !" A wild triumphant huzza burst from the members ; every man rose from his seat, and, like a mob in a theatre, they all waved their hats about their heads, and gave expression to their joy in tumultuous cheers. The sudden and unexpected news put the House in good humour ; every

man was too intent on congratulating his neighbour on the welcome intelligence to think of taking vengeance on Judge Daly, and when at last his name was mentioned, the unanimous cry—"We pardon him! we pardon him!"—broke from the whole assembly. It need scarcely be said that the report of Derry being captured was entirely false. On the very day that this strange scene, more resembling the natural and joyous outburst of a congregation of children than of a Parliament of men, was occurring in Dublin—the 4th of June, 1689—the second battle of the Windmill Hill was going forward at Derry, and the heroic little city, far from being captured, was at that moment engaged in inflicting upon King James's army the sorest disaster which befell it up till the day that the boom was broken. A day or two after, the truth became known in Dublin, and the whole story was proved to be a fable. But the Parliament could not go back upon the past, and Daly escaped. It was shrewdly suspected at the time that Nugent had planned this episode, in the hope of relieving his friend Daly from the dilemma into which he had been brought by words more truthful than wise. If there was truth in this suspicion, and if plans are to be judged by their success, Nugent's stratagem did credit to his powers of invention and foresight.

But the repeal of the Act of Settlement was not the most cruel measure enacted by this celebrated Parliament. The Act of Attainder in this respect surpasses all the other Acts which received the sanction of King James. It declared very nearly 2,500 persons, whom it specified by name, as guilty of high treason, in case they did not come in and submit to trial, on or before a certain day named in the Act, and sentenced them,

as traitors, to the forfeiture of property and to the loss of life. Attainders of eminent persons, who were too strong for the arm of the law to reach, and who were in a position to defy the ordinary course of justice, have occasionally passed the Legislature in the more uncivilized periods of our history ; but it is not on record that an expedient, which sends men to death without judge and jury, without trial, and without evidence, and which cannot be justified in any circumstances except by obvious and pressing necessity, was ever adopted in such wholesale fashion as it was by this Irish Parliament.

The circumstances attending this measure, and the cruel provisions which it contained against men, most of whom had committed no overt act of rebellion, and whose only crime in many cases was that they fled from the country in terror of their lives, combine to make it one of the most infamous Acts which ever passed a Legislature. Many persons, not named in it, were much more guilty of treason against James than most of those whose names were inserted. The names embodied in it were obtained in a very loose and irregular way. Each member of the House returned a list of the most respectable Protestants living in his borough or county, and if the family was known to him by name only, he usually referred to some friend in the country for further information. It supplied a grand chance for a member of Parliament to give a stab in a quiet way to any man against whom he bore a grudge ; he had merely to mention him as absent or disaffected, and forthwith his name appeared on the face of the Act as a traitor to the Crown. In this way no less than 2461 persons were proclaimed, in case they did not appear and submit to

trial before a fixed day, as traitors to Government : and in this list were included seventy peers, nine peeresses, eighty-six baronets and knights, nine archbishops and bishops, 105 other clergymen, and over 2000 private gentlemen. No notice was given to any of them, that a measure affecting their property and lives was under the consideration of Parliament. They were declared guilty without trial, and sentenced by Act of Parliament to be hanged, drawn and quartered. So hastily was the thing done, that the names of some were inserted in the list of the condemned, who were at the time actually serving in King James's army under the walls of Derry ; and so shamefully was it done, that Mountjoy, who was in James's service up till the time that he was cast into the French prison where he was still lying, and who could not possibly comply with the conditions necessary to obtain acquittal, was by the Act proclaimed a traitor. No pardon, even from the king, could benefit any person thus attainted, except it was issued before the first day of November in that year, and enrolled before the last day of that month. When the Bill had passed both Houses, and was presented to the king for signature, he was informed by Nagle, the Speaker of the House of Commons, that many of the persons named therein were found guilty on evidence which satisfied Parliament, and the remainder on "common fame."

How it would have altered our opinion of the last king of the House of Stuart if he had refused to sign this murderous Bill, and had chosen to forfeit all claim to the crown rather than soil his hands with the blood of the innocent ! An act so spirited, after such a career of folly, might not have been sufficient either to regain

his throne, or to win back the true hearts which he had so wantonly lost ; yet it would have commanded the respect of his enemies and secured the admiration of posterity. But there was not one spark of true nobility in the man. That royal prerogative for which he had fought so stoutly in England, he now surrenders without a struggle to the narrowness and passion of a couple of hundred squires sent up from the wilds of Connaught and the hamlets of Munster. At no past period in his life was stout resistance so much needed, or would invincible obstinancy have done him so much honour ; but at the critical moment, in the hands of Avaux and Tyrconnel and Nagle, he proves pliant as a child. James attached his name without a murmur to that deed of blood, and so far as it was in his power made it the law of Ireland. No greater crime in a civilized age was ever committed by a king. Sin blinds the sinner's eyes. He did not observe, before signing his name, that the very Act which struck at the life of so many men took away from himself, after a certain date, the royal privilege of pardon—one of the most precious jewels of the Crown.

The Act passed in July. Bad as it was, it provided that a man who should return to Ireland, submit to trial, prove his innocence, or procure a pardon prior to the month of November, would escape its penalties. If the terms were published and the campaign now progressing should prove favourable to James, numbers, perhaps, of the proscribed, might come forward and sue for pardon under the Act ; but if its terms were not published, the great majority would not know that pardon was procurable until the time had expired when it was possible to obtain it. Moreover the revulsion of feeling, which such a measure, when known,

must produce in England, would be sure to quench all popular sympathies with the exiled monarch, and destroy his hopes of regaining the crown. These considerations determined him and his advisers to keep the whole affair secret. The Act of Attainder, therefore, was not published : it was locked up in the Lord Chancellor's desk : and no Protestant eye was permitted to look upon it until the days of grace had expired.

That some such measure had passed was of course well known to the Protestants of Dublin. But no copy was put into circulation. In the following January, more than a month after the time when it was possible for the king to pardon under the Act, the names of the attainted began to appear. Even then every attempt of the Protestants to make themselves aware of its special provisions, totally failed. It was not till the month of April that a copy was obtained, and that by the merest accident. Sir Thomas Southwell having been found guilty of high treason, Lord Seaforth undertook to obtain a pardon for him from the king. The application was successful, and orders were given to have a warrant made out for the purpose. The lawyer employed, being a Protestant, said that he could not draw up a legal pardon without seeing the Act under which he was attainted. The king directed that a copy for this purpose should be lent him for a day. Transcribers were instantly set at work ; a complete copy was made out in a few hours and forthwith despatched to England. In this way the whole truth came to light, and the king himself became aware, apparently for the first time, that the Act had stripped him of his power to grant a pardon. He was furious at the discovery, but of course it was too late to apply a remedy.

The repeal of the Act of Settlement, and the Act of Attainder, were thus the complements of each other. The ruin which one left unfinished, the other was designed to complete. The one struck at the property, the other at the lives of the Protestant landowners. The undisguised aim of both was the extinction of the English and Protestant interest in the country. Neither Act was carried out, not for want of will, but for want of power. The main value of them both at present is, that they show in a form not to be mistaken how the Irish Parliament meant to follow up their victory, when victory was secured. Could they have looked before them only for a year or two, and have seen Derry, the Boyne, Aghrim, and Limerick, they would have known better than to express their intentions in an Act of Parliament. But at the time the Irish senators were thus trying their hands at legislation, the whole country, except Enniskillen and Derry, was in possession of the king, and the Irish nation was brimful of hope. In the summer of 1689, while these measures were passing through both Houses, the Court and Parliament of Dublin were expecting at every moment to hear of the fall of Derry, dreaming of making a descent on Scotland at an early day, looking out daily to see the tide of popular sympathy in England turn against the Dutchman, and calculating that in a month or two at most James would be back at Whitehall, and the Prince of Orange driven home to Holland. Had events taken that turn, the two Acts in question mark out clearly the line which the Irish Government was determined to pursue. In such a case, either England must have conquered Ireland over again, or Ireland, in carrying out its own laws, must have entered on a mad career

of blood. Men of all opinions, have now reason to be thankful, that the land was saved alike from the crime and the disgrace.

Various other measures of minor importance passed this memorable Parliament; but as time did not permit of their being carried out, except to a very limited extent, they need not engage our attention here. By the 20th of July, it was demonstrated to the king's satisfaction, that all Parliaments are very much alike, and that the comfort of working with an Irish House of Commons is not much superior to that of working with an English House of Commons, even though the former be composed in the main of orthodox Catholics, and the latter of heretical Protestants. On that day the Irish House was prorogued till the 12th of February, but in reality never to meet again. This closed the sittings of this most incompetent and revolutionary Legislature. It was in fact a great mistake for the king and his cause that it ever met. It was no less hurtful to the whole nation. It proved a precedent and a sort of warrant for the penal legislation which followed it for more than a hundred years. Many grossly unjust and disgraceful laws were passed by the narrow and bigoted Protestant Parliaments, which met in Dublin in after years ; but no man could truthfully say that the very worst of them approached in shameless and cold-blooded cruelty the infamous legislation of the Dublin Parliament of 1689. Whatever allowance may be made for the excitement incident to war, and the keen feelings which the members brought with them to their work—and it is only fair to make allowance for such exceptional circumstances, still the product of these ten weeks of unlimited Home Rule is not such as to excite in Protestants, nor indeed



among thoughtful Roman Catholics, any strong desire for the repetition of the experiment.

Throughout the summer and autumn of the year, the scarcity of money was keenly felt in Ireland by all classes, and especially by the Government, on whom devolved the burden of carrying on military operations. All nonbelligerent Protestants, who could contrive to leave the island, had already fled to England or to Scotland with their money and goods ; owing to the war, agriculture, trade, and industry were at a stand ; the people were in arms, shooting and plundering each other, or, where they were overawed by superior strength, restless yet inactive in their homes. Revenue was not flowing in, yet soldiers and civil officers expected to be paid ; the king's monthly allowance was falling due ; and if funds were not forthcoming the machinery of government would be sure at no distant day to reach a full stop. To impose additional taxes on an impoverished people was useless ; the attempt to exact money where none was to be had, would make the king unpopular with the nation, a result too hazardous in present circumstances to be rashly incurred. The only expedient which the king and his advisers could devise in this emergency, was to coin as much money as the occasion required. Accordingly in the month of August, soon after the Parliament broke up, a mint was set to work in Dublin. Many people thought then, as some think still, that a king has it in his power to manufacture any amount of money which he pleases, and James now tried the experiment. Brazen vessels, worn-out guns, and base metal of various kinds, were melted down, stamped with the king's image, and issued to the public in the form of sixpences, shillings, and half-crowns. Half a

dozen of these half-crowns, in intrinsic value, were not worth more than a few pence ; but to make them pass current for genuine silver, Government ordered by proclamation that the new coinage, instead of being employed to pay Crown taxes and to purchase goods, as had been the original design, should be used in the payment of bills, bonds, debts, mortgages, and in all other pecuniary transactions whatever. When the mint was once set on foot, the difficulty was to supply it with sufficient material. Gold and silver unstamped were, of course, as scarce as coin. But every effort was made to provide the rough material in abundance. The braziers' shops in Dublin were pillaged in search of old brass, the kitchens of private families were ransacked to discover copper kettles, and James was not ashamed to send over to the king of France for a few useless old cannon, to be melted down in order to make money for the Irish. The nominal value of this deteriorated coinage, issued in less than a year from the Dublin mint, is said to have amounted to a million and a half sterling.\*

The province of the mint, as every intelligent person knows, is merely to stamp money, not to manufacture it ; but for the satisfaction of those who think that the impression of the royal face adds intrinsic value to the piece of metal which receives it, an actual experiment of a kind so conspicuous is not without its advantages. It demonstrates clearly how any general attempt to debase the national coinage is sure to work. The value of King James's money after a few weeks fell rapidly. Foreign countries would not accept it. If a foreign ship entered an Irish port, the owners, in exchange for their goods must either receive money

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\* Its real value has been estimated at £6,500.

which would not pass on their return home, or take commodities too often plundered from the natives, which they did not need. In either case they were divested of their profits, and they did not return any more. Vessels soon learned to keep clear of the coast of Ireland, as they would of an island of pirates. Imported goods rose to an extravagant price. Some kinds could not be bought for money. Commerce was at an end, and the suffering of the non-fighting population from this cause alone is too great to be conceived.

The main use of the base money was in the home market—to pay Irish soldiers for fighting, and Irish merchants for their goods. The French were not to be imposed upon; from the first they would not accept it, and insisted on being paid in silver. The Protestant citizens were equally unwilling to accept it, but they dare not refuse; the Governor of Dublin threatened to hang any man who would decline to take it in exchange for goods, and did throw some into prison for showing want of respect to the king's coin. Even Roman Catholics did not like it much better than Protestants. Great people at Court could not conceal their contempt for it. Lady Tyrconnel herself, with some sense of justice, paid in her shopping double the amount of brass that she would have paid in silver. The result was that the buying value of the coin soon diminished. No statute or proclamation could make a pound of brass coin purchase in the free market the same amount of goods as a pound of genuine silver. Men very soon were willing to give five pounds of the brass metal for one guinea of gold. Force sometimes interposed to sustain the nominal value, and to compel men to accept the tender of the spurious coin. The result

was, that the shopkeeper was robbed ; the genuine goods were taken off his counter, and all left to console him was a heap of worthless coppers in his till. The price of everything rose immensely. A man needed a bagful of brass half-crowns to enable him to buy the most common articles. Nobody was relieved by the new coinage, and even the Government was in as great straits as before.

The device served none except men like the king, who had nothing to sell, and had abundance of the potmetal wherewithal to pay. Some took the chance of clearing off mortgages and paying off old debts. Government especially took whatever goods it needed, and then paid for them with brass at the silver rate. The whole thing proved to be an ingenious scheme of the Crown to take merchandise from the subject for nothing or next to nothing—a gigantic swindle that knaves turned to account for the purpose of plundering honest men. Some clever Protestants, from the instinct of self-protection, tried to utilize the debased coinage by purchasing with it commodities of intrinsic value, which might some day be of advantage. But even this expedient could not be allowed. The king heard of it, and forthwith issued a proclamation, stating that he himself was in want of the commodities in question, and would take them at the prices fixed. Even the monarch betrayed the desire to exchange his own bad money for something of substantial value. When the Protestant shopkeepers sent to ask the reason why they would not be allowed to retain the commodities which they had purchased, the answer of Sir Patrick Trant, the Commissioner of Revenue, was, that “he would not give a reason to such rogues.” Acts of this kind leave marks on the feelings and

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language of a people which ages do not efface. The hardships brought on society two centuries ago by the financial policy of King James, are still recalled to popular remembrance by the hearty and unmeasured terms, in which a loyal Protestant in a state of artificial enthusiasm is heard occasionally even at the present day to denounce "brass money and wooden shoes," in common with other evils which he regards as the affliction of humanity.

Throughout the summer and winter of this year there was one man in Dublin, only second in importance to the king himself, who was as much dissatisfied by all he saw and heard, as any Protestant shopkeeper compelled to sell his valuables for bad half-crowns. This was Avaux, ambassador at the Court of Dublin from his Majesty, Louis XIV. He was content neither with the king nor with his council, the Parliament nor the army, the country nor the people. Affairs in his opinion were entirely mismanaged. Everything was going wrong.

All proceedings in Ireland he saw only in one light, namely, that in which they affected the interests and designs of France. The Parliament, whose session had lately closed, did not in his opinion treat his country handsomely. Irish legislation had given no exceptional rights to his countrymen. Even the king had refused to give the French in Ireland the same privileges as natives; the utmost he would do was to put Frenchmen in Ireland exactly on the same footing as other foreigners. He complained further, that the king had prorogued the Legislature before there was time to carry through the Lords a bill which had passed the Commons, forbidding Irish wool to be exported to England, and permitting it to be exported

to France. The evil was, that without such an Act no man had authority to send wool to France except at the king's pleasure, and the permission given might also at the king's pleasure be withdrawn. To leave matters in their present condition, without protection of the law, was, he said, to expose sailors and others engaged in this trade to the risk of being hanged, if captured, according to an Act of the English Parliament. To Avaux this seemed a rather ungrateful return for all the generosity which France had shown to James and to his people.

But other causes of dissatisfaction were abundant. Of Melfort, the king's principal counsellor and most intimate friend, he is specially jealous. He pronounces the Scottish nobleman to be alike inexperienced and incapable as a man of business, undertaking to attend to everything, but in reality leaving everything undone. Melfort is a mere courtier, saying always as the king says, supremely regardless all the while whether his counsel does or does not promote the interests of his master. If James is so vain as to think that for him to appear before the gates of Derry would induce the garrison to surrender, Melfort holds out every encouragement that the king should go to the north on that fruitless errand. If James expresses the opinion that the French officers engaged in the blockade of the city have no need of picks and shovels to enable them to open trenches and make approaches to the walls, Melfort at once pronounces it quite ridiculous in them to ask for such tools to be sent them. In short, if Avaux is to be believed, the representative of the house of Perth is the evil genius of James; he is suspected by the three kingdoms, and is in reality hated by them all. In a letter

to Croissy, under date 21st October, 1689, his personal antipathy to Drummond finds expression in these strong terms: "My Lord Melfort is a man full of artifice, a great knave, and one who lies more than any man that I have ever seen."

Of the king himself Avaux cannot conceal his contempt. He tries to speak respectfully of his Majesty, but the very effort which it requires betrays the true feeling of his heart. He complains that he relies implicitly on Melfort, and is sure that so long as this continues his Majesty will be badly served. For any officer who neglects his duty, the king, he says, is always sure to find an excuse. So early as the 19th of August, three weeks after the relief of Derry, he writes that his Majesty has lost the affections of the Irish, and that men who on his arrival in the previous March would have cheerfully sacrificed life in his cause, now act along with him from self-interest alone. He believes that James cannot govern without meddling in everything, and that he meddles in nothing which he does not spoil. Men often interpret the feelings of others by their own. Whether James at this date had so completely lost the esteem of the Irish may be questioned: that he had already lost the esteem of the French ambassador, there can be no doubt whatever.

The representations which Avaux sent to Paris in regard to military affairs in Ireland are not very flattering to our country. The best of the officers in James's army would be regarded, he says, as very mediocre in France; the Irish colonels dream of nothing but of stealing, and of taking the king's money, and of being jealous of the French: and even in regard to the men, he drops the sour remark that

there is no need of butchers in the country, for butchering is the sole trade of every Irishman, and there is no soldier in the army who is not adequate to the duties of such an office. The picture which he draws even of his own countrymen is not by any means attractive. He speaks of the disposition of the French to quarrel with each other, and accounts for it by saying that in Ireland they have grand titles, little money, and nothing to do. He says of them again, "They are of no use to the king of England (James), they injure themselves in his service, they lose their time, they are a charge to his Majesty, and they are disagreeable to the Irish nation." In these last words he hints at the dislike which the Irish had already taken to their French allies. He accounts for it by saying that the natives thought that the French had come to occupy all the most lucrative places in the army, and thus to stand in the way of the promotion of Irishmen ; while, over and above this, they had made themselves unpopular by urging on the king the great importance of strict military discipline. "It is not possible," says he, "for the king to resolve to punish anybody, and it is the French alone who press upon him the observance of discipline and the punishment of those who contravene it."

The Protestants of Dublin thought that they were handled severely enough, but Avaux was not satisfied that the rod was not laid still more heavily upon their shoulders. On the 14th of June, his Excellency complained formally to the king that the Dublin Protestants were not disarmed ; for, as being Protestants, they must, as he supposed, be in correspondence with Derry and King William ; that many of them had bribed the sheriff to permit them to carry off their property to



England—property which he thought ought to have been confiscated and made available for the maintenance of the king's troops; that the army was not supplied even with necessaries; that the orders already issued to forward supplies of war material and provisions, had not been obeyed; that custom-house officers, being Protestants, and therefore as he supposed unfriendly to his Majesty's interests, were still retained in their situations; and although it had been agreed upon more than a month before to form a reserve camp of men ready to march to any part of the country where their presence might be needed, nothing was as yet done to carry the resolution into practice. James did not appreciate this over-busy zeal and these constant murmurs. He answered somewhat tartly that the ambassador himself was a party to everything done by Government, and, that being so, he did not see why his Excellency more than anybody else had any right to complain.

The condition of other parts of the country may be inferred from the remark, which he makes in regard to the metropolis on the 26th of June: "Commerce is entirely broken and the realm exhausted. Every day there are merchants who shut their shops simply because they have sold out their goods, and they are compelled to relinquish trade because they receive no farther supplies of goods, more especially from England." In the autumn, affairs in Court and in the country did not much improve. Lord Melfort was still the king's Minister and most intimate friend, in defiance of all the bitter feelings that his predominant influence excited in the hearts of Avaux and Tyrconnel. In the judgment of the French Embassy, every act of the Royal Council was a

mistake. Amid a great show of doing, nothing effective was done. Instead of carrying the war into Scotland, as was the design at first, James and his friends, since their defeat at Derry, were content to act merely on the defensive. Improvement was needed in every department of the administration; but every remonstrance on his part, though met with respectful recognition, failed of any good effect. He consoled himself amid his vexations by writing to Louis and to the French Ministry a minute account of all that was passing in Dublin: and certainly the general tendency of this official correspondence is not to exalt James in the estimation of his foreign patrons, or to inspire bright hopes as to the success of the campaign in Ireland.

The feud between Avaux and Melfort, who met each other every day in council consulting for the good of the country, rose at last to such a pitch of intensity that neither James nor Louis could bear it longer. Before the autumn was over, Melfort, on pretence of doing some service to the king in France was sent away from Ireland, and soon afterwards the French ambassador was recalled to Paris. The last of his interesting and most instructive, though sometimes peevish and ill-conditioned, letters, was written on the eve of his departure from the Irish shores, and is dated from Cork Harbour, the 12th of April, 1690. At that point in our story we must lose the companionship of this shrewd and well-informed Frenchman.\*

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\* *Negociations de M. Le Comte D'Avaux en Irlande: King's State of the Protestants: Macariae Excidium: Harris' Life of William III.: Macaulay's England*, chap. xii.

## CHAPTER II.

*SCHOMBERG IN ULSTER.*

**T**HE news of the defeat at Newtonbutler, of the capture of Lord Mountcashel, of the raising of the siege of Derry, and of the retreat of the Irish army from Ulster, produced, when it spread to Dublin and the southern counties, very different effects. James, for a little, was very much depressed: all hope of transferring the war to Scotland and England at the present time had to be abandoned. Avaux coolly proposed to inaugurate another St. Bartholomew's day in Ireland, by suggesting that all the non-belligerent Protestants residing outside Ulster should have their throats cut immediately—a remedial measure which to his credit James did not sanction, and even Louis could not approve.\* Tyrconnel and the leaders of the people throughout the South, though somewhat discouraged by misfortune, never supposed that all was over, but gallantly determined to make another great effort for what they regarded as the cause of king and faith and fatherland. These varied effects were all intensified by the news which was carried over the country about the middle of August—a fortnight after the relief of Derry, announcing that Schomberg,

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\* See the references in the notes to Macaulay, chap. xiv.

the general of King William's army, had landed in the North.

The news proved to be true. On the morning of Tuesday, the 13th of August, an English fleet consisting of some ninety vessels, carrying an army of six thousand men, sent by William to assist his friends and to maintain his interests in Ireland, came in sight of the Mourne Mountains, and a little later in the day was coasting along the shores of Down. At four o'clock the same evening it cast anchor in Bangor Bay.

The general entrusted with the command of this army was one of those foreign officers, who had attached themselves to the fortunes of the Prince of Orange. He was by birth a German, and by religion a Calvinist. His father, Count Schomberg, was a gallant soldier who fell at the battle of Prague; his mother was an English lady, the daughter of the Earl of Dudley. Compelled by the misfortunes which befell the Palatinate, of which he was a native, to leave his country, he entered into the service of the States of Holland. After 1650, he took employment from France, and next to Condé and Turenne he was regarded as the ablest soldier in its armies. But the fact that in religion he differed from the rulers of that nation, obscured his prospects and made his promotion slow. After commanding the Portuguese army with such success, that the Spaniards were forced to acknowledge the house of Braganza as the lawful inheritors of the crown of Portugal, he commanded the French army in Flanders against the Prince of Orange in the campaign of 1676, and compelled him to raise the siege of Maestricht—a service the merit of which won for him at last the dignity

of a Marshal of France. In 1685, when the Edict of Nantes was revoked, and Louis XIV. entered on the persecution of the Huguenots, Marshal Schomberg resented the treatment of his co-religionists, surrendered his employments under the French Crown, and sought leave to retire to his own country. This permission was denied, but he was allowed to withdraw to Portugal. Considering that it was his sword which had saved that country from the yoke of Castile, and had placed the reigning monarch on the throne, he might have expected to find there an honourable shelter in which to end his days; but the Inquisition—ever the enemy of truth and freedom, represented that it was such an odious thing for the Government to harbour a heretic, that the king was obliged to thrust out his benefactor. He now passed over to England, and thence to Holland, where he was admitted to the confidence of the Prince of Orange; and from thence to Berlin, where the Elector of Brandenburg—ancestor of the present Imperial family of Germany, made him commander-in-chief of his army. His planting a garrison in Cologne was what saved Holland from all risk of a French invasion in the winter of 1688, and set William free for prosecuting his designs on England. When that prince was preparing for his expedition, Schomberg obtained leave from his master to accompany him, and when William became king of England, he was promoted to the dignity of a dukedom. Not being a Dutchman, he was a great favourite with the English Parliament, as well as with the English people. He was voted an annuity of £500 a year to compensate him for his sufferings and his losses, and he was appointed to take the chief command of the English army in Ireland

Having been born in 1608, he was now a hale veteran over eighty years of age.

On the evening of the day on which the fleet reached Bangor Bay, the work of landing commenced at Groomsport, and a considerable number of the troops encamped that night upon the shore. The tidings of the arrival spread in a short time over the country, and inspired the Protestant population with joy. The effect which it produced upon the enemy, may be inferred from the fact that Brigadier Maxwell, who occupied Carrickfergus in the interest of James, believing that he could not hold out against so powerful a force as was now landed in his neighbourhood, left behind him a regiment of infantry in possession of the town and castle, and withdrew himself to Newry. Thence he passed on to Dublin, leaving the small and scattered garrisons in Ulster to take care of themselves. The small detachments of the Irish which occupied Bangor, Belfast, and Antrim, fell back as the English army approached, and Carrickfergus prepared for a siege.

The time allowed it for preparation was not very long. On Wednesday, the 21st, twelve regiments of the English forces had already planted their cannon and mortars, and had opened trenches before the town. "The town," says Harris, "was encompassed with a wall and fosse, and defended by bastions according to the rules of modern fortifications, but without any covered way. In it stands a strong citadel, surrounded with a very high stone wall, and fortified by two round towers, called half-moons, at the land entrance, which serve to defend the gate; but the whole is quite irregular, without bastions or flankers, the contrivers having only followed the irregular


curve of the rock, which is a precipice over the sea nearly forty feet high, but to the land not exceeding twenty."

The garrison at first proposed to parley. But when it was ascertained that they only desired time to send for assistance to King James, and that they offered to surrender only in case no assistance reached them, the bearer of the proposals was ordered to begone, and the negotiations were at an end as soon almost as they had begun. Fire opened immediately from both sides, the Irish aiming apparently to hit the general's tent from which the lieutenant, sent to propose a surrender, had a few moments before been dismissed, and the English playing upon Lord Donegal's house in the town, upon which the enemy had planted two of their guns. The following day the besiegers ran their trenches nearer to the wall: and, to the alarm of the garrison, who now saw themselves environed both by land and sea, fifty additional ships from England, bringing five more regiments of Schomberg's army, cast anchor in the bay.

On Friday another attempt at a treaty of surrender was made, but the belligerents could not agree as to the terms. The failure merely gave fresh vigour to the attack. The two batteries which operated, one against the North-gate, the other from the Windmill Hill, westward of the castle, were now supported by a third, which was placed close to the wall, near to Lord Donegal's house, and on this there was planted a large mortar which produced a powerful impression. The stillness of the summer night was broken by the never-ceasing cannonade, and when the sun rose next morning, the smoke and dust produced by the bombs hung over the town in a murky cloud.

On through Saturday and Sabbath the firing still continued ; for although a breach had already been made in the wall to the east of the North-gate, the garrison constantly repaired at night the damage done by the cannon of the besiegers during the day. When the breach grew larger, the besieged took a flock of cattle and drove them as near as possible to the summit of the gap. Then when the poor animals fell under the shower of heavy shot which rained upon them from the camp, the garrison flung earth, stone, and wood on their dead bodies—adopting this original device to close the breach and to shut out the enemy a little longer. The artillery supplied to King William's army was so defective that all Schomberg's heavy guns, except two, burst in the course of the cannonade. But when six of the war-ships in the Lough now interposed and began to open fire on the castle, the Irish, convinced at last that any further resistance was hopeless, ran up the white flag, and on Tuesday the 27th they were admitted to surrender. The terms in substance were, that the town and castle, together with the cannon, ammunition and provisions, should be delivered to the besiegers ; and that the garrison should be allowed to march out with their arms and baggage, and conducted in safety to the nearest town still in possession of the Irish.

The experiment made at Carrickfergus enabled Schomberg to know a little of the officers under his command, as well as of the weapons provided for their use. That morning he had written to King William : "The officers of artillery are ignorant, lazy, and timorous. I discover that in the artillery there has been a great deal of roguery ; the bombs ill-charged, the cannon ill-cast, the arms ill-made, and many other






things too long to tell your Majesty . . . . even the miners could not be got to fix themselves to the walls: an officer and four French soldiers did it, and succeeded; three of them were wounded by our own people." Notwithstanding the poor officers and the bad artillery, on the afternoon of the day on which this despatch was written the town surrendered.

It has been the practice for professional soldiers in all ages to fight first, and then shake hands when the fighting is over. The ink, in which the articles of surrender were written, was scarcely dry, till some of the English officers were in the castle drinking with the garrison, and Colonel Macarthy More was prowling about Schomberg's kitchen. As commander of the castle and nephew of the Earl of Antrim, Macarthy should have been a gentleman, and the duke had intended to invite him to dinner; but when he found that officer already feasting with the servants, he very properly sent him no invitation and left him to the company of his choice.

Next day the garrison marched out, and the English troops took possession of the fortress. Sir William Russel, at the head of a party of horse, conducted Macarthy and his men to the nearest garrison of the Irish forces, which was at Newry. But there was some difficulty in protecting them; for the country people gathered, and, unmindful that the word of Schomberg was pledged for the prisoners' safety, and mindful only of the wrongs that they themselves had suffered in a time of war, they would have plucked the arms out of their hands and torn the clothes from their backs. Men who little more than two weeks before would have crept into a bog-pit at the sight of Macarthy's men, now, under cover of the

English guns and emboldened by superior strength, would have unmanfully maltreated the vanquished. The duke himself, pistol in hand, had to ride up between to protect them from the assaults of the populace, who, forgetful that they owed their own lives to the mercy of these men, would most likely have murdered some of them. Avaux, who was not present and knew the matter only by report, charges this violence on Schomberg's troops; but Story, who was present, is in this case the higher authority, and there is much more probability in his statement that it was the country people, not the military, who would on this occasion have yielded to their feelings of revenge, and, if they durst, would have set the articles of surrender at defiance. The cowardly wretches were, in fact, quite offended with the general, because the gallant old veteran showed some regard to truth and honour, and did not put every man of the vanquished to the sword.

The capture of Carrickfergus was accompanied by a loss of one hundred and fifty men to the garrison, and of two hundred to the victors. But a week of precious time was lost, which might have been turned to better account if Schomberg had been in every respect fully prepared for the march southwards. Avaux is of opinion that the English commander on this occasion committed an error of judgment. "He spent," says he, "eight days in taking that wretched place, which had no moat, and in which there was neither engineer, nor officer, nor surgeon to dress the wounded, nor any good gunners; even the colonel whose regiment was in the place had never seen a shot fired in his life." Two things, however, justified Schomberg in the course which he adopted. The first



is that no military man counts it safe to leave in his rear a fortified town occupied by the enemy. The other is, that it was not for some weeks after that the stores and ammunition necessary to a march southwards had arrived from England. He had, moreover, no conveyances to send forward baggage; and no horses to draw them. He employed his time therefore in capturing the town and castle, because he had to gather in any horses that the country could afford and to wait for necessary equipments from beyond the sea. He improved the time so well, that in a fortnight after his landing there was no Irish garrison nearer than Newry and Charlemont.

When the news that Schomberg had landed in County Down reached Dublin on the 25th of August, the soldiers of James, not yet recovered from the effects of Derry and Newtonbutler, were in a very unfit condition to go out and encounter a fresh and vigorous army. They were reduced in number and disheartened by failure; some of them were without weapons, many of them were without discipline, and nearly all of them in rags. But the tidings exercised on the nation a stimulating effect. Hitherto they were fighting for the king and to assert the supremacy of the Irish Government over Protestant rebels; but the case was altered now that an English army had invaded the island; henceforth, as it appeared to them, the struggle was for national independence, for religion, and for life. The thought of this roused the zeal alike of Government and people in an unwonted way, and recruits from all parts of the southern counties flocked in multitudes to the standard of the king. Nothing which could

be done in the circumstances was left undone, to put matters in train for resisting the invader at once.

It was expected that Schomberg would advance rapidly in his march towards Dublin, and therefore to gain time it was judged important to put every obstruction possible in his way. The Duke of Berwick, with a party of infantry, cavalry, and dragoons, was sent forward to Newry to strengthen Lieutenant-Colonel O'Neill, who was in charge there, in the attempt to delay the march of the English army. So early as the 26th of August, James in person advanced to Drogheda with a company of his bodyguards and with two hundred men of Parker's regiment, followed by his Excellency Count Avaux, Marshal-General Rosen, and other officers and gentlemen. The main body of the troops was left in camp near Dublin, where Tyrconnel was using all his diligence to bring together men, and to put them in a condition to come to the front at any moment when his Majesty would need them. In the meantime all who were already prepared for marching, were sent forward in the direction of Drogheda, where they encamped upon the high ground on the southern side of the town. Here they halted, waiting for the approach of the English.


Detained a whole week by the siege of Carrickfergus, Schomberg did not march towards the south so soon as was expected, but after that affair was settled he lost no time. Upon the day after taking possession of the fortress, whose grey battlements still keep guard over the Lough around whose beautiful shores are at this day congregated the wealth and manufacturing industry of Ulster, the army marched to Belfast—a place which the French ambassador

describes as "a small open town situated at the extremity of the bay." The vessels, which carried the train of artillery and stores for the army, were ordered to sail round to Carlingford; while Schomberg himself, at the head of his forces, consisting of four regiments of horse, one of dragoons, and eighteen of foot moved forward in the direction of Dublin.

On Monday, the 2nd of September, they passed Lisburn, described by Story, who travelled as one of the chaplains along with the army, as being then "one of the prettiest inland towns in the North of Ireland, and one of the most English-like places in the kingdom." When they reached Dromore, they found the town deserted or nearly so, while in all the adjacent country, now teeming with population and agricultural riches, there was neither sheep nor cow to be seen. Here a small artillery train forwarded from Belfast came up with the army, and the news met them that the Duke of Berwick at the head of two thousand men was awaiting their approach at Newry. This rumour was exaggerated. Berwick, "with some companies of infantry and dragoons," had been sent forward, "to support O'Neill and to aid in delaying the march of the English army." Avaux was informed, on the authority of a private letter written by some ardent partisan, that there were six thousand Catholics ready to hold the pass of Newry against Schomberg; but even non-military readers can estimate the intelligence of the writer, and the strength of the promised resistance, when the writer of the epistle is obliged to add, that "they have no cannon, no arms, and only a barrel of powder among them." A wall of tow is not of much use in resisting fire. We need

scarcely add, that when Schomberg came to Newry Avaux's six thousand Catholics did not appear.

It was near Newry that the general received a letter from Sir Richard Nagle, Secretary of State to King James. It appears that Mountcashel, who had been a prisoner at Enniskillen since his defeat at Newtonbutler, had persuaded himself, that if proper application were made, Schomberg would permit him to leave his unhealthy confinement, and go to Dublin, on his mere word of honour that when healed of his wounds he should return and surrender himself a prisoner. He induced Mr. Secretary Nagle to write in these terms to the commander-in-chief, and the letter was forwarded by a trooper who met the army on its march between Dromore and Newry. The letter was addressed to "*Marshal Schomberg*," a title which the general was once proud to wear, but which from the time Louis XIV. had turned persecutor, he had deliberately laid aside. His secretary took the letter from the trooper, but soon returned with it unopened, bearing his master's answer—"The general said that this letter was not for him; from the day that he was compelled to leave France for his religion he had renounced the title of Marshal; he was now Duke Schomberg, by the favour of King William." He declined to receive the letter, and thus Nagle's application was not even read. Later in the season, the proposal was entertained by James, and would have been agreed to also by the king of France, to exchange Mountjoy, still in the Bastile of Paris, for Mountcashel. But the whole plan was relinquished, in consequence of the hope which had sprung up at head-quarters, that the captive noble on Lough Erne might obtain his freedom in some other way. This



he subsequently managed at less cost and with less honour.

As the English army advanced, the Duke of Berwick deserted Newry and fell back upon Dundalk, doing nothing to delay the advance of the enemy except breaking up the roads. Before leaving he set fire to the town, so that when the English general came up, he found it in ashes. An old square tower, which it had been the custom to compliment with the name of castle, along with five or six hovels, were all that remained of Newry. No shelter was left; the army had to bivouac in their tents. Even that was not easily done. The summer was drawing to an end. The autumn of 1689 was a wild season of rain and tempest. The peasantry, being kept in a state of alarm by the marching and counter-marching of troops, and by the predatory incursions of banditti—private parties out plundering on their own account—had no thought except of fighting, and the grain was either uncut or left rotting in the fields. In consequence of this, provisions were scarce; few were to be found in the country; and for want of draft-horses it was no easy matter to have them forwarded from Belfast. Each man in these circumstances had to provide for himself; and this was the more difficult because the people for miles round had removed off the line of march, and carried away with them everything moveable, save and except the wooden or straw crosses, which for "good luck" the owners had left fastened against the roof inside the door of their cabins.

Feeling the inconvenience of having the towns in this fashion burned before him, Schomberg despatched

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\* Avaux to Louis, 22 Dec., 1689.

a trumpeter to say to the Duke of Berwick, that if the towns were to be burnt as Newry had been, he would not feel himself bound in any case to give quarter. James ordered an answer to be sent to this letter, complaining of the violence used towards the garrison of Carrickfergus after their surrender, and threatening reprisals, should the duke do as he had said. No notice was taken of this by the English commander; but he found that his warning served its purpose, for the Irish passed the town of Dundalk and retreated beyond it without doing it any injury whatever.

Civilians, in offering opinions on military matters, are often wrong and sometimes very unjust, and this principally for two reasons; *first*, because they do not know all the conditions of the case as the actors did, and therefore what may have been utterly impracticable at the time seems to them now the easiest thing in life: and *secondly*, because they do know the issue, and they are apt to forget that what to us seems so clear was entirely unknown to the men of that time, until it came to pass. It would be very unjust to blame Schomberg for not acting on knowledge which he did not obtain till afterwards; but with the superior knowledge which we now possess of the numbers and condition of the Irish army, it is not unjust in us to express the opinion that there were two courses open to him, either of which gave promise of success. He either might have contented himself with occupying and protecting Ulster until King William could have reinforced him in the spring, or, before the Irish had time to recover their surprise at his arrival, he might have made a dash on Dublin.

If the military resources under his command were



not such as he could confide in, he might have contented himself with capturing Carrickfergus and Charlemont, fixed his head-quarters at Lisburn, and garrisoned Newry and the frontier towns. The lateness of the season, and the inclemency of the weather, would have fully justified him in a course which was certain to maintain the authority of King William in one quarter of the kingdom, and to afford protection to all the peaceable population of Ulster. Or, if he believed from the knowledge of his own strength, that he was able for more, he should not have lost time with small detached garrisons, but pushed forward by forced marches to the metropolis. Could he have reached Dublin in one week after landing on the Irish coast, his victory was sure. The Irish army, demoralized by its retreat from Derry, and not as yet recruited by the new levies, would, at a date so early as the 21st of August, have been utterly unable to cope with him; and with Dublin in his possession, he could have conquered the rest of Ireland at his leisure. Avaux says that if he had done this when he landed, James had not then two thousand men collected to oppose him. He cannot imagine why he did not take this course; but he adds, that after Melfort was gone (he cannot help giving a stab to his enemy) the spirit of the Irish officers revived, and they exerted themselves so much in gathering and in arming troops, that by the 10th of September, a tolerably well-equipped army was brought together, fully competent to keep Schomberg at bay.\* The opportunity was therefore lost. However competent a general Schomberg was, few can read the story of his Irish campaign without feeling, whether rightly or wrongly, that he made two mis-

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\* Avaux to Louvois and to Croissy, 18 Sept., 1689.

takes. Had he stayed in Ulster at that late period of the year, he would have saved his own army; had he dashed forward before the officers of King James had time to recover their surprise, he would have destroyed the enemy. But for want of knowing then what we know now, he did the worst thing possible. He lost time at Carrickfergus; then he left the province as if intending to take Dublin; then when he saw his mistake, he halted at Dundalk; declined the gage of battle when it was thrown down; and eventually marched back again without striking a blow.

After the misfortunes at Dundalk, which we are about to relate in the next chapter, the duke's conduct was very sharply criticised, and he was blamed for not risking a battle when the enemy put it in his power. The defence which he made on this point to the king, was triumphant. His army, he said, had never exceeded 12,000 men fit to fight, most of them newly raised, and little better in point of discipline than those of King James, who possessed at least double the number. He had to wait, he said, a full month before artillery, horses, and carriages had arrived: his army was always in want of bread, his horses in want of shoes and fodder, and the surgeons and apothecaries in want of medicine. While waiting for these necessities sickness set in, and then the men could not fight. No man could blame a general in these circumstances for declining a battle so long as it was in his power.

The mistake of the general was not, as we think, in refusing to fight when James offered him battle, nor in retreating from Dundalk. None, except a great general, could have shown the calm self-restraint exhibited in the one case, nor have executed the

masterly and successful manœuvre which secured the other. What we do not understand is, why, with such ill-trained, ill-clad, and ill-provisioned forces, he went to Dundalk at all? Why not remain in Ulster? Why was it, that, with a small army and meagre resources, he entered on a campaign so arduous at such a late season of the year?

The fact seems to have been that Schomberg imagined that the strength of Ireland was broken, and that its conquest would be a much easier task than it proved. If Enniskillen and Derry had defied the utmost efforts of James's army, how could it keep its ground against such an array of troops as were now at his back? It was this feeling that urged him on, in the direction of Dublin. But he did not count on such wintry weather, nor on such a hungry depopulated land. He did not expect to have to wait a full month on artillery, carriages, and horses from England. He did not calculate that the Irish, in less than three weeks, would be able to bring into the field an army more than double his own. He did not make allowance for the gallantry and spirit of the Irish nation when put upon its mettle, and when for the first time real danger looked it in the face. He miscalculated the difference between a country warring against its own people for a king whom it does not love, and a country standing at bay, fighting for its life. For want of an organized system of intelligence, he was for whole days kept in ignorance of the numbers and condition of James's army. Up till the time that he reached Dundalk, he was like a man walking in the dark. It was there the light dawned upon him. There he made discovery of the strength of the enemy and of his own weakness in comparison. From that moment


the aim of the cautious old soldier was not to attempt Dublin nor even to fight the Irish, but to retrieve, with as little loss as possible, the error which he had committed in leaving Newry, and to return to Ulster in safety with his troops. This he did accomplish, as none but a consummate general could. How far this is the true interpretation of the mystery, the reader will be better able to judge at the close of the next chapter.\*

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\* Story's *Impartial History*: Avaux's *Negociations*: Harris' *History of William III.*: Dalrymple's *Memoirs*.

## CHAPTER III.

*THE CAMP AT DUNDALK.*

N Saturday, the 7th of September, the English army reached the most southern point which it was destined to reach that year, and pitched its camp on the shore of Dundalk Bay, fifty miles north of Dublin. The immediate reason for stopping there was, that the fleet carrying the ammunition and stores, which had been ordered round from Belfast, was not yet in sight. Before it arrived, Schomberg had other reasons for concluding that in the present state of the two armies—something apparently very different from what he expected—it would not be wise in him to advance farther.

While awaiting the arrival of the ships, it became evident that the tactics of the general were quite at variance with those pursued by the Enniskilleners, and more in accordance with the civilized mode of waging war, which was followed on the Continent. The Enniskilleners, in such a position, would have scoured the country in all directions, in order to collect forage and provisions, and to obtain intelligence of the number and condition of the enemy. They, as well as the Derry regiments, were now in the English camp, and would have rejoiced to be employed in such a service. But Schomberg did not approve of permitting his men to plunder the natives, nor of exposing

them to be murdered by the Rapparees—a name by which the country people, when they moved about in bands, armed with skeins, scythes, and other rude weapons, were usually called outside Ulster. He gave orders, therefore, that the men should, as a rule, confine themselves closely to camp. The result of these orders will presently appear.

Meanwhile the Irish had made every exertion in their power to collect their men and to put them into the field. Melfort had resigned his position on the 5th of September, and with the king's permission had gone to ask the king of France for additional succours. If we are to trust Avaux in speaking of one whom he hated so deeply, the Scottish nobleman had grown so unpopular with the Irish that the king's confessor was obliged to tell him, a day or two before he went, that he was in danger of assassination.\* He left at night, because he thought it would not be safe for him to go in daylight. Yet when he reached Paris, he had the address to represent matters in such a light to Louis, that the Marquis de Croissy wrote to the ambassador in Ireland, to say that his master was of opinion that Melfort should be reinstated as Secretary of War, having charge of English and Scottish business alone, and that Avaux, for sake of the public interest, ought to come to a good understanding with him.

Melfort was succeeded at Dublin by the Advocate-General, who was diligent to improve every hour of Schomberg's delay in the north in order to recruit and concentrate the Irish army. "He is an honest man," says Avaux; "but so inexperienced in military affairs, that the smallest matter that he is asked about seems to take him by surprise." But with all his efforts, he

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\* Avaux to Croissy, 11 Oct., 1689.

had not on the first week in September collected as many as 8,000 men. Had Schomberg been able to press forward, instead of halting as he did at Dundalk, he would even then have encountered an army inferior to his own; or, what is more probable, James would have deserted Dublin and fallen back on the Shannon. The Irish, indeed, if left to themselves, would, with all the rashness of true courage, have risked all on a single battle, and would have entered on it with the determination to conquer or perish. But Tyrconnel and Avaux were more cautious. It was a necessity, as they believed, that the Irish should keep the field till succour would arrive from France, and should any disorder arise in their ranks on the field of battle, Schomberg might inflict upon them a defeat so disastrous as to make this impossible. It was this consideration which made them prefer not to advance northwards to meet the English general, but to choose their own ground, and to wait for him sixteen miles from Dundalk on the south side of the Boyne.

The Irish forces were waiting every day for Schomberg to come in sight, when the news reached them that he had suddenly stopped on the other side of Dundalk, and that he had pitched his tents there with every appearance of remaining for some time. They saw clearly that the halt was a proof of weakness, and inferred what was true enough, that the reason of delay was the want of means to proceed. Avaux cannot imagine why he did not march straight against them when they had not more than two thousand men assembled to oppose him. He puzzles himself inventing all sorts of reasons for this strange behaviour. But every day's delay was the gain of thousands to the numbers of the Irish. The feeble array of two

thousand men rapidly increased to the size of a respectable army. On the 12th of September, the Duke of Tyrconnel, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, joined with his cavalry : and to the surprise and delight of the king, he found himself at the end of a few days, in command of an army little short of 30,000 men. He had indeed every reason to be satisfied. The Irish people had made an effort commensurate to the greatness of the crisis. The cavalry in a special manner gratified the king ; no finer regiments of horse could be found in any country than those of Tyrconnel, Galinoy, Dungan, and the body-guards. The tone and spirit of the men were all that could be desired. Every man showed the resolve of doing his duty, and all were impatient to see the enemy.

On Saturday, the 14th of September, the Irish, encouraged by the halt of Schomberg and now greatly strengthened in number, advanced to Ardee, eight miles north of Drogheda on the road to Trim. The town is described by a chronicler of the time, as "seated in a pleasant soil, and has been a fine, strong borough, as one may see by the great towers still extant . . . being in a plain, having a fine river of one side and bogs of the other." Five hundred of Schomberg's horse had been there the previous day, and, it was said, were arranging with the Protestant inhabitants of the place to supply them with bread and beer ; but when the tidings arrived that James, at the head of his forces, was approaching, Schomberg's horse fell back to their camp, and the Protestant inhabitants took to flight. The Irish army advanced in two columns. They encamped on the side of Ardee nearest to Dublin, having the river and the town in front. The king lodged in a little country seat on the

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border of the river, which is here fordable throughout. The French ambassador and the generals took up their quarters in the town, advance guards having been placed a mile farther on, in the direction of Dundalk.

At Ardee it was reported to the king that twelve sail of the English fleet had been seen the day before in the neighbourhood of the Skerries and the Hill of Howth, from which he inferred that they had some design on Dublin. This gave Avaux the opportunity of urging once more, what previously he had urged in vain—the arrest of the Protestants of the metropolis. The king had hitherto resisted that measure, owing to the bad impression which the report of it was sure to produce in England; but now Melfort was gone, the rumour circulated that the Dublin Protestants were sending money to Schomberg to help him to maintain his troops, and it was stated with some greater degree of truth, that the English fleet was seen yesterday near the entrance to Dublin Bay. What is now to prevent the Protestants in the city, urged Avaux, to rise in the absence of the army, and to create a diversion in favour of Schomberg? Although even James could not believe that a number of unarmed civilians, without guidance and without ammunition, could do much to co-operate with the British fleet, or that a number of merchants, compelled to part with their goods for copper half-crowns, could spare much to maintain Schomberg and his army, still he thought it right to issue the necessary orders. The Protestants of Dublin were to be put immediately under arrest, and the manner in which Colonel Simon Luttrell executed the royal command elicited the admiration even of Avaux. He seized thirty or forty of the most respectable among them. They were all confined in

the same house. A few barrels of gunpowder were deposited in the underground storey of the building. The prisoners were informed of this arrangement, and it was at the same time announced to them that if a man of them dared to show his face at the window, the officer on guard had orders that instant to apply a match. Protestants of humbler rank were ordered not to leave their dwellings at the peril of their lives, and the soldiers on the street had the command of the governor to fire at any Protestant who should show his face at his own window. This short and sharp method of guarding against accidents, was very delightful to Avaux. He records with great pleasure, that Dublin never enjoyed more profound tranquillity, than when the king's army was away at Dundalk, and the English ships were lying in Dublin Bay.\* But this precaution, however much it may have gratified the religious prejudices of Avaux, was quite unnecessary as a matter of policy. The Protestants of the city, already disarmed, plundered, and trampled down, were utterly helpless, and had little thought of rising up against the authorities.

Those who, like ourselves, live in happier times, can have but a dim conception of the poverty and misery endured at this time by all classes in town and country, in court and camp, by reason of the war. Agriculture in many districts was entirely neglected : trade and commerce had disappeared. The French embassy in particular complained sorely of the dearth of wine and brandy, and of other imported commodities, in Dublin. Avaux was exposed to sad privations. He tells how a quantity of wine which in ordinary times would be

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\* Avaux to Louis, 11 Oct., 1689.


worth fourteen or fifteen francs, and which, after all taxes were paid, would have sold in Ireland for twenty-four crowns, could not then be had for eighty crowns. Indeed, on one occasion, Dublin had a narrow escape from what he regarded as a very serious calamity; it would have been absolutely without wine for two months, had not a vessel most opportunely arrived bringing a quantity from France. But what was much worse; there was no cloth to make dresses for the soldiers, not even linen; so that one fourth of James's men had no shirts, and those provided with that desirable garment had only one shirt apiece. The want of clothing and of necessaries re-acted on the military discipline and health, and made the men insubordinate to their officers, neglectful of duty, and worse fitted to endure fatigue. A soldier at any moment on very slight provocation was ready to draw upon his officer. At a time when Schomberg was only a few miles distant, men of the advance guard, to whose vigilance the safety of the whole camp was entrusted, were known to fling themselves down on a grain of straw and to sleep the most of the night, with their horses unsaddled and unbridled beside them. When this neglect of duty was made known to the king, he said it "was a bad business, and he had never heard of such a thing"; but there was no more about it. Even the officers were so careless, that they took no notice of the men who spoiled, and often broke, their muskets at pleasure. Avaux, who was never done grumbling, suggested that the cost of the arms thus spoiled should be detained out of the officers' pay; but the king, as usual, listened to the suggestion with respect, admitted the evil, and as he said, did nothing.\*

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\* Avaux; see Letter dated 11 Oct., 1689.

Even after Melfort was gone, the ambassador did not think that James resigned himself so unreservedly as he should have done to the guidance of himself and Tyrconnel.

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which most of his troops suffered, the king stopped but a single day at Ardee, and then, attended by the cavalry alone, advanced to Allardstown, about three miles from Dundalk, for the purpose of making observations of Schomberg's position. As he judged that place to be favourable for an encampment, he sent a message for the infantry also to advance, not counting it safe to remain so near the enemy without having their support. The guards arrived at midnight, and by the next day, the remainder had come up. His design in approaching so near, was to put pressure on the English general, and to give opportunity for removing the forage contiguous to the English camp. Here he took up a strong position. The two lines and the reserve corps encamped in order of battle on the heights fronting Dundalk. The river Lurgan passed before the camp, having a bridge opposite each end of the first line. Fainbridge on the right, and Knockbridge on the left, both guarded by dragoons; but the river itself was fordable in several places. The king's quarters were in a miserable cottage, so low in the roof that one could scarcely stand in an erect position underneath it, and which stood among the ruins of the wretched village of Allardstown, a little towards the right in advance of the first line. The ambassador of France, and the Duke of Tyrconnel, had lodgings of a similar kind near the king. The generals were provided with quarters of the same description near their respective posts.




The whole ground from this place to Dundalk is a series of heights, beyond which is a long valley, in which there is a narrow swamp that comes from the west, and which extends nearly from the town to the sea. This swamp, across which there were some narrow passes, separated the advanced guards of the king from those of Schomberg, who were now in sight of each other. It was found that the English general had pitched his camp in two lines on the plain lying at the foot of the mountains through which he had advanced, having the river of Dundalk before him and his left resting on the sea or bay, by which he was able to maintain constant communication with the fleet that supplied his ammunition and stores. On his right was the mansion of the Bellew family, situated on a height near the river where a good garrison was stationed. The general's head-quarters were the town of Dundalk, in which he had planted the Enniskilleners; while as a precaution against surprise he had fortified the end of the town with great entrenchments, and had stationed there the Dutch Guards, and a French regiment.

The two armies were now face to face. By this time Schomberg had made the discovery that he could not fight in present circumstances to advantage, and therefore that it would not be wise in him to risk a battle. James also had discovered the secret of his own superiority and knew that it was his interest to provoke a battle. Several times a day he mounted on horseback, and approached as near to the enemy as it was safe, in order to make observations. Skirmishes did not often occur on these occasions, but when they did, the king thought that his men had rather the advantage; they often made prisoners of the enemy,

and deserters not unfrequently came in to surrender to him.

From the fortification which Schomberg had made for the protection of his camp, the Irish concluded naturally enough that he had no intention of fighting—that, in fact, he was preparing for a siege rather than a battle. James therefore determined to afford him opportunity to decline the offer, if he did not choose to accept it. On the 20th of September, he drew out his army in line by way of challenge to the enemy. The right wing of the first line was within cannon range; on the left the two lines extended over the heights, at the bottom of which was the swamp that separated them from the English. The advance guards of Schomberg were on the opposite heights, and saw the arrangement and appearance of the Irish army. It was a fine display; their numbers were nearly three times more than that of their adversaries; and as the sunlight was reflected from the scythes and other rude weapons with which a part of the infantry was armed, the scene impressed even the enemy with respect. For a time it seemed as if the display was to end in something really formidable. The king, accompanied by Avaux and some lords of his court, stood on the declivity of a height a little more advanced than the right wing in the direction of the enemy. A squadron of volunteers, all officers of his Majesty's household, occupied a position still more advanced farther down the hill, at the entrance of a road which led straight down to the marsh, but which turned short to the left a hundred steps beyond. The enemy had an entrenchment at the head of the same way, which, beyond the swamp, conducted right to the town. This entrenchment was guarded by some dragoons; but as Schom-



berg supposed the king meant to force the passage, and to attack the entrenchments of Dundalk, he made the Enniskillen infantry advance very nearly to the defile of the marsh, while he supported them with a squadron, and lined the entrenchments of the town with musketeers.\* The king, who from his position on the heights witnessed all these movements, and not knowing but that Schomberg's men might attack him, posted some dragoons on foot on the two sides of the way which ran in front of the squadron of volunteers. Some grenadiers stationed themselves in some little houses, at the turn of the way, at a distance from the defile, at the other end of which stood the enemy.

Both armies were now ready to repel an attack, but neither meant to give the other an advantage by making an assault. Schomberg was aware how matters stood, and was much too cautious to run any risk which might be avoided. The English ships, whether from stress of weather or other cause, did not leave Carrickfergus for ten days after receiving orders to sail for Carlingford. Only one of them bringing ammunition and stores had come in time; eleven others only that morning had arrived in the bay. The train of artillery was not forward even then. Horses were wanting to convey baggage, and carts to transport provisions. He had only 12,000 foot and 2,000 horse, to oppose a force which he estimated at 40,000, but which was certainly not less than 28,000. Many of his men were new levies who had never yet been under fire, mere boys without experience in war, whom the

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\* "The Iniskilling troops," Schomberg writes to William on the 20th of Sept., "appear to have good will to the service, and I believe one may depend more upon them than on the regiment of the Irish lords."

Irish lords in England had hired at a cheap rate, and the officers lazy, incapable, and careless, better accustomed in military expeditions to lodge in taverns than to camp in the open air. Besides, he was in profound ignorance as to the exact numbers, condition, and equipments of the enemy. To fight in such circumstances would have been to run no ordinary risk; and the wary old general, though prepared to defend himself against assault, was determined to risk nothing. He lay quietly in his trenches, giving strict orders to his men not to fire, except the Irish should come within musket-shot. The result was, there was no general engagement, neither party choosing to make an attack. There was an exchange of shots between the advanced guards; that was all. The Irish troops, after standing three hours in order of battle, and after attempting by shouting and every other method they could devise, to provoke the enemy to come on, and failing to draw them outside of their fortifications, were ordered back to camp. The left wing of each line then became the advanced guard, and the king remained on the field to see if the enemy would detach any party to observe his movements; but, somewhat to his surprise nobody left his post.

If the English had not possessed so much confidence in Schomberg, his declining the battle when James gave him the opportunity of fight would have made him very unpopular with his own troops. The soldiers were greatly disappointed. That was a day of sore trial to the men of Derry and Newtonbutler. They wished, at any disadvantage, to try their strength, rather than not respond to the challenge of the enemy. It was the profound belief of all the soldiers in the courage, skill, and wisdom of their general, which made them



acquiesce in his decision ; and yet some of them must have been sadly perplexed to imagine why they had come so far on the way to Dublin if they were not prepared to fight. But the fact that Schomberg had been offered battle, and had declined to accept it, was cause of great rejoicing to the Irish. It imparted confidence, and it inspired hope. Avaux writes :—

“It is a matter almost inconceivable that in so short a time, the king’s affairs should have passed from a state of despair, to that in which we see them at present—presenting themselves to the army of Marshal Schomberg, and defying him with troops who believe themselves strong enough to beat him. The Irish at this crisis have done more than could be expected of them. Tyrconnel has taken much upon him, considering that he is only recovering his health, and all the Irish officers have redoubled their efforts when they saw Melfort out of office.”

On the 26th of September, the Irish army, content with thus bearding Schomberg to his face, and with burning the corn crops which they could not carry off, fell back from Dundalk, owing to the wet weather and to the difficulty of obtaining forage within convenient distance, and on the 5th of October encamped at Ardee. “This town,” says Avaux, “is ruined and abandoned by the inhabitants, who are all Protestants, but the houses are better than at Knockbridge, and the houses of the king’s quarter are covered.” Here the infantry encamped in two lines, having the town behind them, and stayed till the 4th of November, occupying themselves meanwhile in fortifying their camp. The laborious work of making these fortifications had been begun before the army left Knockbridge, and, after it had fallen back to Ardee,

the work was prosecuted as diligently as the weather permitted.

While the two armies lay so near each other, comparatively inactive, the Enniskilleners, under their old leader Colonel Lloyd, made an incursion into the territory of the enemy, and reported that, with a loss of fourteen men, they had defeated a body of 5,000 Irish on their way to Sligo, killed seven hundred, took forty officers prisoners, and captured no less than 8,000 head of cattle from the country people. The account of this skirmish was rather different, as it reached the Irish. With them it was quite a small affair between the county militia and a party of rebels, in which the loyalists, that is the Irish, lost three men, and the rebels twice that number. Probably the truth lies somewhere between. The advantage, whatever it amounted to, was on the side of the Enniskilleners; but even a small advantage at that time was very agreeable to the English, and the general, on the 28th of September, had all his cannon discharged three times in honour of the victory.

This small success led soon afterwards to a very serious loss. It drew the attention of the Irish to the fact, that Sligo had now, for two months after the raising of the siege of Derry, been in the hands of the Protestants. Fears were entertained for the safety of Galway. The latter town contained some influential Roman Catholics, who were supposed to be disaffected to King James because they had been plundered by the action of the late Parliament. It was known that it contained a considerable number of Protestants; it was said that there were some 240 prisoners there, who might contrive to join with the others; and it was reported that one Roussel, a German, who once

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had been governor, promised Schomberg to put the place into his hands. Avaux had heard from a French major, that there was a conspiracy among the Roman Catholics themselves to deliver the town to the English. In order, therefore, to keep Galway firm in its allegiance, it was felt that an effort must be made to retake Sligo from the Protestants. That town was the key of Connaught. The detachment of Enniskilleners, who, along with some French and English grenadiers, had been sent across the country from Schomberg's camp in order to strengthen the garrison, must be dislodged, and, if possible, Sligo recovered for King James.

Accordingly between the 6th and 11th of October, while the head-quarters of the Irish army were still at Ardee, Colonel Luttrell, with a squadron of cavalry and a body of dragoons, was detached for this purpose. Soon afterwards, Brigadier Sarsfield was sent with other troops to support him, and to aid in driving the enemy out of Connaught. Luttrell arrived first. At his approach, the Enniskilleners deserted Jamestown and retreated upon Sligo. Luttrell, with his fine body of cavalry, harassed them upon the way; but the main body, though not without some considerable loss, made good their retreat and succeeded in throwing themselves into the fort of Sligo. Sarsfield now came up with cannon and reinforcements. Three days' fighting ensued. Lloyd, finding it hopeless to resist, and not accustomed to surrender, stole out at night with his Enniskilleners and, with some loss, made good his escape.\* Captain St. Sauveur, a French

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\* Schomberg accounts for the mishap thus: "The affair failed because *most of the soldiers were gone home.*"

officer, with his grenadiers, remained behind and fought gallantly for some days longer; but, eventually, he was obliged to come to terms, and he surrendered to Sarsfield. Sligo having thus fallen, the whole Province of Connaught was once more in the hands of the Irish. There was now no further inclination on the part of Galway to go over to the English, and the Protestants once more were shut up in Ulster. There was no period in the whole campaign at which the affairs of James seemed so prosperous as then.

In the meantime, affairs were anything but prosperous in the camp of Schomberg. Among the French Catholics, some two hundred of whom served under King William and most of whom were deserters from about Brussels and Frankfort, a conspiracy was detected, the nature of which was, that those on guard at the entrenchments should hand over the possession of them to the enemy. This treacherous design was discovered in this way. A captain hearing by accident that four of his men were about to desert, gave orders for their immediate arrest. On one of them, a drummer, was found a letter addressed to Avaux, along with a list of four hundred names of persons who intended to desert. The whole affair was thus disclosed. The head of the conspiracy was, it appears, a man named Duplessis, a French captain of horse, who had been obliged to flee from France in consequence of killing an officer in a duel. The entrenchment extending from the river to the hill—the only side on which the camp could be attacked, was guarded by only five hundred men, and Duplessis was to contrive that all the French Catholics in the English army should be on duty at that particular place at the same time. When the arrangement was

complete he was further to give notice to the Irish, so that they could march up and take possession of the entrenchment without noise and without resistance. The English camp would then be at their mercy. Avaux was the medium of communication, and James and his officers were exceedingly pleased with the scheme. The check which Schomberg had received, the difficulties by which he was hampered, and the lavish promises held out by Avaux and King James, proved too much for these poor Frenchmen, many of whom were mere deserters from the French armies in the Low Countries, and whose religious prejudices could not be expected to make them very hearty in the cause of William. When the affair was discovered, Duplessis was arrested, and he admitted that he had written to the king and to Avaux, offering to bring over to their side the French Catholics in Schomberg's army, on condition of being made their commander, and of obtaining a free pardon for the crime which had led to his banishment from France. Six of the ringleaders were hanged, after having confessed that they had enlisted in William's army with the design of serving James, and that if Schomberg had fought in answer to the challenge of the Irish on the preceding Saturday, it was their intention to desert in the heat of the engagement and to fire upon the English in the rear. One hundred and twenty others were stripped of their shoes and sent to Carlingford; thence they were shipped first to England and afterward to Holland, where they were set at liberty. The detection of a plot which might have been so disastrous led to the order, that any soldier in the English army who was a Roman Catholic should immediately make it known. It was ascertained that,

with the exception of the French, there were very few indeed. The report carried to Avaux, that there were in the camp of the enemy nine or ten hundred Irish, as well as many other Catholics, seems to have had very little foundation.

The difficulties of the English general were thickening all this time. In addition to enemies without and traitors within, he had now to struggle against cold, hunger, and disease. The wet weather, the damp camping-ground, want of shoes, scanty clothing, and the bad quality of the food supplied to the men, all combined to make the soldiers sick. The army was badly provided with drugs and with surgeons, so that when disease set in it rapidly spread, and the temporary hospital at Carlingford was soon crowded. From exposure to cold, from want of proper attendance, and from insufficient remedies, disease became more virulent and swept away the men in multitudes. Even when provisions did become abundant, owing to the arrival of the ships in Dundalk Bay, still the incessant cold and the rains which poured down so fiercely all the autumn, turned the camp itself into one vast hospital, and men, not inured to spend such wintry weather under canvas, were swept away by fever and by diarrhœa, as if by some terrible plague. Forage for the horses, and fuel for the use of the men, it became every day more difficult to gather; and still the rain poured down in torrents. The troopers did not know how to forage or to make trusses, so that the horses had never more than two days' fodder at a time. It seemed as if the powers of earth and air had combined for their destruction. The healthy were separated from the sick, and the sick either sent aboard the ships, or tended in huts upon the shore;

but apparently with no better effects. The army then shifted its camping-ground, so as to take up a fresh position; even that seemed to work no change for the better. A thousand of the men were sick at one time. Officers and soldiers died off in hundreds. The bloodiest battle fought with the Irish could not have been more disastrous. The king wrote them from London to give battle to the enemy before they had all perished by disease. But in their destitute and shoeless condition, fighting a pitched battle was entirely out of the question.

It was favourable to James, that his soldiers were in general more accustomed to hardships than the English. They also had their sufferings from hunger, cold, and disease, but in their case the sufferings were not followed by results so fatal. In order to carry away the credit of being the last to leave the field, they remained longer than was necessary in bad barracks under the constant rain. Very many of them without shirts, had only serge body-coats loose and torn; one half of them were without shoes, and a third of them were bare-legged as well as barefooted. Very little beer ever made its way to the camp, and the little which did come was always bought up by the officers. One of the greatest inconveniences was the want of salt, the supply of which was now exhausted, and which there was no means left of replacing from abroad. The king, in consequence, scarcely knew what to do with thirty or forty thousand oxen, which his soldiers had gathered from the country people. To leave them behind him was to hand them over to Schomberg; to drive them to Dublin would be to eat up all the forage there collected, and to leave nothing for the horses; he could not kill the animals

and cure the flesh, for want of salt. Over and above such troubles, the hospitals were so badly managed that the soldiers died in them every day without any to care for them. Avaux, who never had a good word to say for the Irish, mentions that it was their custom, when they marched, to abandon their sick soldiers and to leave them to perish with hunger. To them it seemed superfluous to take trouble about sick men or hospitals. He was told by the French officers, that when leaving Ardee they found in several barracks two or three men either dead or dying of hunger, and not able to keep up with their comrades. Had they been pursued by an enemy, there might have been some excuse for this cruelty; but the removal from that town southward was done leisurely. The king himself, when walking about Ardee, heard the voice of a man who had with some difficulty crawled to the door of a hovel and was crying with hunger; it was found that he had had nothing to eat for four or five days, since the regiment to which he belonged had departed. The ambassador himself sent the poor man some food, and then he was informed that there were three other men along with him who were also dying of hunger. The hospital for their sick was between Ardee and Drogheda, and Avaux on one occasion had the curiosity to send a commissary of war to see it. The officer reported to him that it contained three hundred sick soldiers; but there was no surgeon, no medicine, no cook or baker, no flesh-meat, no wine or beer, and no attendant to wet the lips of a dying man with a drop of water. Three two-penny loaves were the only provisions in the establishment.\* Even when they fell back upon

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\* Avaux, p. 546-7.



Drogheda, matters did not change much for the better. The ambassador sent M. De St. Didier to inspect the hospital there. He found in an ancient church and in the ruins of a convent more than two hundred sick persons ; of whom one-third only had mattresses and coverlets, while the others lay on the bare ground and had nothing to eat since the previous day at noon, while their only drink was bad water. Some of these, who recovered, afterwards told Avaux that they owed their life to the food and beer which he managed to spare, and to leave for their use.

Hardships in the camp, and the English enemy in the neighbourhood, did not prevent the Irish and French soldiers from quarrelling with each other. While the army was at Ardee, John Wall, a private sentinel in Purcell's dragoons, drew his sword against a French officer, Lieut. Coverent, and cut away a part of his skull. A court-martial was summoned to examine into the case. The defence was that the accused did not know that the wounded man was an officer, and he produced the major and a cornet of the regiment who both deposed that they did not know Coverent to be an officer. Without waiting for further evidence, the Irish officers who sat in the court-martial acquitted the prisoner, on the ground that the wounded man was not a known officer in the regiment. The French ambassador complained of this miscarriage of justice. The Frenchman, as he alleged, had been an officer ever since the siege of Derry, he had served at Enniskillen, he had camped with the other officers, and had been in arms every day at the head of his troop ; to acquit the man who had wounded him, therefore, on the ground that he was not known to be an officer, seemed to him unjust. The Irish officers

who acquitted the accused, alleged that they acted strictly on the evidence that came before them. The king seemed to admit undue haste and injustice by reprimanding the officers, but nothing further was heard of the matter. Avaux did all in his power for the injured man, and had his wounds dressed in his own house. He does not forget to add, "I have observed that certain Irishmen are exasperated against the French."

Death and misery, therefore, were no strangers in the royal camp. Still the Irish did not neglect to scour the country in all directions, gathering forage for their horses, burning what they had not time to remove, threatening the foragers of the enemy, and multiplying the difficulties of Schomberg, which were already numerous enough. On the 26th of September, a corps of infantry and cavalry was sent by his Majesty from Ardee, which burned all the corn crops in front of the enemy for four or five miles, without the English making any attempt to disturb them. This was counted bad policy by Avaux. He thought that instead of being destroyed, the grain should have been conveyed to Ardee and Drogheda in order to be available for the Irish cavalry.

The Irish, in the last week of September, were so elated that they had been able with impunity to beard Schomberg, that some of them believed by one bold vigorous act at this juncture they might have ended the war. O'Kelly, the author of *Macariæ Excidium*, thinks that it was simply for want of pluck in James that the camp of Schomberg was not stormed, and that the English army was allowed to escape. He accounts for the slackness of the Irish by saying, with some degree of bitterness: "The young com-

manders were in some haste to return to Salamis (Dublin), where the ladies expected them with some impatience." But it was not come to that as yet. Though Schomberg was not anxious to attack, he was prepared for defence; and an assault upon him in his entrenched camp, under cover of the guns of the fleet, was not likely to be successful.\*

The fact is that the Irish army, except that it was free to advance or retire at pleasure, was not in a position very much superior to the English troops. While they lay at Knockbridge, they had drawn their forage not from the country before but from the country behind them. The consequence was that when going to fall back on Ardee, they were obliged to burn the forage in front of them rather than leave it to the enemy, and to withdraw into a district which they had previously wasted. From a town where with ordinary care they might have stayed through the winter, the cavalry, in gathering forage, had now to ride ten or fourteen miles, over a country full of mud and water, amid torrents of rain dashing down without intermission. For want of clothing, many soldiers were on the sick list; and their hardships were increased by the immense labour which they were called on to devote to the construction of the fortifications at Ardee.

These fortifications, constructed at great expense of toil and life, had almost produced a serious rupture between the king and the French ambassador. Three

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\* Schomberg writes to William on the 27th of September: "The same reason which hinders the enemy from forcing me to a battle, since they can only come to me by two or three good roads, the rest being cut with bogs, hinders me from going to them, who have besides a little river and some mountains before them."

days before leaving Ardee, Avaux, when in the king's chamber along with Tyrconnel and the Secretary of State, read to the king a paper in which, from his own point of view, he described the present posture of affairs, and suggested the remedies which he thought ought to be applied, requesting his Majesty to write at the end of each paragraph whether he approved or disapproved. He had not read eight lines till the king stopped him, saying that the statement was an exaggeration, and that affairs were by no means in so bad a condition as he represented. His Excellency said that he was sorry to offend his Majesty; that he meant the paper for his own eyes only; that he thought it important to point out the true state of affairs in order that the remedy might be discovered; and that if the facts were so very unpleasant he would read no more. The king, with some chagrin, told him to read on to the end, and that he would remain to hear it. When the paper was finished, the king seemed somewhat better satisfied, asked for the document to be left with him, and said that there were some of the suggestions which he wished to have carried out, but that he could not bear to be reproached for having decided to fortify Ardee. Avaux explained that he did not complain so much about the fortification, as that three weeks of precious time were lost before the resolution to fortify had begun to be acted on; and that even when the works were finished, six thousand men would be needed to guard a fortification which could shelter only five hundred. The king professed to be pleased with his reasons, but he afterwards told Tyrconnel that Avaux wished to bring him into trouble with Louis and with the Queen, and that Melfort was quite right in saying that the ambassador was only

searching for something to find fault with in his next letter to Paris.

A day or two later the king had to admit practically the truth of some at least of Avaux's representations, for on the 3rd of November he gave orders for the main body of the army to withdraw to Drogheda. Yet he would scarcely have done so at the time, if the forage at Ardee had not so absolutely failed that for two entire days there were two regiments of cavalry and a regiment of dragoons in the camp, without hay, oats, or straw for their horses. Avaux's opinion was, that his Majesty was in all things so irresolute that he could decide on nothing until necessity compelled him : and the new secretary, although diligent and careful, had not sufficient experience to enable him to know what was best, and when he did know it he wanted sufficient influence with the king to induce him to decide.

The king wished to halt at Drogheda, but the place was so crowded with sick, and the air so tainted with disease, that it was found impossible to remain. During the four or five days that he spent there, he was somewhat encouraged by receiving the news that Sarsfield had captured Sligo as already related. He heard also another piece of news, which in its tendency to embarrass him and his party in England was not so gratifying. The tidings came that the Romish Primate, the Lord Chancellor, and other leading Catholics had taken forcible possession of Christ Church—one of the principal Episcopalian churches in Dublin. The king felt hurt that this was done without his being consulted in the matter, for he had hoped to be the first himself to order mass to be said in that church ; meanwhile he expressed the intention

to have the building closed for the present, and afterwards to have it opened on his return to the city. Avaux disapproved of this, and said he should either permit matters to remain as they were without any interference, or else order the building to be restored to the Protestants: and that if he should decide on the former course, he ought forthwith to issue a circular to all the Catholic bishops of Ireland, warning them not to take possession of any Protestant church without first writing to him and obtaining his permission. His Majesty took the advice—to let matters remain as they were and to notify his wishes to the bishops. He refused, therefore, to reinstate the Protestants in possession of Christ Church, but he issued a Declaration to the effect that no more churches should be seized. Meanwhile the Catholics had lost no time. The example of Dublin was infectious. Many other buildings were seized by force both in the metropolis and in the country districts. Afterwards, when the king's Proclamation was at last issued on the 13th of December, they interpreted it to mean that they had now obtained the Royal authority for holding all the buildings which they had already seized.

James arrived in Dublin on the 8th of November, where on the same day the news followed him that Schomberg had evacuated Dundalk. This intelligence proved to be accurate. The first to hear of it had been Major-General Boisseleau, who with a small garrison had been left in charge of Ardee when the main body of the army fell back on Drogheda. The commander of a small party of observation, which he had sent to Dundalk, found none of the English there, whereupon he ordered twelve of his men to ride

forward, and to bring back if possible news of the enemy. After some time they returned with the report that, three miles beyond Dundalk, they found some conveyances escorted by a hundred soldiers on foot, that they had charged them, made prisoners of two officers and some men, and brought away with them some spoil. Whether they were so very valiant as they represented themselves to be, may be questioned; but there is no doubt that they had seen the rear of Schomberg's army in full retreat for the north. The fact that the Irish army had fallen back from Ardee on Drogheda, gave the wary old soldier the opportunity for which he had been looking out for some time. He could now retire from his pestilential camping-ground with little fear of molestation. As many of the sick as possible were sent to the ships, and orders were given to sail at once for Belfast; those of them who could not be received aboard were put on waggon, and sent forward in advance of the army in the direction of Carlingford and Newry. Those soldiers yet fit for service had to remain behind, until the sick and stores and baggage had been all sent away, so that they might cover the retreat. Everything was carried out according to the plan prescribed.

On Thursday, the 7th of November, the main body of the English army turned their faces to the north. The hills, at whose base they were marching all day, were covered with snow. That night they sought shelter among the ruins of Newry: and so intense was the cold and so ill-protected were the soldiers, that in the morning it was discovered that some of them had perished during the night. By Saturday all who could move had evacuated the camp which for so many weeks had proved at once the hospital

and the grave of so many brave men ; but a few sick men who could not bear to be moved had to be left behind, and trusted to the mercy of the enemy. The last of the English was not an hour gone, till the Irish were in possession of Dundalk ; but they treated the sick kindly, and did not attempt seriously to interfere with the retreat. Fortunately for Schomberg and his men, they had not a long march before them. When they reached Newry, they were safe. Sheltered in Ulster, they could not be hurt by the enemy. The general did now what would have saved many a gallant soldier's life, had he only decided to do it ten weeks before. He broke up his army, and stationed it through the smaller towns of the north. He fixed his own headquarters at Lisburn, and planted garrisons in frontier towns—at Rostrevor, Newry, Armagh, and Clones.

King William's army was almost entirely ruined by that unfortunate campaign. The wonder now is, how, against a soldier of such resolute skill and daring as Sarsfield, any of them escaped. It is almost certain, that, had it not been James instead of Sarsfield, who was commander-in-chief of the Irish, and had not the English fleet been at hand, Schomberg would have failed to extricate the English army from the dilemma in which it was placed. But the results notwithstanding were very disastrous. The report, as it reached James was that ten thousand of them had perished. Avaux felt certain from what he heard, that six thousand of them at least, had died in the camp at Dundalk. Both these were exaggerations. But the simple facts as admitted by themselves are horrible enough. Sixteen hundred men died of disease under canvas : nine hundred more perished at sea on the passage to Belfast, and no less than



3,762 died in the hospital at Belfast during the winter, in consequence of disease contracted during the stay at Dundalk. In very few pitched battles are there so many slain as were killed by hardships in that bloodless campaign, and killed literally for no purpose which anybody now can see. An idea of the sufferings of the men may be obtained not merely from the numbers who died, but from this well-authenticated fact, that some were so frost-bitten that in a few cases the toes or foot actually dropped off while the surgeon was engaged in dressing them. The immediate cause of all was the inclement weather, the unhealthy camping-ground, the want of shoes and clothes, the unwholesome provisions, insufficient medical stores, and that the men themselves were not inured to the cold and humid climate of the country. Account for it as we may, one half of the English army perished either in the camp or from diseases contracted in the camp.\* No wonder that Avaux dwells with pleasure on the great hopes excited by this expedition, which were entirely blighted, and speaks of the result as putting the reputation of the general himself in very serious danger. There must have been gross mismanagement somewhere, when an army without any necessity, and without even an attempt to fight a battle, allowed itself to get into a position where half its numbers perished, and that, too, while there was constant communication with its ships, an open sea at hand, and a great province behind it. Giving the duke all credit for his masterly retreat from the danger into which he had fallen, he would deserve

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\* "The English nation," says Schomberg, "is so delicately bred, that, as soon as they are out of their own country, they die the first campaign in all countries where I have seen them serve."

more still, if he had kept himself clear of the difficulty altogether. It would have been wise in him to stay in Ulster, except he was sure that he had sufficient power behind to carry him on to Dublin.

When his army retired into quarters for the winter, James was obliged to disband most of his new levies and more than a hundred companies of infantry. When this was done, there remained about fifty regiments of eight hundred men each with seven regiments of cavalry, and as many of dragoons. They amounted to some 50,000 men, most of whom had now some experience of war. The Irish never previously had a force so strong and so fit for fighting. The grand difficulty was how to pay and maintain such a multitude. Owing to the state of the country, everything had risen in price. Wheat, which in ordinary times sold for twelve or thirteen shillings a barrel, now sold for thirty-five. Wine was more than three times its former price. An amount of wood or other fuel, which formerly cost a crown, now cost four, and over and above it was necessary to send to the country in order to fetch it. In the whole city of Dublin there was now offered for sale neither cloth, nor stuff, nor linen, nor any French goods. All such things had ceased to come from abroad, and they could not be manufactured at home. England sent no merchandise to Ireland, and France had little inducement to send. French vessels ran the risk of being captured in the Channel by English cruisers, and should they succeed in entering an Irish port all they could hope to obtain for the commodities which they brought was James's copper money, that was worth little in Dublin and worth nothing anywhere else.

The capital itself was threatened with famine that

winter. It was difficult to procure, even for the troops, wheat or oats, hay or straw. The able-bodied peasantry having been nearly all engaged in fighting the previous summer and autumn, very little ground was cultivated and very little crop was saved. Those of them not in the regular army, formed a sort of local militia, who, instead of being engaged in the pursuits of honest industry, ran over the country, plundering without scruple where anything was to be had. With nothing imported and next to nothing produced, the problem was how to survive. The thoughts of the Government were so much occupied with war, that common matters dropped out of sight, and in the beginning of that long dismal winter Dublin found itself without wood, or peat, or coal. Besides, money itself, notwithstanding all the facility with which James's mint turned it out, became very scarce. Avaux calculates that ten millions would have been required to pay, clothe, and provision the troops then in arms, as well as to meet the other expenses of the Government. In prospect of such an expenditure, a million and a half of James's bad money might be expected to go but a very little way.

The king had the happy gift of being always blind to difficulties and impossibilities which caused anxiety to other men. His recent success had inspired him with hope. He knew that he had checked Schomberg on the way to Dublin, and had made him only too glad to return to the north. He felt proud that the Irish people in such great numbers had responded to his call and rallied to his banner. He had been informed, on good authority, of a growing party in England dissatisfied with William, and who most probably would welcome a change of rulers. At the very time that Avaux


was thinking about Dublin having to suffer the misery of famine, when Schomberg was in Ulster waiting for the coming summer to give him another chance, when the English cruisers were in the Channel, and when the Irish Government had no ship at its command larger than a trawler or a pinnace, James was busy at building castles in the air and dreaming about his long cherished project of a descent on England. With the aid of the six thousand soldiers, which he expected the king of France to send him soon, the whole scheme seemed to him practicable and easy. But the reply of the French Government to these wild projects was cold and disheartening. Louis wrote that he must not think of such an expedition, until his affairs in Ireland were settled entirely to his satisfaction, and until he had ascertained that a considerable party in England had taken up arms to support his cause. This sensible advice was dated the Christmas Day of 1689. The French Minister, Louvois, followed up the exhortation of his master by saying, rather more plainly, that—"there could not be a more likely means of losing at the same time both England and Ireland, than to dream at present of such a project." Upon the French Government James was depending absolutely for the means of transit, for money, for arms, and for men. In face of an opinion so decided, the thought of the invasion of England had of necessity to be postponed, very much to his regret. The gleam of hope which the successful campaign of the autumn had kindled, vanished and died away in presence of the stern necessities by which he soon found himself environed.\*

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\* *Avaux*: Story: *Macariae Evacidium*: Harris: Macpherson's *Original Papers*: Dalrymple's *Memoirs*.

## CHAPTER IV.

*THE SURRENDER OF CHARLEMONT.*

HEN Duke Schomberg retreated from Dundalk, the rumour reached Dublin that he had also evacuated Newry. Boisseleau, who commanded at Ardee, immediately detached a party of observation with orders to ascertain the truth. This party marched all night, and, on the morning of the 24th of November, rather surprised the little garrison in charge. They forced the barriers which covered the bridge, and advanced to a narrow place near the castle in the middle of the town. The sergeant and twelve men who were on guard saluted the visitors with a volley, and then retreating to the cover of some old wallsteads repeated the salute. This brought every available man in the garrison, amounting only to some forty or fifty, some of whom were sick at the time, into the street. The firing soon became rather hot, the result of which was, that the attacking party, supposing the garrison to be stronger than it really was, beat a hasty retreat. Some indeed were in such a hurry, that instead of going round by the bridge, they took at once to the river, and waded to the other side with the water up to the neck. Some seven or eight were killed on each side, but James ascertained that Newry was not deserted as he had supposed, and Schomberg learned that a frontier town needed a

garrison of more strength than a score or two of sick men.

During the course of the winter, Dungannon was burned by a small party sent out from the fort of Charlemont, then the only place of strength in Ulster still remaining in the hands of the Jacobites; a fact which convinced Schomberg that it was a military necessity to reduce that fort at the earliest moment, and that till this was done there was no town in the centre of the province secure. But the English through the winter were not so much harassed by the regular soldiery as by the Creaghts, that is, the irregular militia or country Irish, who were known in the southern provinces by the name of Rapparees. A body of these, having concealed themselves in the woods or mountains, would at daybreak make an armed raid into Schomberg's territories at some point where the guard was weak, and would carry off from the country houses nearly everything which could be carried away. If James's Government had been strong enough to furnish these rough countrymen with sufficient guns and ammunition, and to support them with three or four regiments of the Ulster Irish, Avaux thinks, and with some degree of probability, that in two or three weeks they would have been able to shut up all that remained of Schomberg's army in Carrickfergus, Coleraine, Enniskillen, and Derry, and to hold all the other parts of the province in their own hands. He wrote to Louis \* that one of their leaders, without any help from head-quarters had already captured as many arms and equipments from the enemy as had furnished three companies of cavalry,

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\* Under date <sup>6 Dec.</sup> 26 Nov., 1689.

and he tells how eight of these rustic troopers, associated with four deserters from Lanier's regiment, had already cut off a company of Schomberg's grenadiers. It need scarcely be added, that the great performances reported to head-quarters on both sides always require to be taken with a little allowance. The uncultured countryman playing at war, inclines, like other men, to magnify his deeds of prowess. But the ambassador is quite right in saying, that the Creaghts if well supported could have given great trouble to the English, and that regular soldiers would have found it difficult to hold their own against men, who could sleep as calmly under rain in the open field as other men sleep in their beds.

Schomberg dreaded some such tactics as these, for early in January he called a meeting of the most influential men in Ulster, reproached them for the small amount of help which they had given him, told them that most of the English, French, and Dutch soldiers in his army were not able to bear up against the severity of this Irish climate, and that he would be under the necessity of withdrawing his protection from them, unless they would raise among themselves a number of troops who should make head against the Irish until his troops had become acclimatized.\* On this, seven or eight of them undertook to raise companies. Avaux was afraid of this step, knowing as he did that the Ulster Protestants alone, had, in the preceding summer, done more serious damage to the cause of James than Schomberg and all his army.

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\* The English officers were a very inferior class of men. Schomberg writes, 26 Dec., 1689. "I never was in an army where are so many new and lazy officers. If all were broke who deserved it on this account, there would be few left."

The inroads of the Creaghts was not the only difficulty in Schomberg's way. Nearly every part of Ulster suffered much that winter from famine and sickness. The terror produced by General Hamilton's invasion of the province in the previous spring, had laid an arrest on farm labour, and although the successful defence of Enniskillen and Derry, along with the arrival of the English army, had brought peace and security to the peasantry in autumn, still they could not reap where they had not sown. Had Maxwell, late governor of Carrickfergus, acted strictly on the instructions which he received from Dublin, there would have been still less provisions in the country than there were. Avaux and Lord Dover both counselled him to burn the crops all over Ulster, so soon as he saw that Schomberg had arrived. The king promised to issue orders to that effect. Melfort assured Avaux that instructions had been given to have it done. But Dover was surprised to find, on his return from France, that Maxwell could produce a secret order, signed by Melfort, to prevent its being done. Fortunately for Schomberg, the design was not carried out; for if it had, the want of fodder would have compelled him to send back to England a considerable number of his horses. Nevertheless, provisions were scarce in the country, and of course difficult to procure. The means of purchase was not to be had because the soldiers were irregularly paid, and sometimes not paid at all; the result was that they lived to a great extent by exactions from the impoverished people. Sickness, and especially fever produced by want of food, by exposure to cold, by fatigue, and by the reaction after the excitement of the summer, swept over the province and decimated the population. Belfast in particular



suffered much from the fever, brought down by the sick soldiers from Dundalk, which carried away the inhabitants in large numbers.

The winter of 1689—90 was long and dismal in Ireland, and during the dreary weeks and months, hunger, hardships, sickness, and death, made havoc both in north and south without respect of persons.

On the Irish side, General Rosen's want of success at Derry had brought him into disrepute with the Governments both at Dublin and Paris. From the courtiers who moved about Dublin Castle, as well as from public rumour, he learned that at the request of James he was about to be recalled to France, and that he was to be succeeded by Lausun, who was coming in command of more French troops about to be sent to Ireland to assist the king. Lausun was regarded by him and by Avaux alike, as a personal enemy. From the close of the campaign in 1689, he did not interfere further, and felt anxious to have a personal explanation with James. Avaux tried to dissuade him from this, and advised him to wait until the rumour should be confirmed in some official way. At last he felt constrained to speak; the conversation which occurred is not known, but the result was that Rosen returned to France. The impression left on Avaux was, that he had fallen a victim to the jealousy of the Irish officers. He had no sooner gone, the ambassador tells us, than those who had been most dissatisfied with him agreed that he was an excellent soldier, and regretted his departure very much.

During the months of November and December, James made some other changes in regard to those who held under him places of trust. The Marquis D'Albeville was made Irish Secretary instead of

William Talbot. Nagle still continued to be Secretary for War. To keep up the delusion that he had no objection to Protestants as such, he conferred on Chief Justice Herbert, who professed to be a Protestant, the nominal office of Lord Chancellor of England. What this man's principles were, may be understood from the declaration which he made on the 13th of November, 1689, when the seals of office were about to be put in his hands. He said that "he was still of the opinion which he always held, that the king should not tolerate in England any religion except the Catholic and Anglican; that he himself professed the latter; that hitherto his religion had never stood in the way of his declaring himself publicly in England in favour of the dispensing power; that he was always attached to royalty and to the person of the king; and that if he believed his religion should prevent him from serving the king as faithfully as he ought, he would retire into private life." Avaux's comment on the transaction, when writing to Paris on the following day, was: "I hope that the king will only trust him in religious matters so far as it is prudent to do, and, if that prove so, he will leave his service." However he might disguise the matter for a time, it is evident that James had objects in view, to effect which none except Catholics were equal. So at least the ambassador of France believed. Even so very accommodating a Protestant as Herbert, was to be trusted in religious matters only to a limited extent, and the hope was entertained that when the tool had served its purpose, it would have sense of itself to drop out of sight.

As spring approached, the king's heart was cheered by the arrival at Cork of five thousand French troops,

sent by Louis to assist him in the grand work of driving William's army out of Ireland and of regaining his crown. They were under the command of Count Lausun and of the Marquis de Lery. They landed on the 12th of March—the same day of the same month, on which the king himself had landed at Kinsale in the previous year. Louis had also complied with James's request, and had sent him an old disused cannon to keep the Dublin mint busy in coining money for the Irish ; but now something better was in store for them, for along with the French contingent there came seventy-five pounds' weight of good copper for the same purpose. In exchange for these experienced soldiers, Lord Mountcashel, lately escaped from his imprisonment at Enniskillen, was sent into France at the head of nearly an equal number of raw Irishmen, who were to be trained for military service under the Grand Monarch. The whole number to which Louis was entitled according to contract, could not be spared ; Avaux had to be satisfied with five regiments of ten or twelve hundred apiece. He wrote to his Government, that in order to get regiments containing twelve hundred men apiece, he had always to ask for sixteen hundred, for if he had asked for regiments twelve hundred strong, he would only have got eight hundred. He adds—"Notwithstanding all the trouble I take, these regiments are not so good as they ought to be, because the king gives me all the worst officers : and there is one of these regiments whose captains are all merchants or tradesmen ; it will be necessary to change these officers when they arrive in France, for if they were cashiered here they would prevent the soldiers from embarking."\*

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\* Avaux to Louvois, 1<sup>st</sup> Feb., 1690.

We may well believe indeed that the soldiers, whom James sent to Louis, were not of prime quality ; for if they had been good, there was no necessity to send them away, James having work enough for them in Ireland. They were in fact raw recruits, taken some short time before from the ranks of the peasantry. Three weeks after leaving prison, Mountcashel had raised his regiment up from four hundred to twelve hundred strong—the full number which Avaux insisted on having. To make up the stipulated amount of men, five regiments had to be sent, namely, those of Mountcashel, Butler, O'Brien, Fielding, and Dillon. Among the privates there were two clergymen, who were discovered in the ships before they sailed, and who were sent ashore. "I have seen," says Avaux, writing to Nagle from Cork on the 1st of March, 1690, "a regiment which is waiting for embarking, and it has neither colonel, nor lieutenant-colonel, nor major, nor captain of grenadiers, and it has only three captains who possess a commission: besides, all the officers and soldiers say aloud, that, if one of the O'Briens does not command them, they will not go to France."

The returning spring cheered the spirits of the English as well as of their enemies. Health returned to the soldiers, and reinforcements began to pour in from England. Conscious of reviving strength, the northern garrisons began to plan some expeditions in various directions, as if to remind the Irish of their presence, and to acquire some little experience to be turned to account in the approaching campaign.

One of the most successful of these adventures occurred in the town of Cavan. That place was occupied through the winter by a strong detachment of Irish, under the command of two colonels, named

O'Reilly. The neighbouring town of Belturbet was held at the same time by Colonel Wolseley, the hero of Newtonbutler, and it may well be believed that the close proximity of such a man was not a very pleasant thought to the O'Reillies. They applied to headquarters for assistance, and the Duke of Berwick, with 1,200 men, was sent to join them, so as to raise their united force to some three or four thousand. It was expected that they would now be strong enough to drive Wolseley from Belturbet. Acting on the old maxim of Enniskillen, not to wait to be attacked, and with the intention of assailing the O'Reillies before Berwick could come to their relief, Wolseley left Belturbet on the 12th of February, at the head of five troops of horse and dragoons, and seven hundred foot. He took a compass round the country, so as to lead scouts to believe that his designs lay in quite a different direction: and after a night march of fourteen miles he reached Cavan about an hour after daylight. The Duke of Berwick had arrived the night before, and when Wolseley came, the drums were beating for assembling his troops to march against Belturbet. It turned out that instead of surprising the O'Reillies, it was Wolseley who was himself surprised. Retreat in the circumstances would have been pursuit and ruin; there was no resource therefore but to prepare for battle. As they approached the town, they were obliged with the foot to drive out the Irish, who lined the hedges and who poured in a galling fire upon the horse as they advanced by a narrow path. The main body of the Irish were posted on an eminence near the town, and, as the English came forward, they raised a loud huzza and received them with a volley of musketry. The forces led by Wolseley marched steadily

on till they came within pistol shot, and then poured in a brisk fire which had the effect of making the main body of the enemy scamper away. The Enniskilleners followed them into town and began to plunder. While affairs were in some confusion, a troop of Irish sallied out of the fort, and renewed the battle. Wolseley had to come up with his reserves and beat them off once more, whereupon their foot again took refuge in the fort, and the horse fled out of the town. A good store of plunder fell to the share of the Enniskilleners, but it was not practicable to convey it away; they therefore destroyed the provisions, scattered 4000 pounds of James's brass money about the streets, blew up the ammunition, and burned the town. Having thus accomplished the object of his expedition in very face of the Duke of Berwick, Wolseley returned leisurely to Belturbet, and on his way home reduced the castle of Killeshandra. Defeats always shrunk to very small proportions when the report of them reached Dublin Castle. Avaux refers to this disaster which befell Berwick, and admits that he lost on this occasion an hundred men including some officers.

A day or two later in the same month, Major-General Lanier made an inroad into the Irish territory, and penetrated as far as Dundalk. Finding that the town was now strongly fortified, he did not formally attack it, but he burned a part of the suburbs, and according to his own account compelled the garrison to retire within their works. He returned in the direction of Newry, plundering no less than fifteen hundred cows and horses from the unfortunate country people, who were always sure to suffer from the presence of an army, no matter on what side it acted.

On the 12th of April, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, with a portion of the English fleet, reached Belfast. He had come as convoy to a number of victuallers, who brought from England supplies for the troops stationed in Ulster. There he heard that the *Pelican*, a frigate of twenty guns, the only war ship which King James possessed, was lying along with some other vessels in the Bay of Dublin. He set sail instantly, and arrived at the entrance of the bay on the 18th of April. It happened to be Good Friday, but Sir Cloudesley was determined to signalize the occasion by a feat of arms. The *Pelican*, armed with sixteen guns and four patereros, lay in the Salmon Pool, laden with valuables intended for France. Not daring to steer into the shallow water with his men-of-war, he left them in the bay, and taking with him the Monmouth Yacht and two or three light vessels and boats, he sailed into the Pool. Captain Patrick Bennet, who commanded the *Pelican*, rather than allow his ship to be thus cut out and captured, ran her ashore. Sir Cloudesley was not however to be disappointed of his prey. He immediately signalled to a fireship to be sent in, and to burn her where she lay. When the crew of the *Pelican* discovered his design, they leaped out of the vessel and made for the shore. But the English admiral was quite cool and at his leisure. Instead of burning the frigate as he at first intended, he waited patiently for the next tide, drew her into deep water, and then sailed away with his prize.

An amusing incident occurred on this occasion. While the English sailors, with little else to do, were waiting for the rising of the tide, a Frenchman rode down to the shore, cursed them in broken English, and fired his two pistols in the direction of the spot where

they lay upon the water. The sailors, more by way of amusement than in anger, shot his horse under him, and it was great fun to them to see the poor man, in the difficult attempt to extricate himself from the fallen steed, draw his feet out of his jack-boots, and run away in his stockings. The jolly tars then went ashore, cut the girths of the dead animal, and carried off the Frenchman's saddle in triumph.

When it was told to the king that a number of English ships had arrived in the bay, he said "it was no doubt some of his rebellious English subjects who had come at last to their right mind, and were now returning to their allegiance." When he heard a little after, the roar of guns, he felt himself somewhat shaken in that opinion. He himself rode down to Ringsend, and was one of the crowd who stood on the shore looking on with interest at the fight. The whole affair to him was anything but pleasant, but decidedly the most unpleasant part of it was not the loss of the vessel, but the desecration of the day. Good Friday in his opinion was best spent in hearing mass; it certainly was not a suitable time for disturbing him at his devotions, and for taking without leave the last war-vessel that he possessed. It is reported that he said on this occasion: "All the Protestants of Ireland are of Cromwell's breed, and ought to have their throats cut"; but the genuineness of such a speech is doubtful, for although public men as well as other men drop rash and silly words occasionally, silly speeches which they never uttered are often invented for them by their enemies, and published in their names. It is not known that there were any Irish Protestants among the English sailors who captured the *Pelican*, and if there were, they were not so



prominent in the bold transaction as to deserve any special malediction from the lips of the king.

But the most important work which the English army in Ireland set themselves to accomplish prior to the arrival of King William, was the reduction of Charlemont; which had been long deferred for want of money and of heavy guns.

This fort was situated between Armagh and Dungannon on the banks of the Blackwater, some few miles from the place where it discharges itself into Lough Neagh. It occupied an eminence on the Armagh side of the stream. It was constructed by Sir Charles Blount, Lord Deputy of Ireland, about the year 1602, with the view of keeping in check O'Neill of Dungannon the great Irish chieftain of Tyrone. It was built at no great distance from a former fortification named Mountjoy, and was named Charlemont after the founder. The fort, or castle as it was then the custom to call such places, stood on a piece of ground four acres in extent, surrounded on two sides by the river, which is here thirty-six feet broad, and on the other sides by what is now grass and meadowland but which was then a bog through which two paths led. From the peculiarity of its position, Charlemont was thought in the seventeenth century to be a very formidable fortification. The fort itself consisted mainly of a large square tower with magazines in the centre. Surrounding this, was a thick stone wall flanked by bastions. Beyond this there was a double rampart, and encircling all there was a dry ditch and counterscarp protected by palisades. Two drawbridges enabled the garrison to communicate with the outside, or when pulled up prevented communication, as circumstances required. The village, consisting of a few

hovels lining the public road, had stood at some short distance, but, at the time we now speak of, it had been so demolished by the Irish, for fear of its giving shelter to an enemy, that nothing of it remained.\*

During the winter of 1689, Charlemont was one of the few places in Ulster still in possession of the Irish. Colonel la Caillemotte, younger son of the old Marquis de Ruvigny, was posted on the Blackwater for the purpose of keeping the garrison in check, and of setting limits to the predatory excursions which it was expected to make through the surrounding country. On the 8th of March, he got possession of a small village within two miles of the fort, and continued to occupy it notwithstanding every attempt of the Irish to dislodge him. Emboldened by this attempt, the gallant French officer made an attempt four nights after, at the head of a hundred men, to cut down the wooden bridge, which enabled the garrison at pleasure to cross over into Tyrone, and which stood at the distance of little more than a musket shot from the fort. He landed his men within a mile of the place, and, although the enemy became aware of his presence, he marched his men boldly

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\* On the 31st of May, 1875, I visited Charlemont in company with Rev. W. T. Latimer of Eglish, and Rev. G. Malcolm of Benburb. On a green knoll there stands a large square building, overtopping the flat meadows through which the Blackwater flows, and an undulating well-cultivated country lying around. The town of Moy, and the country mansion of the Earl of Charlemont, occupy the rising ground on the Tyrone side of the river. Traces of the earth-works surrounding the fort are still visible. The building itself is four stories high. The garrison troops had, some years before, been permanently withdrawn. Many panes of glass were broken in the windows: and in a short time, judging from its neglected state, another ruin will mark one of the most celebrated sites in Ulster history.

forward, set fire to the bridge, and captured two redoubts in close proximity to the castle. In this skirmish about twenty of the Irish were slain, and some five or six of La Caillemotte's Frenchmen. Among the wounded of the French party was Captain Rapin, afterwards author of the well-known *History of England*.

Interest now began to centre around this little fortress—the most northern in Ireland still in possession of James, and situated in a district, which, for miles around, was under the control of the English garrisons. The Irish expected that Schomberg would have attempted to capture it the previous year before passing south, and this made them doubly anxious to strengthen it by every means at their command. The only possible way of doing this was through Colonel MacMahon, who since January last had held Castleblayney for King James, at the head of a regiment of Irish Creaghts—armed countrymen without uniform, and with no weapons except what they had taken from the enemy. Powder, provisions, grenades, and war material, were immediately forwarded to him from Dublin. The post was felt to be important. Possession of Castleblayney put a great sweep of country under the influence of King James, and opened up a way of affording help to Charlemont. Accordingly this officer, early in May, attended by some four or five hundred men, travelled by night over bogs and mountains, and by keeping as clear as possible of the English garrisons, managed to reach the fort on the Blackwater with a considerable quantity of provisions and ammunition.

Schomberg having been informed of this fact, gave orders to keep so strict a guard upon the place, that

the relieving party should not be able to return. The design was to compel the convoy to stay in the place until they had consumed all the provisions which they had brought, and thus to hasten the surrender. Colonel Davesant, with a party of French soldiers from Schomberg's army, was entrusted with this duty. He divided his men into three parties, and one of them was stationed on each of the three ways by which alone it was possible for MacMahon's men to leave. The third night after the guard was planted, the first attempt was made by the Castleblayney men to depart. The road which they took was that occupied by Captain la Charry with forty men. He allowed the van to pass unmolested, but opened fire on the main body as they came forward, the result of which was that an officer and eight men were killed on the spot. The others, not aware in the darkness of the number of the foes who were lying in wait for them, and supposing that this was only a preliminary to a still more vigorous onset, were intimidated: they halted, turned, and marched back to Charlemont, leaving 110 muskets and other weapons behind them. The two following days similar attempts were made, but always with similar results; as often as the Irish attempted to leave, they were always attacked by the French and beaten back into the fort with loss.

When the duke heard of what was going forward, he sent two regiments to the assistance of the French, so that the whole affair was now turned into a blockade. Teague O'Regan, an old hot-headed Irish officer was at the time governor of the fort. Vexed that MacMahon's men were always driven back, and angry at seeing his provisions so rapidly consumed, he swore a great oath, that "If they could not


get out, they should have no lodging within." He soon showed them that this was no idle threat. When the Monaghan men, attempting to leave, were once more driven back, Teague had the gates of the castle shut in their face, and the unfortunate fellows were obliged to lodge in the dry ditch between the palisades and the counterscarp. Between the French and English who would not permit them to depart, and the Irish who would not permit them to return, the Castleblayney Creaghts found themselves roughly handled.

Meanwhile Schomberg's troops were daily gathering round the place in greater force, cannon and mortars were planted, and every preparation was made for a formidable bombardment. The duke summoned the garrison in due form to surrender. Teague's discretion however, and his temper were upon a par, for he directed the messenger to go back and tell his master, that, "He (Schomberg) was an old knave, and that by St. Patrick he would not have the town at all"—the fact being, that with the exception of the miniature fortification itself, there was no town remaining for him to hold or them to take. Hunger at last compelled the garrison to come to terms. On the 12th of May, they agreed to surrender the place with all the stores, on condition that they should have free permission to march out with all the honours of war—with arms in hand, "bag and baggage, drums beating, colours flying, lighted matches, bullets in their mouth," and a pass enabling them to march without molestation to the nearest Irish garrison. On Wednesday, the 14th of May, this treaty of surrender was carried out. When the English took possession, they found in the place eighty-three barrels of powder, seventeen brass cannon,

a mortar, and a quantity of bombs and small arms, so that if provisions had not failed the garrison, it was possessed of ammunition enough to stand a very protracted siege.

The duke travelled from Legacurry to see the Irish soldiers, about eight hundred in number, who had surrendered, and he met them about half a mile from Charlemont on the way to Armagh. Their ragged and dirty condition contrasted strikingly with the new and clean uniforms of the English soldiery: and the colonel of the Brandenburg regiment, falling into the mistake of supposing that all the Irish soldiers were like these ill-clad half-starved men who had been blockaded in a narrow fort for several weeks, seemed much concerned that he had come so far to fight with such miserable people as they. The mistake was natural enough to a man who had not yet seen Sarsfield's horse; but that the Irish army contained as brave men as any army in the world, he would learn at Aghrim and Limerick—all in good time. Even Teague, the commander, was not a very favourable specimen of an Irish officer:—

“Old Teague, the governor,” says Story, “was mounted upon an old stoned horse, and he very lame with the scratches, spavins, ringbones, and other infirmities; but withal so vicious, that he would fall a kicking and squealing if anybody came near him. Teague, himself had a great bunch upon his back, a plain red coat, and an old weather-beaten wig hanging down at full length, a little narrow white beaver cocked up, a yellow cravat-string, but that all on one side, his boots with a thousand wrinkles in them; and though it was a very hot day, yet he had a great muff hanging about him, and to crown all was almost tipsy



with brandy. Thus mounted and equipped, he approached the duke with a compliment, but his horse would not allow him to make it a long one, for he fell to work presently, and the duke had scarcely time to make him a civil return. The duke smiled afterwards, and said, 'Teague's horse was very mad, and himself very drunk.'

The party were accompanied by about two hundred women and children, who had been in the fort and were half-starved as well as themselves. Surrender was to them not a matter of choice but of necessity; they left no provisions behind them in the castle, except a little dirty meal and a little musty beef. As they marched past the duke and his staff, several of them, in the extremity of their hunger, were observed to be chewing pieces of dried hide with the hair sticking on. When they reached Armagh, by the duke's orders each of the party was supplied with a loaf of bread, and the officers were handsomely entertained.

Two priests were in the fort of Charlemont at the time of the surrender. On the march to Armagh, one of them fell into controversy with an English dragoon on the subject of transubstantiation. Time, place, and circumstances were rather unfavourable to the calm discussion of such a disputed point in theology, and as feeling rose between the disputants and words failed to be sufficiently emphatic for their purpose, hot and vigorous thoughts began to express themselves in blows. Some scoffing and perhaps disrespectful remark on the part of the soldier, provoked the cleric so much that he lost his temper, and in his indignation struck his adversary. The dragoon, who evidently attached more importance to the scripture which condemns transubstantiation, than to the precept which

directs a man when smitten on the one cheek to present the other, returned the blow with interest. Complaint was afterwards made to Teague, as he was dining with the English officers at Armagh, that one of the Protestant soldiers had struck a priest; but the shrewd common sense of the Irishman was equal to the occasion. He said that "He was glad to hear it; what the de'il did he mean by arguing religion with a dragoon?" Teague O'Regan was afterwards knighted by King James, for his stout defence of Charlemont.

Meanwhile Schomberg was busy making every preparation for the summer campaign against the Irish, which it was now understood that King William was to conduct in person. He requested that a division of the Danish troops, which, in pursuance of a treaty entered into with Denmark in the previous August, was then stationed in England and Scotland, should be sent over. In compliance with this wish, four hundred Danes arrived in Ulster from Whitehaven, in the month of March, and in a few weeks after, six thousand more, under command of the Duke of Wurtemberg, landed from Chester. Various English and Dutch regiments followed in May, and, as summer opened, vessels from England reached Belfast almost every day, bringing with them clothing, provisions, ammunition, and everything else necessary for a campaign, among which a complete train of artillery was not the least important. By the first week in June everything was ready. All now were waiting for the arrival of the king. \*

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\* Story : Avaux : Harris.



## CHAPTER V.

*THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.*

**H**HE desired and long-expected event occurred at last. On Saturday, the 14th of June, 1690, King William, accompanied by Prince George of Denmark, husband to the Princess Anne, the Duke of Ormond, the Earl of Portland, the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Manchester, and other gentlemen, landed at Carrickfergus. Crowds hailed his arrival with acclamation, and bonfires blazed along the shore. The stone on which his foot rested, when for the first time he touched Irish soil, is still pointed out to enthusiastic strangers by the natives of that historic town. He started immediately for Belfast. At Whitehouse, a place which derives its name from a solitary habitation which then stood at Macedon Point on the Lough shore nearly half way between Carrickfergus and Belfast, he was met by Duke Schomberg, the Duke of Wurtemberg, and other officers, and he drove over the strand into town in the duke's coach. At the entrance of the place, then but a respectable village, now the metropolis of the North, he was met by the inhabitants in a body, who received him with acclamations of delight and accompanied him to the Castle, which was at that time the residence of Sir William Franklin, husband of the Countess of Donegal, and which had been fitted up for his reception. That

evening the streets of the town were illuminated, fires blazed along the Down and Antrim hills, and repeated salvos of artillery through the night gave expression to the public joy.

The following day being Sabbath, he attended public worship in the old parish church in the High street, where Dr. Royse preached from the passage—Hebrews xi. 33:—"Who through faith subdued kingdoms." On the next day he was presented with two complimentary addresses, one from the Episcopal, the other from the Presbyterian, ministers. Up till Thursday, he was occupied in military preparations, and in receiving visits from such of the gentry as had returned to Ulster: and no doubt it was owing to representations made to him by persons well aware of the facts, that on that day he issued a Proclamation, commanding civilians to live at home in peace, and forbidding officers and soldiers to rob or molest them. He dined the same day in Lisburn, and then passed on to Hillsborough. Here he issued orders to the army not to compel country people against their will to give their horses for military purposes, and another order authorizing the payment of twelve hundred a year from the revenue of Ireland to be divided among the Presbyterian clergy of Ulster in consideration of the "losses they have sustained, and their constant labour to unite the hearts of others in zeal and loyalty towards us." This small sum, when divided equally, gave the ministers each year only some ten or twelve pounds apiece; but the revenue of Ireland was very small at the time, and the grant was valued, not at its intrinsic worth, but as showing the good feeling of the king, and as indicating what he was personally disposed to do, if circumstances had been favourable. It was after-

wards augmented by Parliament at irregular intervals, until in 1838 it had reached the sum of nearly seventy pounds sterling for each minister: and this grant, under the familiar name of *Regium Donum*, was long useful in aiding the Presbyterian people to maintain the light of the Gospel in poor and backward parts of the country. Eventually when the Episcopal Church Establishment was abolished in 1870, the *Regium Donum* was also swept away, due allowance being made for vested interests according to the provisions of the Act.

In answer to the advice given him at Hillsborough to be cautious and prudent in his approaches to the enemy, the king said, that "he had not come to Ireland to let the grass grow under his feet but to prosecute the war with the utmost vigour." He meant of course what he said. No time was lost in getting all available troops together, preparatory to his advance on Dublin. On the 22nd he joined the army then encamped on the north-west of the town of Loughbrickland. Here he reviewed his troops, consisting of 36,000 men of varied nationalities—English, Ulstermen, French Huguenots, Dutch, Danes, and Brandenburgers. The soldiers were very much pleased with the king, for his mixing with them familiarly, and especially for his living in camp along with them, while he stayed in the country.

Meanwhile King James on his side was not idle. He had long clung to the hope that his antagonist would be so distracted by the vexatious disputes in the English Parliament as well as by Continental entanglements, that he would not think it prudent to leave London. The result was that the arrival took him somewhat by surprise; William was some days in

Ireland before James heard that he had come. He was well aware, however, that preparations for the summer campaign were going forward in the north, and that the decisive struggle was near. Leaving six thousand militia under the charge of Colonels Luttrell and Macgillicuddy to guard Dublin, on the 16th of June he marched once more in the direction of Dundalk with all the men that could be got together. He had with him about 36,000 men, including the six thousand soldiers recently arrived from France, well armed, well clad, and in high heart. One regiment of those sent by Louis to fight in the cause of James, strange to say, were Dutch and Protestants, probably composed of deserters from William's army in Holland.\* There was some difficulty in finding horses for the cavalry. Avaux, writing on the 26th of November, in the previous year, states how the stud of the country had been destroyed by the unwise licence given by James to two or three regiments, who in their folly had destroyed more horses than would have been needed to mount four thousand men. After they had left Dublin, the king called a council of war. The French and Irish officers were in favour of declining a battle, retiring slowly towards the Shannon for the purpose of affording the French fleet an opportunity to cut off the English transports from which the enemy was to draw his supplies, and thus harassing William by a long and tedious war. James, however, dreading the moral effect which it might produce on the Irish if he were to retreat and leave Dublin to the enemy, was bent on action, and gave his voice in favour of risking one great battle for his crown. It

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\* *The Irish Journal*—a contemporary newspaper quoted in the notes to *Excidium Macariae*, p. 120.

was decided accordingly to fight. It was thus the object of both armies to meet, and to settle their differences at once.

From the English army at Loughbrickland, advance parties under Major-General Scrivermore were sent beyond Newry, who penetrated to Dundalk, and brought back intelligence that James, at the head of a large army, was falling back on Drogheda, with the intention of waiting the approach of his adversary on the banks of the Boyne. Their resolution was taken not to put him to the discomfort of having to wait very long. On the 25th of June, they reached Newry and pitched their camp on the side of a hill, where it is recorded that water was scarce: and the next day, with the king at their head wearing "an orange-colour sash," they went on to Dundalk. Orders having been given that nothing should be taken from the country by force, the effect was that the people, knowing that they would be well paid for their commodities, kept the camp better supplied with provisions than it ever had been before. On the 27th they encamped upon some very rough ground about a mile beyond Dundalk, where, drawn up in two lines, they occupied a space of about three miles in length. From this spot advance parties were again sent out to reconnoitre. When this party drew near Ardee, the dust was seen to rise from the highway beyond the town into the air like a cloud. It was the rear-guard of the enemy, falling back with speed. There was now but the distance of a few miles between the two armies.

On Sabbath, the 29th of June, the English passed on from Dundalk beyond Ardee, keeping the sea in view the greater part of the day, and gladdened by

an occasional glimpse of the English fleet, as it steered down the Channel, skirting the seaboard in the direction of Drogheda. The king marched at the head of his troops, sometimes with a small party riding in advance to take observations, or perhaps to choose ground for a camp, carefully noting the qualities of the soil over which he passed, and remarking to those about him, as Cromwell is said to have done before him—"It is a country worth fighting for." Yet apart from the quality of the soil, the country in other respects was a wilderness. Cultivation was neglected. The presence of the enemy had wasted anything which the soil did produce. The inhabitants fled, as William approached. No living people were met with on the day's march, except a few poor starved creatures near a mill, who like so many chickens were scraping for food in a dustheap of chaff and husks.

On Monday, the army now drawn up in three columns, moved forward to the Boyne, which was distant from the last encampment about eight miles. As the enemy were known to be in force on the south side of the river, there was now double need for caution. Advance guards were sent out under Sir John Lanier, in front of which his Majesty rode as if anxious to be the first man in the army to get a glimpse of the foe. The king and his officers did not obtain the gratification of their wish, till they reached Tullaghescar—a little hill north-west of Drogheda. From that point Drogheda itself was visible, as well as the camp of James, on the other side of the river, stretching away in two lines west of the town. They saw at a glance that the Irish position was chosen with great skill. There was a deep river in front,

liable twice a day to be made still deeper by the rising tide ; beyond the river, a morass ; and beyond it again a rising ground high and steep, occupied by the enemy. To their eye it seemed as if there was a force opposed to them of some forty-five or forty-six regiments, which if only of the ordinary size, would make an army smaller than their own : still, as the king observed, there might be more men out of sight, either stationed in the town, or hidden by the hills.

No time must be now lost in putting the numbers and courage of the enemy to the test. Small troops of horse were sent out in various directions, some towards Drogheda, others towards Oldbridge. The king himself rode slowly towards the west, taking careful observation of the Irish camp as he passed along. Two troopers dashed forward to the ford, and captured there a horse and a barrel of ale, which the Irish had not yet time to carry over the river. The Irish, seeing the reckless hardihood of the English soldiers in coming within range, opened upon them from beyond the stream with a battery of six cannon, and thus gave public warning that they were ready to dispute the passage.

It was the eve of the battle, and William, with an amount of coolness and courage bordering on imprudence, made his observations and laid his plans, riding about within cannon-range of the enemy's position, exactly as he might have done had no enemy been there. He rode forward to Oldbridge and stood within musket-shot of the ford. On a little island in the river, a small party of the Irish horse was still stationed. The hedges on the opposite shore were lined with soldiers. Close to the bank there were several little dwelling-houses, one of them built

with stone, which were filled with troops. A stray shot from one of their muskets might at any moment bring down a king, and in five minutes a struggle, in which all Europe had an interest, might have had a melancholy end. But William heeded it not. He was not thinking of his personal safety, but was discussing with his officers the best place for planting batteries, and the readiest method of getting across the river.

Passing on two hundred yards farther, almost to the extreme west of the Irish camp, he alighted from his horse and sat down on a little rising ground to refresh himself—to picnic as it were in sight of the enemy. The contempt of their presence displayed in this action, was too tempting for the Irish army to let pass unnoticed. While sitting there the little picnic party observed five of James's officers, among them, as they afterwards learned, Sarsfield, Tyrconnel, and the Duke of Berwick, gazing earnestly at the English, as their foremost columns came forward and occupied the ground. It attracted their attention, too, that some of the Irish soldiers with their long guns came down the hill a little, to amuse themselves by taking a shot at such of the English dragoons as went down to the river to drink, and that some of the English soldiers fired back again by way of response. They noticed also that a party of about forty horse from the Irish army advanced very slowly down the hill and stood for nearly an hour in a ploughed field, exactly opposite the refreshment party, and inspecting it with their field-glasses. But it entirely escaped their attention that these horsemen brought two field-pieces along with them; that before entering the ploughed land they quietly dropped the field-pieces



behind the hedge; and that the object of their standing there was to draw off attention from their companions, who were in a noiseless way getting their guns into position, and covering the picnic party. As the king rose from the ground to mount his horse, everything was ready behind the hedge, and the signal was given. The field-pieces were discharged. The first shot brought down two horses and a man, about a hundred yards from the spot where the king was standing. But the second shot, from a six-pounder, went closer to the mark, and very nearly decided the fortune of the day. The ball struck the bank of the river, and then glancing off the bank it passed over the king's shoulder, cutting a piece out of his coat, burning a hole in his waistcoat, and tearing off a little of the skin and flesh; after which it broke the head off the pistol of the Duke of Wurtemberg who was standing by. Mr. Coningsby, afterwards ennobled as Earl Coningsby, ran forward and spread his handkerchief over the wound. The alarm and confusion visible among the little party, when it was known that the king was wounded, did not pass unobserved by the enemy, who, seeing that something unfortunate for the English had occurred, though not sure exactly of what it was, gave a great cheer which was taken up and repeated throughout their camp. His Majesty acted in the circumstances with all the coolness of a soldier. He quietly said that "there was no great need for the bullet coming any nearer," and then, throwing his cloak around him to conceal the rent in the coat, rode back at his leisure by the same way as he came, the guns of the enemy firing at him all the time.

The private soldiers also, taking up the spirit and

tone of their leader, displayed a similar indifference to life. So much indeed was this the case, that the king, after a dozen or two had been shot, and after he was thus satisfied that his recruits could stand fire, gave orders that they should retire out of range under cover of a rising ground which was near. But the personal activity of his Majesty was not in any degree checked by what had occurred to himself. When the doctors wished to bleed him, he laughed at them. He called his surgeon, had his wound dressed, put on a fresh coat, and was soon on horseback again, inspecting his soldiers as they came forward, and giving directions about the ground which they were to occupy for the night. The news had spread that he was wounded; but no sooner did he appear on horseback than their alarm was set at rest, and the whole camp rang with acclamation—"God save the King!"

The place chosen for the encampment was in the immediate neighbourhood of Mellifont Abbey—a foundation which in the twelfth century had been established by Donough M'Carrol, Prince of Uriel, and which had been first occupied by Cistercian monks, sent over by St. Bernard from the Abbey of Clairvaux. Of late years it had been a baronial residence, but at the time of which we speak it was falling into ruins. Round these ruins the English forces encamped on the night before the battle. It was fully three o'clock in the afternoon before the field-pieces were forward, and had been placed in a position to respond in kind to the noisy messages, which had now for some hours been coming at intervals from the south side of the river. Throughout the remainder of the day the cannonade was kept up, but apparently with little harm

to either side. Deserters, too, were occasionally passing from the one army to the other, the intelligence which each man brought being usually more highly prized and more eagerly sought for than himself. To large armies, the accession of one man, or of ten, brings no more force than a raindrop carries to a stream ; but the news which a man conveys might itself be worth a regiment. The drawback in most cases is, that it is difficult sometimes to distinguish the false from the true. One of these deserters told the English, that the enemy was at least 25,000 strong, and that they had already sent away part of their heavy baggage in the direction of Dublin.

That evening, a Council of War was held in both camps. All felt the historical importance of the circumstances by which they were surrounded. Tomorrow's battle would virtually decide the destiny of two kings, and the fortunes of a great nation ; and each side was naturally anxious to leave nothing undone which could be done, in order to secure victory to itself. In the English Council, it was evident from the first that William was resolved to fight. The question for consideration was, how to do it most effectively. Schomberg, as well as several English officers, was in favour of making a feint in direction of the river, but at the same time of sending the better half of the army during the night round by the bridge of Slane to take the enemy in flank. The other suggestion was made by Count Solms, to cross the river in face of the enemy, and to attack them directly in front. The latter plan was attended with more risk, but it was bold and daring, and perhaps, for this reason commended itself to the king. Eventually a middle course, combining some features of both the plans, was adopted. It is said,


the veteran General Schomberg was somewhat irritated that his advice was not adopted entirely on this occasion; and when the order of battle, later in the evening, was sent to his tent, he is reported to have said,—“That it was the first order of the kind that was ever sent to him.” The decision of the council was, that the army should cross in three divisions. The right wing, consisting of the greater part of the cavalry under Lieutenant-General Douglas and Count Maynerd de Schomberg, was to start at an early hour, and to cross at the bridge of Slane three miles above the camp with the view of taking the enemy in flank. They were instructed too, should the front movement succeed and the enemy be forced to fall back, to throw themselves between them and the pass of Duleek with the view of cutting off their retreat. Three or four of the Enniskillen officers, who professed to know the country, undertook to guide the expedition. The left wing, under the king in person, was about nine o'clock to attempt the river at a point farther down, between the camp and Drogheda. The time of attack was fixed to correspond with the ebb of the tide. The centre, under Duke Schomberg, was to cross at Old-bridge. Lords Portland and Auverquerque were left in charge of the camp.

In the Irish Council also, some were still opposed to the rashness of risking everything on the issue of a single battle. It was proposed that they should march away during the night, occupy the strongest of the garrison towns, and protract the war, in order to give the French fleet time to burn the English transport ships in the channel, and thus destroy their supplies. Could this have been accomplished, it would be almost impossible for William's army to escape destruction,

for nearly all their stores and provisions were in the fleet. But here, too, the king gave his voice for battle, for James naturally feared that, if he were to flee with such an army at his back, the Irish would be ashamed of him, and that he would soon be deserted by all. Seeing him so persistent in this humour, his officers resolved to fight. Accordingly, arrangements were made for disposing their troops so as to offer the strongest resistance to the foe, and for securing the passes in case of failure, and thus covering their retreat to Dublin.

As the shades of that summer evening settled down, the sound of the cannon gradually became still, and every man in the two great hosts made his special preparation for the morrow. In the English camp every soldier had to provide himself with a sufficient supply of ammunition, and to be ready to turn out at daybreak for the work of death. The watchword of the night was "Westminster." At twelve o'clock, the king rode through the whole camp, his way being lighted with torches, to see for himself that all were prepared. Orders were given that every man in his army should, for distinction sake, wear a green sprig in his hat. On the other hand, the soldiers of King James were ordered to put in their hats a piece of white paper. How strange all this, when regarded in the light of after times. The Irish have long ago adopted as their national colour, that in which the natural world most delights to robe itself, and under which the battle of the Boyne was won. Others who admire King William seem now to prefer another colour, but when they think of the first of July, 1690, they are the last men in all the world who ought to feel offended with *the wearing of the green.*

The sun of Tuesday morning rose in a cloudless sky, giving promise of a burning day. At six o'clock the right wing of the army, amounting to ten thousand men, the foot under General Douglas, and the horse under Count Schomberg, moved away up the river in the direction of the bridge of Slane. The original design was that the whole division should cross at that point; but other fords were discovered nearer to the camp, and the first design was modified so far as to take advantage of them. The Irish observed the movement and immediately threw out strong detachments from their main body so as to counteract it. As the horse passed down to cross the river, they were fired at by a regiment of dragoons under Sir Neal O'Neill, who had been posted there over night to guard the ford, and who held their position for an hour in face of the enemy, and then retired in good order. When they galloped off to join the main body, they left their flank exposed to the fire of the English soldiers now thronging the bank of the river, and lost in consequence, about seventy men, including their commander, Sir Neal O'Neill. Little more opposition was made to the right wing in crossing, but when it had got to the other side, it found that the enemy, expecting the brunt of the battle to be at that point, had massed their forces there, and had outnumbered it considerably. Finding that he was weak in infantry, Douglas dispatched a message at once to the king for reinforcements. The word to advance was given; but it was more easily said than done, for the men felt themselves seriously hampered by the difficulties of the ground. In front were large cornfields, encircled with great fences difficult to pass, and behind the fields a great bog. Up to this time horse and foot



were intermingled by squadron and battalion; but so soon as the reinforcements sent for to the king had arrived, Douglas, by a skilful manœuvre, threw his horse to the extreme right, with the double design of getting round the bog and of flanking the enemy. The foot were now floundering through the bog, and the horse making a circuit round it. This would have been the time for the foe to fall upon them, might and main; but as if paralyzed by their boldness in fording the river under fire, in dashing over the fences, and in taking the bog, the Irish did not wait to come to close quarters, but fell back rapidly in the direction of Duleek. Count Schomberg then dashed after them with his horse, and killed some in retreat, but for some reason not now very well understood, most probably the skilful manœuvring of the French contingent, he failed to reach in time the pass in the rear of James's army.\*

William, with the main body of the army under his command, made no movement, until he heard by express from Douglas that the right wing had reached Slane, and, until, as he supposed, it had full time to cross over. When the hour came, the king, on horseback, without his cuirass, and with his walking stick simply in his left hand, for the wound of yesterday made it impossible either to wear armour or to wield a sword, gave orders to advance. The Dutch Blue Guards, under Count Solms were the first to approach the river at

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\* Dalrymple (*Memoir*, Part II. Book V.) says: "The Count pursued but slowly; for he had no guides except the flying steps of his enemies; and the bogs and ditches, which they who were acquainted with their intricacies passed with ease, proved obstacles to him every minute, so that whilst he thought he was gaining ground, he often found that he lost it."

Oldbridge: and a little farther down the stream the two French Huguenot regiments, the two Enniskillen regiments, Sir John Hanmer's, and several others.

The preparations made by the Irish for repelling these forces were very complete. On the south side of the river, Tyrconnel's foot-guards lined the houses, hedges, and breastworks; while at the distance of a hundred and fifty yards beyond them, sheltered by some little hills from the English cannon, which covered the passage of the stream, were posted seven regiments of infantry. At no great distance off stood eight troops of Irish horse, prepared for action, and determined that they themselves, and not their French allies, should hold on this memorable day the place of honour. It was rather a formidable force to encounter, more especially as the English centre was now considerably weakened by the reinforcements despatched to aid Douglas.

The Dutch Guards did not at first see the full strength of the division which awaited them, and perhaps would not have faltered even if they had. In they dashed into the stream, eight abreast, with the water up to their waists. They had reached the middle when a terrific blaze of musketry broke from behind the hedges, breast-works, and fences in the front of them. The aim of the Irish soldiery was, however, not the best, for comparatively few fell. The grenadier who headed the party in the water, drew up his men, upon reaching the bank, in two files, and fired in among those of the enemy who lined the nearest hedge, now only fifteen yards distant. Those who survived the first volley, rose and fled from their lurking-place, and the men on the bank, without pursuing, accelerated their flight by pouring a second



volley into their retreating ranks. The ground being thus to some extent cleared, room was left for those who had now emerged from the stream to form upon the bank ; but while they were thus engaged, the main body of the enemy, hitherto out of sight, suddenly made their appearance, surprising their assailants by their presence as much as if they had sprung out of the earth. Without giving them time to wonder, the Duke of Berwick's horse came down upon them at full gallop, and for a time the gallant Dutch were sorely pressed. But they fought with no less bravery than skill. The moment that the horse came within range, the first rank fired and then fell on their faces, giving those behind them the opportunity to fire, and loading their muskets as they lay on the ground. At the second charge, a volley of all three ranks was fired. At the next, the first rank rose and fired again. The Irish had by this time closed in upon the Dutch, supposing that their fire was at last exhausted ; but the two rear ranks drew up in platoons at the sides and flanked the enemy across, while the front rank, screwing their swords on their muskets, received the charge with all bravery, and in a few minutes had unhorsed every man of the party whom they did not put to flight. The Derry regiment fought bravely on this occasion, and gave the Dutch in their extremity very gallant support. The result was that the charge, though with some difficulty, was successfully repulsed. Fortunately the brunt of this struggle fell on soldiers who had gathered great experience in Continental wars. Few could have sustained the onset of Berwick's troopers, except trained men who had themselves been tried in battle.

The two Huguenot regiments crossed the stream

two hundred yards farther down, while those of Sir John Hanmer and Count Nassau crossed a little lower still. Lieutenant-General Richard Hamilton, who had carried away with him so few laurels from the siege of Derry, was planted here to oppose their passage. He himself advanced very courageously to the margin of the river, giving orders at the same time to Lord Antrim's regiment to take the approaching enemy in the flank. The infantry, however, failed to execute their share in the plan, and fled. Here again the Irish horse distinguished themselves by their spirit and courage. King James's body-guards charged down the hill with such force that forty of them dashed through the French regiments, who had no pikes for receiving cavalry, and the gallant young Ruvigny, better known as La Caillemotte, was mortally wounded in the encounter. As he was carried back to the English camp, wounded and dying, he shouted to his countrymen who were still passing the river, "To glory, my boys, to glory." The party of horse who had cut through the French regiment, finding it impossible to return by the way that they came, wheeled to the left, with the view of rejoining their companions; but this brought them into contiguity to the Dutch and Enniskilleners, who took good care that none of them ever returned.

While these events were taking place, the Dutch Guards, who had first crossed the river and had beaten back successfully the fiery charge of the Irish cavalry, steadily advanced, and at their approach the Irish foot retired from the second hedge behind which they had rallied. Here again they encountered another body of Irish horse, who, without taking advantage of the hedges, met them in the open field with another

furious charge ; but the Dutch stood so solidly together that it was found impossible to break their ranks, firing as they did by platoons, taking the assailants both in front and in flank. The result was that the second charge also was repelled, but not without considerable loss. Soon after, the French Huguenots and the Enniskilleners came up, and when the Irish horse made their great charge, the united party gave them so hot a reception, that they were obliged to retreat with loss.

This action was in progress when the Duke of Berwick's horse charged down upon Sir John Hanmer's men as they came out of the river ; but they too were repulsed, though without suffering very much damage. At this stage of the battle, the smoke and dust, excited by the musketry and by the movements of so many men and horses, had so enveloped the field that nothing could be seen farther than a few yards from the spot where the spectator stood.

The English horse to the right and left had now crossed the river. The Danish contingent was the only portion of them which met with a misadventure. As the Danes were forming on the shore of the river, Hamilton, at the head of his Irish horse, charged them with such impetuosity, that he scattered the whole party, some of them taking to the water again, and recrossing it at a much more rapid rate than they did at first. This untoward event occurred at the moment when the Irish cavalry, as already described, broke through the French regiment. It was the confusion produced among the French and Danes by that brilliant and terrible charge, which resulted in the death of the gallant old veteran, Duke Schomberg.

When he observed that the French were so hotly

pressed, and was told that the brave La Caillemotte, who had followed him in all his fortunes, was desperately wounded and borne from the field, he hurried across the river without waiting to put on his cuirass. Placing himself at the head of La Caillemotte's regiment, and pointing to the French Catholics in James's army, he shouted to the Huguenots whom he led—"Come on, gentlemen, yonder are your persecutors." He had scarcely finished the sentence, till in the thick of the fight he was surrounded by fifteen or sixteen of King James's guard, who, recognizing him most probably by the blue ribbon, the symbol of his rank, slashed at him with their swords. Cambon's regiment poured a volley into his assailants. When the ground was cleared, Schomberg was found among the slain, his body lying on a stony path, on which a fall from a horse might itself have been fatal to so old a man. The cause of his death was a wound in the neck, but it was never exactly known whether he was killed by the fire of his own friends or by a blow from the enemy. The story current among the English soldiers afterwards, was, that he was shot by a trooper of his own regiment who had deserted a year before, and was now in King James's guards; but in the heat of battle there is no time for making such minute observations, and for this reason the story is most probably a myth. At the time of his death, the gallant soldier was over eighty years of age. He fell at his post without speaking a word. The incidents now described, had all occurred between ten and half past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. So fierce was the fight up to this time, that the oldest veterans in the army afterwards admitted that in so short a space they had never seen warmer work. By noon the Irish had

receded to the rising ground higher up the hill, and were making preparations for their final charge against the advancing foe.

Meanwhile the left wing of the army, consisting mostly of Danes and Dutch with Colonel Wolseley's Enniskillen Dragoons, being appointed to take the river farther down between Oldbridge and Drogheda, experienced some difficulty in getting across. The Duke of Wurtemberg had himself carried over the stream on the shoulders of two Danish grenadiers. Four squadrons of the enemy were waiting for them on the other side, but a volley fired by the Danes when they were in the water proved so effective, that here, too, the enemy retired. A detachment was sent to go over at the mill-ford, but the tide was rising, the footing was bad, and the passage was difficult: so much so that some had to swim for it, while others, giving up the attempt at that spot, tried to ford it higher up. The result was that this wing of the army was not over in sufficient time to give effective help to the centre, which had crossed at Oldbridge. Most of them were obliged to cross near the Danish foot already spoken of. The king himself had to pass over along with these. Before William had time to enter the river, an aide-de-camp riding up informed him that the Duke Schomberg was killed. The king did not say a single word, but simply laid his finger on his lip, thus intimating to the officer that he should not discourage the troops by making the misfortune known. He himself was more distressed by the news than he cared to show, but his sense of the loss made him still more anxious to press forward in order to retrieve the calamity. He forthwith dashed into the stream and made

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good his way to the opposite bank. Courtiers and attendants, who had no fancy for musket balls and sabre cuts fell behind, as the king, mounted on his war charger, hurried forward to the front. The horse that carried him bogged in the marshy ground on the other side. The monarch had to alight from his saddle before the animal could extricate itself. But no sooner had he remounted and got his men in order, than he put himself at their head and advanced towards the enemy, who were preparing in great force to attack the foot already over the river. The two parties were within musket-shot of each other, when the Irish observed that the horse of the left wing, whom the king led in person, were coming forward as if to attack them in flank. Upon noticing this, they stopped, wheeled about, and retired up the hill in the direction of a little church and village called Dunore, which stood near the summit of the ridge, about half a mile from the stream.

William and his men followed slowly and in good order, but when they came near the summit the Irish charged them with such irresistible force that the Danes gave way and fled, notwithstanding that the king in person was at their head. It was a critical moment in the battle. The king rode forward to the Enniskillen Dragoons, and asked them, "what they were willing to do for him?" Wolseley told them the honour that his Majesty intended for them, by himself leading them to the charge. In a moment the king was at their head, and like so many mastiff dogs let loose, they dashed forward against the bullets of the foe. But on this occasion the want of military training was conspicuous in these bold non-professional soldiers. They followed the king in the charge with

fearless courage, but they seemed to think that all expected from them was simply to follow where he led; so when the king turned aside to give them the opportunity and room for advancing at full speed, they mistook the movement, wheeled after him, and retreated for a hundred yards. This was a mistake on their part that military training would have prevented; but it destroyed the effect that the king intended to produce. Disappointed in the Enniskilleners, William then put himself at the head of a Dutch regiment which had by this time come forward. The Enniskillen men, who had now seen their mistake fortunately in time to retrieve it, turned round again and faced the enemy once more. Some of Schomberg's horse also came up and joined the party. Whereupon, they all dashed forward together; with their united strength they bore back the enemy with resistless force, and they succeeded in bearing away as trophies some of the Irish flags. One of the chroniclers of the battle, who saw what he describes, in giving an account of this hot and brilliant encounter, says admiringly: "The enemy's horse of Tyrconnel's regiment behaved well, but our Dutch like angels."

Lieutenant-General Ginkell also, was no less warmly received by the Irish. To the left of the spot where the king was engaged, he and his forces were attacked by the enemy who had taken possession of a lane, and were beaten back and obliged to retreat. This having been perceived by the dragoons of Sir Albert Cunningham and Colonel Levison, they dismounted, lined the hedges, and so galled the victors, that they were not able to follow up the advantage which they had gained over Ginkell. This check gave Ginkell's horse the opportunity to rally, which

they soon did, and now uniting their strength to that of their comrades planted behind the hedges, they repulsed the enemy and killed many of them. Seeing that his foot were thus worsted, General Hamilton put himself at the head of his horse, and made one other bold attempt to turn the fortune of the day. But again his party were defeated, and he himself on this occasion had the misfortune to be made a prisoner. The unfortunate general was captured within a very few paces of his Majesty. His captors wished to take his life, but the king called out to them to save him. Hamilton, overwhelmed with a generosity that he so little deserved, approached the place where William stood, fell on his knees, and asked his Majesty's pardon. The only answer that the king made was, "I am very glad to see you." William asked him whether he thought that the Irish would continue the fight? "Yes, please your Majesty, they have a good body of horse still; upon my honour, I think they will." "Your *honour!*" twice repeated, was all the king replied, but the emphasis given to the words suggested, that in his Majesty's opinion the unfortunate officer did not possess that commodity in sufficient quantity to entitle him to speak much about it. Seeing, however, that Hamilton was wounded, he gave particular orders that his wounds should be dressed. From the moment that Hamilton was captured, the battle on the left wing was virtually over. Victory rested on the banners of William, and the enemy fell back.

King James did not fight that day in the ranks, as his rival did. He was nominally head of the reserve. Most of the day he stood beside the old church on Dunore Hill, gazing with the deepest interest at a



scene, the issue of which to him was the loss of a crown and a kingdom. He remained riveted on the spot until he saw his own army in full retreat, and himself almost surrounded. He then withdrew under the protection of Sarsfield's horse, leaving it to Lausun, Sheldon, and others, to make arrangements for covering the retreat. This they did so effectually, with the assistance of the French auxiliaries, that very few perished in flight; the main loss of the Irish was on the field of battle.

The great defect in the management of William's army, on this memorable day, was that he and his generals entirely failed to turn the retreat into a route. Had they succeeded in this, they would almost at a single blow have ended the war. But from various causes they were not able. In the first place, from their not knowing, owing to the smoke, the noise, and the vast extent of ground over which the battle swept, that the main body of James's army were retiring, there was much time lost before the command was given to pursue. Then, from inacquaintance with the country, the right wing, under Douglas, failed to reach the pass of Duleek in sufficient time to prevent the escape. Such of the foot as were prevented from fleeing with the main body, scattered themselves over the country and took to bogs, where horsemen could not follow them. To make matters worse, King William himself, coming over a hill near Duleek, appeared in the evening on the flank of his own forces, now hot in the pursuit, and, not being recognized at first, the pursuers took him for some new enemy and halted; and before they were undeceived, the retreating squadrons, taking advantage of the pause, were well forward on their way. The retreat

was conducted in the most orderly and masterly fashion. So soon as the Irish had cleared the dangerous pass, they took occasion, from the delay of the pursuers, to put their horse and artillery in the rear, and to send forward their foot in front. The result was that very nearly all who withdrew in a body from the field of battle, escaped without serious loss.

The victors pursued as far as Naule, three miles beyond Duleek, but they might not have been at the trouble. The prey had slipped from their hands. They had to content themselves with the not very wise act of blowing up such ammunition as the Irish had failed to carry away, and with cutting down stragglers. Few of such as fell into their hands escaped; for they were shot down like hares as they hid in the corn and the hedges. When the bugle sounded the recall, the victors bivouacked in the open air. The night proved to be cold; and the weary victors collected the pikes and muskets left by the enemy, and made fires of them. The king passed the night of that eventful day in Duleek. He made a tent of his carriage, and slept in it. Before retiring he inquired minutely into the particulars of Duke Schomberg's death, as already given, and when he heard it from the equerry who witnessed it, his eyes filled with tears, and he exclaimed, "I have lost my father!" He had been that day seventeen hours in the saddle and must have been weary. Every one remarked that, although cheerful, he was not elated with the victory; and he made it plain that he did not care much about the congratulations which now came in upon him from all sides. The probability is, that if he had lost the battle instead of winning it, his demeanour would have been very much the same.

The impassive monarch was a mystery, which those about him could not understand.

King James himself was the first to carry to Dublin the tidings of his own disaster. That whole day the deepest anxiety pervaded the capital, for it was well-known there that a death struggle was going forward at the Boyne. During the day a rumour spread among the citizens that Schomberg was dead, that James had won the battle, and that the Prince of Orange was a prisoner. The Jacobites rejoiced, and the Protestants trembled, as they thought of the consequences involved in that issue to themselves and others. But towards evening, officers who had been with the army began to drop into town, some of them wounded, others in good health, but all of them with a settled gloom upon their faces, which did not betoken victory. The sadness pictured on the countenances of those who came from the battle-field, was the first thing which opened up to the Dublin Protestants a gleam of hope.

James, accompanied by a guard of two hundred horse, all in disorder, reached Dublin about nine o'clock on the evening of the battle. Lady Tyrconnel, the beautiful Fanny Jennings of other and happier days, met him at the Castle gates, and heard from his own lips the tidings of his great misfortune. That night he consulted with individual members of the Privy Council, who all thought that as the enemy was likely to arrive next day there was no time to be lost. At an early hour the following morning, he sent for the Lord Mayor and the leading men of Dublin, told them that he had lost the battle, that he was under the necessity of providing for his own safety, that they must make for themselves the best terms that they could, but that they ought not to burn or other-

wise injure the town. By five o'clock he started from Dublin, accompanied by ten or twelve gentlemen, among them Tyrconnel and the Duke of Berwick, in the direction of Bray, and thence on to Waterford. With a foresight which did not betoken hope, he had sent Sir Patrick Trant, Commissioner of Revenue, to that port a few days before the battle, in order to have a vessel ready to receive him in case matters should come to the worst. In the vessel thus prepared, the *Count de Lausun*, he embarked and sailed round to Kinsale. Some French ships had arrived there with the design of cruising in St. George's Channel, and of destroying the transport ships and victuallers engaged in carrying supplies to the English army. They consisted of seven small ships, which had brought with them a cargo of corn and wine, and were accompanied by three frigates. Into one of these he entered, and telling the commanders that all was lost, carried them all away with him to France. He reached Brest on the 10th of July.

To Paris also, James was the first to carry the story of his own disgrace. To the queen he had written from Brest a letter of exculpation : he soon arrived in person to give further explanations. The report which spread in Paris immediately after his arrival, was that the Irish had deserted the king on the battle-field and had submitted to the Prince of Orange, leaving the French auxiliaries to be cut in pieces. So generally was this ridiculously false story believed, that for a time the Irish were the most unpopular of all nations in Paris, and for some days natives of the Emerald Island, even although they had lived in France for many years, dare not show their faces in the streets. It is very remarkable that James's con-

duct in this whole affair was predicted by the French ambassador nine months before. Avaux, writing about him from Ardee on the 21st of October, in the previous year, says to Louis: "I can assure your Majesty that he would flee at the first check which would happen to him, and that he has advanced to Drogheda only to exculpate himself and to be able to say, that after having done all he was able, he had been obliged to put his person in security, on the preservation of which his other realms depended." How accurately had that keen French intellect penetrated and searched the inmost secrets of the royal nature! How thoroughly did Avaux know the man with whom he had to work. It happened exactly as he said it would do, when James was vapouring in the end of the previous summer in front of the camp, or rather field-hospital, over which Schomberg presided at Dundalk. James afterwards attempted to excuse his precipitate flight by saying, that "it was indeed a mistake, but there was a universal panic after the battle, and that his escape was the result of the advice given by his own officers, and by all about him." He never saw Ireland again. His last sight of the country which had been the scene of his humiliation, was the view of the Cork and Waterford mountains gained from the deck of the French frigate, as it stood out into the Channel from the roads of Kinsale.

On the evening of the day on which James bade adieu to Dublin, the Irish horse reached that city in excellent order, and the main body of the Irish army on the following day. They released the prisoners confined in the town, took the city militia along with them, and before sunset on Friday, they had cleared out with their stores and ammunition, directing their

march to the wilds and fastnesses of Connaught and Munster. Though they had lost the battle, very many of them had done their part as well as any men could do. Thought of submission they had none. In their opinion, all was not lost even yet. Undaunted by the desertion of the worthless creature whom they called king, these brave men—the flower of the Irish nation, were resolved to fight it out, and to struggle on in support of a cause which did not yet seem hopeless, and of a man who had ceased to struggle for himself.

Such was the Battle of the Boyne, distinguished among all our national conflicts by this circumstance, that it is the last of our insular battles fought between two kings, both of whom were present in person, for the possession of a crown. In numbers the armies were well matched, but the Irish had the advantage in position, and the English in officers and men of superior military training and experience in war. Of the soldiers who were of purely English descent, comparatively few were under fire; the brunt of the conflict was borne by the Dutch Guards, the French Huguenots, the Danes, and the Ulstermen from Enniskillen and Derry—all of whom, in spite of occasional reverses such as occur on every well contested field, fought bravely. Of them about five hundred lost their lives, the most eminent of whom were Schomberg and La Caillemotte. The latter died of his wounds. Schomberg was so advanced in years that he could not have counted on much longer life, even had he lived to enjoy the victory. He was a great and an honourable man. He is described as of middle stature, fair in complexion, neat in attire, and a capital horseman. He was a soldier by profession, but the value which he set on higher things is shown by the fact

already mentioned, that from attachment to his religion he voluntarily resigned the highest prize to which a French soldier can aspire, the dignity of a Marshal of France. His dust lies interred in St. Patrick's, Dublin.

On the Irish side, the French auxiliaries were scarcely under fire at all. A chivalrous sense of honour, not perhaps unmixed with a little jealousy of the foreigner, led the Irish officers to reserve the post of danger for themselves. Those killed, therefore, were mostly Irish. They amounted to some eight hundred, including those slain in the pursuit as well as on the field. If to the number of the killed, those who died subsequently of their wounds should be added, it would raise the number on each side to at least half as many more. The most distinguished of the killed upon James's side, were Lords Dungan and Carlingford, and Sir Neal O'Neill. The Irish soldiers, in proportion as they gathered experience, grew in courage, and they certainly fought better on this occasion than in any previous battle of the war. The charges of their horse down the hill were so impetuous, that several times they dashed through the ranks of their enemies: and if the foot had only behaved with the same determination as the cavalry, and if the French contingent could have been turned to better account, the battle might have ended differently from what it did. It was generalship, not courage or determination, which the Irish stood in need of at the Boyne. James viewed the battle from a distance; William fought in the ranks. The Irish had no commander-in-chief to direct their movements with skill, or to rouse their personal enthusiasm. Sarsfield is reported to have said to some English officers after the

battle—"Only change kings and we will fight you over again." Whoever said so, whether Sarsfield or not, pointed to the cause which lost the battle.

In regard to the numbers present at the Boyne, if there was any inferiority it was rather on the Irish side. James, at the time, had about 50,000 men in his pay; but it must be remembered that of these some 15,000 at least were employed in garrison duty, and there could not have been more than 35,000 on the field. At the review of the English army which King William held at Finglas seven days after the battle, it was found that, not counting the sick, wounded, or missing, nor those employed in garrison duty at Drogheda, there were actually present on that day 30,330 men; from which we infer that if the numbers in the two armies were not exactly equal, there could not have been any manifest disparity between them. Of the foot on this occasion there were found to be 4581 Danes, 4663 Dutch, and 13,335 others composed of English, French, Huguenots, and Ulstermen. In the horse there were 423 Enniskilleners, 395 Frenchmen, 812 Danes, 1683 Dutch, and 2562 English. These facts show how very varied were the nationalities represented among the victors at the Boyne.\*

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\* *Letter* of Jean Payen de la Foulereſſe to Chriſtian V. of Denmark, dated Duleek, July 2, 1690, and inserted in *Notes and Queries*, July, 1877. Story: Bonnivert's *Journey* in Ulster, Arch. Journal Vol. IV. p. 79: *Diary* of Dean Davies: Bellingham's *Journal*: *Ecceidum Macariæ*: and Harris.



## CHAPTER VI.

*THE MARCH THROUGH MUNSTER.*

AIRWEATHER soldiers, who themselves never saw a battle, have blamed King William for not following up his victory with such rapidity as would have left the enemy no time to rest. Such critics have said, that, had he followed the retreating army to Dublin and invested it in that unfortified city, he might then and there have ended the war. Others have said that if he had detached some ten thousand troops to occupy Athlone and Limerick before the Irish troops could arrive, the war would have been terminated by that campaign. But it is always easy to be wise after the event. What if, under the circumstances, neither could have been done with safety? Men weary with the fatigue of a hard-fought field are not always able to pursue. The Irish, though worsted at the Boyne, retired in good order with their strength almost unbroken, while their French auxiliaries were still fresh and ready for action. In such a case, to divide the English forces by sending the one half on a wild-goose chase to Athlone, to which nobody could be sure at the time that the Irish would flee for refuge, might have been to court defeat; and if such policy had resulted in failure, they who now claim the credit of the suggestion might have been the most ready to find fault. Such things, by men of good sense, are

always decided most wisely at the time. It was decided on this occasion to keep the army together and march to Dublin.

The day after the battle was occupied in choosing a place for a camp at about a mile's distance from their bivouac at Duleek, and in bringing their tents and baggage from beyond the river. Brigadier La Melloniere also was sent with a strong detachment to summon Drogheda to surrender. Lord Iveagh, who was in command of the garrison, refused to give up possession; but prepared for immediate action in a fashion of his own, by tying the Protestants of the town in couples back to back, and by placing them in the most exposed parts of the town, where they would be most likely to be shot down by the cannon of the assailants. He was informed that if his obstinacy made it necessary to cannonade the place, he need not count on quarter afterwards; whereupon his lordship thought of Cromwell, and was wise. He surrendered on condition that his men and himself, without their arms, should be permitted to retire to the nearest Irish garrison. This happened to be Athlone. Accordingly at the head of a party of 1,300 men he marched out the next day, and forthwith departed under convoy for the west. Colonel Cutts, with his men, took possession immediately, and every necessary precaution was taken to preserve the inhabitants from violence and plunder. In the military stores, there was found a considerable quantity of wine and provisions.

On Thursday, the 3rd of July, the army moved forward to Balbriggan. On their way thither, they were met by the news that the Irish troops had all left the capital, and were now in full retreat in the

direction of the Shannon. Orders were immediately given, that the Duke of Ormond, at the head of a thousand horse, should ride forward in advance and take possession of the city, and that the Dutch Guards should occupy the castle. When they arrived, they found that Captain Farlow, who only two days before had been a prisoner in the city, was now acting in the castle as governor. The Protestant inhabitants were in dread, that at any moment a detachment of James's army might be sent back with instructions to burn the city, and some of them were disposed to improve the present opportunity by breaking into the houses of the Jacobites, and pillaging the dwellings of the men, who, as they supposed, had pillaged theirs. But all disposition to plunder and anarchy was checked by the arrival of Ormond and the Dutch Guards.

On Saturday, the army moved forward to Finglas, two miles north-west of the city. Here the Protestant citizens and many country people came to visit the camp, and to welcome their deliverers. At this place the news met them that King James had succeeded, in effecting his escape to France, that the Irish had withdrawn to Athlone, and that there was no enemy within twenty-six miles of Dublin. Next day his Majesty rode into town and was present at Divine worship in St. Patrick's Cathedral, returning to the camp in the afternoon.

The next day, the Bishops of Meath and Limerick attended by the Episcopalian clergy of Dublin, waited on the king to congratulate him on his arrival, to assure him of their loyalty, and to entreat him not to think worse of them for their staying in Ireland and submitting to a power which they found it impossible to resist. William knew well that had he

been defeated at the Boyne, the congratulations of the Right Reverend gentlemen would have found their way in another direction, but he answered prudently—that with God's help he would succeed in the object which had brought him to the country to deliver them from Popish tyranny, and that he intended to maintain the Protestant religion and the Episcopal Church. He gave them leave also to proclaim a day of thanksgiving for his victory.

From his camp at Finglas, King William sent out a Royal Proclamation, offering pardon and protection to all the common soldiers, farmers, labourers, and tradesmen, who had taken up arms for James, provided that, before the first day of August, they should return to their homes, surrender their arms to the nearest magistrate, and consent to live peaceably in future. He promised not to punish them for any act of violence which they had committed by the order of their superiors, and to secure them in the quiet possession of their goods. Their leaders, however, were to be left to the event of war, except that in the meantime they gave satisfactory demonstrations of penitence for past behaviour, in which case mercy would not be withheld. The design of this was understood to be to induce the common soldiers to desert the officers, and thus to compel the leaders to submit of necessity to the king. It was afterwards alleged by some of the Irish officers, that in consequence of the terms of this Proclamation not being wide enough to include them, they were in a measure compelled to stand out in self-defence. But in a civil war the leaders seldom receive, or expect to receive, such mild treatment from the victors as the ordinary men; and the probability is that the allegation was a mere pretext. Had the

proclamation included the officers, the result it is certain would have been very much as it was. It was made a point of honour with an Irish officer to cling to his king and his party, so long as any hope remained. Only the few and the worthless, would have acted otherwise. William, however, was quite sincere in his promise of kind treatment to those who came to terms, and subsequently carried out his promise so far as it was in his power; but a large party of his followers were greedy, and would be satisfied with nothing less than stripping the vanquished of everything they had. They wished to enrich themselves at the expense of the Roman Catholics, and to accomplish this it was necessary that they who had fought and lost should be spoiled without mercy. It was this unworthy feeling among a certain class of Protestants, perhaps as much as dislike of their religion, which produced all the disgraceful penal legislation of the eighteenth century, from the effects of which the country still suffers even after that penal legislation has entirely passed away.

About the 8th of July, the king heard of the disaster which befell the combined fleets of England and Holland under Lord Torrington at Beachy Head; in regard to which a Dutch writer with nearly as much truth as keenness said, that "the French had the victory, the Dutch the honour, and the English the shame." The news arrived in time to temper the joy which, however impassive his manner, he must have felt inwardly over his recent victory, and to remind him that he must not remain absent from England a single day longer than was necessary.

Upon the following day he divided his army into two divisions. One of these, consisting of six thou-

sand foot and two thousand horse and dragoons, he sent, under command of Lieut.-General Douglas, westwards in the direction of Athlone: the main body he himself led into Munster, with the intention that both bodies should re-unite under the walls of Limerick. His design was twofold—that the Irish army might be left no time to regain strength or fortify any place till they reached Limerick, and that in Waterford he might have in his rear a secure port, where he could receive supplies from England and his transport ships be safe. By the papers captured after the battle of the Boyne, he was now well aware that it was the design of the French fleet to destroy the English victualling ships if possible.

#### THE MARCH OF DOUGLAS.

By the 14th of July, Douglas and his force had reached Mullingar on their way to the west. The king's proclamation was not yet a week old, and even then he had discovered the difficulty of inducing his men, some of whom had acquired predatory habits, to pay respect to the royal order, and to refrain from injuring the non-fighting population. To them it seemed natural to compensate themselves for any lack of bread in the camp, by seizing and appropriating the provisions of the country people as they passed along. This trick would be called robbery in times of peace; nevertheless, in disregard of all that the general could say, it was frequently practised, especially "among the Northern men, who are very dexterous at that sport;" so at least says the chronicler, our main authority. The orders given to the men were strict enough, but there was so much laxity in punishing disobedience, that the orders were of no use. Even protections for life and property, granted to the natives, were not

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always well respected. Crimes such as were charged on Hamilton's army in Ulster the preceding year, were now without scruple committed by Douglas's, even in circumstances where the plea of necessity could not be alleged. It is not the least of the evils of war that its tendency is to relax moral restraint, and to destroy in men that honourable regard which they show at other times to their own promises, and to the rights and interests of others.


Athlone, to which Douglas and his troops were approaching, is the central town of Ireland. It occupies a narrow neck of land which then stood between two bogs, one on each side of the Shannon. The river is so broad and deep, that except at this point where it was spanned by a bridge, it could not be conveniently passed for six or eight miles, up or down. The town was divided into two parts by the stream ; the portion on the Leinster side was best built, and was usually known as the English town : that on the Connaught side was the Irish town. The two parts were united by a good stone bridge. The principal fortification was the castle, which stood in the Irish town, upon an eminence commanding the river and bridge. The place was occupied by a garrison consisting of three regiments of foot, nine troops of dragoons, and three of horse, while at no great distance lay a number of other troops by whom the garison could be strengthened should any necessity arise.

When it became known that Douglas with his army was approaching, the garrison set fire to the English town, withdrew to the Connaught side, and broke down the bridge. They stripped the Protestant inhabitants, men and women, and sent them away naked. Had advantage been taken of the woods,

bogs, and passes, which lay on the line of approach, some trouble might have been given to the English as they advanced; but the Irish judged it most judicious at once to put the river between themselves and their assailants, and to take measures for fortifying the western bank. Along the river above the town they raised some breastworks; while at the Connaught end of the bridge they erected several redoubts and planted four guns to prevent any attempt to cross. Moreover they lined the castle walls with earth, in order to diminish the effect of the cannon shot.

On Thursday the 17th, Douglas with his men had reached Athlone, and had taken up a position within a quarter of a mile of the town. No time was lost in summoning the garrison to surrender. The only answer of Colonel Grace, the Governor, was to fire his pistol at the drummer who carried the message, and to say: "These were his terms, and that when his provisions were consumed he would eat his boots rather than surrender." There was no resource thus left Douglas but to prepare for battle.

Friday and Saturday were spent in planting batteries. When they were ready, they began to play upon the castle, but any damage which they did proved to be very insignificant. The siege-train which Douglas brought with him was in reality very weak; he had only two twelve-pounders, ten smaller guns, and two small mortars. On the other hand, the shots from the castle were well directed, and Douglas lost some of his best men. The place proved to be stronger and better defended, than was expected. Not only was the English artillery too light for the work which lay before it, but even the supplies of bread and provisions began to fail. Already the principal means of finding





subsistence for the army was plunder. There is more meaning than at first appears in Story's quiet remark : "During our stay here, the country people of all persuasions began to think us troublesome." There could be little doubt of it ; most people think it troublesome to be robbed too often. There was some danger besides, that the communications with Dublin might be cut off ; and a rumour somehow got into circulation that Sarsfield, at the head of fifteen thousand men, was coming to raise the siege. Thirty men had already lost their lives during the cannonade ; but owing to sickness, the fatigues of marching, and the number of stragglers cut off by the Rapparees, the general found that his division was already three or four hundred short of the numbers which he had brought away from Dublin. In these circumstances a council of war was summoned, and it was agreed to raise the siege. The sick and wounded were forthwith sent off to Mullingar, the baggage was sent on that night in advance, and the next day the main body of the army followed.

This discomfiture at Athlone, if it did not dim the glory of the Boyne, proved at least that the English army was not invincible. Its results in some quarters were very distressing, especially to the poorer class of Protestants scattered over the Midland Counties. Most of them had taken protections from the Irish, and were comparatively safe up till the arrival of Douglas. But when that general, flushed with victory after the battle of Boyne, arrived in their neighbourhood, they hurried to his camp, and were forward in their manifestations of sympathy and zeal. By that act their letters of protection were forfeited, and now on the retreat of Douglas, they must come

under the power of the Irish once more. Counting it unsafe to await the punishment which they anticipated at the hands of the enemy, many of them now left their homes at a time when the harvest was almost ready to be gathered in, and followed, they knew not whither, in the wake of Douglas's army. The worst of it was, that the general by no means appreciated this proof of their confidence, and treated these poor fugitives with anything but kindness. Notwithstanding the victory at the Boyne, the Protestants throughout the country, except in the presence of an English army or garrison, were now in a worse condition than before. Nor were matters improved by the fact, that many of the Irish who had taken out protections from the English army, finding these protections of no avail, turned to be Rapparees, killed stragglers from the army where they were to be found, and treated Protestants with the same harshness as they themselves had been treated. Both parties were as busy as they could be, in plundering and destroying each other.

When Douglas had reached Ballymore on his way back to Mullingar, he sent one of his regiments forward to Dublin, while he himself with the others struck southwards with the view of crossing the country and forming a junction with the main body under command of the king. This threw his troops out of the line of their communications, and exposed them to no small privations for want of food. Nor would it have been pleasant for them, with their reduced numbers, to have met on their way any considerable body of the enemy. They thought it right therefore to take byeways; but what with horses, cattle, and camp-followers, still increasing in numbers

as they advanced, they made an imposing appearance, and struck terror to the country villages as they passed along.

Keeping Parsonstown on the right, and the Slievebloom mountains on the left, they reached Roscrea by the 2nd of August. Here twelve troopers from the king's army, then at Golden-bridge, met them, urging them to hasten forward. On the next day, they passed southwards by the Devil's Bit, and as they threaded their way along the valley, they could see the Irish Rapparees looking down in wonder upon them from the heights, but evidently afraid to throw any serious obstruction in the way of so formidable a party. On the 5th they had reached Holycross, near Thurles, where the general, hearing that this place enjoyed peculiar privileges in ancient times, and wishing no doubt in worthy fashion to sustain its reputation, signalized his arrival by giving his men the liberty of dining on anything they pleased. After all, however, this was more a necessity than a virtue, for the fact was, that their provisions were entirely exhausted. They then marched on by Dundrum, a little to the north of Cashel, and by way of Cullen, reached Cahir-conlish on the 8th of August. Here, after a month's separation, Douglas formed a junction with the main body of the English army under the command of the king. The success of this long and dangerous march, without his having fallen into any trap laid by the enemy, was some little set-off to his failure at Athlone.

#### THE KING'S MARCH.

We now return to William. On the 9th of July, in his camp at Finglas near Dublin, he gave a commis-

sion to Lord Longford, the Bishop of Meath, and other gentlemen, to take the oversight of all forfeited goods, and to see that the corn on the estates of absentees should be carefully preserved and disposed of for the king's use. This, however, was but a temporary regulation. The commission itself under which they acted, proved to be defective and illegal. The bishop soon ceased his attendance, and the arbitrary manner in which the others discharged their trust, was resented by almost everybody. They won no credit to themselves, and did little good service to the king.

The following day, a Proclamation was issued, putting a stop to the circulation of James's brass money except at a fixed value. The brass crown was ordered to stand for a penny, the brass half-crown for a half-penny, and the copper shilling for a farthing. Six months afterwards, the circulation of it was entirely stopped.

When the army entered on its march southwards, Brigadier Trelawny was left in charge of Dublin, with five regiments of horse and one of foot. The garrisons, which in a similar manner were detached to occupy important positions on the way, so far reduced the numbers which followed the king, that when the army reached Limerick it was not much over one-half the size that it was when it crossed the Boyne.

They had scarcely started on their way, till the common soldiers began to pillage the country people as they passed along. Strict orders, thereupon, were issued that no person living peaceably in his own house, whether Protestant or Catholic, should be plundered on pain of death. It was not long till an opportunity presented itself of ascertaining whether

the king meant what he said. As they passed near Naas, on the 11th of July, the king happened to see a soldier robbing a poor woman. He was so indignant at this breach of orders, that in his passion he struck the offender with his cane, and commanded him and a few others guilty of a similar offence to be executed. Two of these unfortunately were Enniskillen men, with whom, from the habit of carrying on irregular warfare without any military restraint, this method of quartering on the enemy had grown to be a second nature. It was proved at all events, that the commands of King William were not to be trifled with, like those of General Douglas. "The king is very strict," wrote a gentleman who accompanied the army, "and will suffer none to plunder, so that this part of the army will be very poor, because we are forced to be very honest."\* So salutary was the effect of these acts of rude justice, that during the rest of the march the country suffered no more from the licence of the soldiers.

As they advanced, rumours were constantly meeting them of the demoralization into which the enemy were thrown by their late disaster at the Boyne. Many Roman Catholics, gentry and persons of lower rank, came in frequently in order to submit to the king, and to take out letters of protection; while the Protestant inhabitants, scattered thinly over the southern counties, also visited the camp to express satisfaction at his Majesty's presence, and joy at their own deliverance.

When they reached Timolin, on the way to Castledermot, Colonel Eppinger with a thousand horse and dragoons was sent to take possession of Wexford,

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\* *Randall Papers*, Letter 142.

which was deserted by the enemy. Carlow was the next important station on the line of march, from which the Duke of Ormond was sent to occupy Kilkenny, and more especially to protect Protestants from being plundered by small military bands, who always retired as William approached, and then set forth in order to join the Irish army. By the way of Kells and Bennets-bridge the king arrived at Kilkenny on the 19th, on which day he dined with the Duke of Ormond in his own castle, and tasted the wine which the Count de Lausun, in the hurry of his departure the day before, had not time to carry away with him from the old homestead of the Butlers.

From Rosset-narrow, which they reached upon the following day, Count Schomberg, who had now taken the title of duke since the death of his father in the late battle, was sent forward to occupy Clonmel. The enemy had shown some signs of defending this town, at least so far as to level the suburbs and surrounding hedges, and to make the inhabitants pay them £300 as the price of saving them from being plundered; but as the king drew near, the protectors vanished and left the town to take care of itself. Here Lord George Howard and others came in and took protection: and intelligence was brought the king that Fitzmaurice, Sheriff of Queen's County, had taken advantage of the protection granted to him, and had gone off during the night with his family and effects.

From Carrick-on-Suir, which they reached on the 21st, a party of troops under Major-General Kirke was sent to Waterford, the garrison of which the king had heard was determined to hold out. Kirke summoned them to surrender. The terms which they asked were pitched as high as if they were the

victors, and the king was the vanquished. The very extravagance of them amused the English officers much, but the refusal was expressed in terms so civil, that like the answer of a lady to her lover it was understood to mean the very opposite of what it said. This opinion was confirmed, by their sending soon afterwards to ask what terms would be allowed them. The same offer was made to them, as Drogheda had accepted. Waterford demurred at first and sought to make better conditions; but, when it was found that no better could be obtained, it was agreed to take advantage of them. On the 25th, the garrison marched out with their arms and baggage and were safely conducted to Mallow. Duncannon, seven miles from Waterford, at first refused; but when the English forces drew near, and Sir Cloudesly Shovel, with sixteen frigates, appeared in the bay, it agreed to surrender on the same terms as Waterford. The king went into Waterford on the day of the surrender, and by his presence made it sure that no violence was done to anybody either in person or in goods.

When he returned to Carrick, a council of the leading officers met in camp, and the king informed them that owing to the urgent necessity of public affairs, he would have to return immediately to England. Count Solms, in his absence, was to act as commander-in-chief. On the 27th he went back to Carlow, where he was met by more favourable news from England. He went on, however, to Chapelizod, where he was for three days occupied in hearing complaints, some referring to outrages alleged to have been committed by the troops under General Douglas, others to acts of Colonel Trelawny's regiment then in Dublin, and others still to the proceedings of the Commission

lately appointed. From the same place, orders were issued that several regiments should hold themselves in readiness to embark immediately for England. Events occurring there made it more and more desirable, that peace in Ireland should be established on any terms, and that the king should be set free to return to London, where at this moment his presence was most needed. On the 31st he issued a Proclamation, announcing to the Irish still in arms, that on condition of surrendering their weapons, they would be permitted to live unmolested in the town or place assigned for their habitation, and that if necessary a subsistence should be allowed them; but threatening, that any who did not accept this offer would be declared traitors, and would be abandoned to the will of the soldiery. The next day he sent out another, stating that if any foreigners now in arms against him chose to submit, he would give orders to have them furnished with free passages to their own country, or elsewhere if they chose. Directions were given at the same time, that during the continuance of the war, every Friday should be kept as a fast—a day for asking from God pardon of sin, and for supplicating a blessing on their Majesties' forces by sea and by land. These arrangements all betray the great anxiety felt by the king at the critical state of public affairs, and his desire to have Ireland tranquillized on almost any terms.

But better news was on the way, and reached Chapelized before he had gone farther. The loss at sea was much less than had been reported, and was being speedily repaired. The French had not invaded the south of England after all; they had merely landed on the west coast, burned a village, and had



gone away. Lord Torrington and others were secured. Various wicked designs had been discovered in time, and had already been prevented. All immediate danger was passed. The effect of this good news was, that the king resolved not to cross to England just then, but to return to the army. He immediately retraced his steps, and rejoined the army at Goldenbridge, near to Cashel. On the 6th of August he marched to Sallywood, and on the following day he reached Cahir-conlish, five miles from Limerick. Next day, he was joined by the wing of the army under Douglas as already described; so that now with his forces all united, at least as many as could be spared from garrison duty, he was ready for the assault on the stronghold of the Irish.

#### CONTINUED RESISTANCE OF THE JACOBITES.


When James's army deserted Dublin after the battle of the Boyne, they crossed the Shannon, and, by a sort of general consent, fell back on Limerick. When they reached that city and examined into the state of affairs, they found that matters were not by any means in as bad a condition as they had supposed, and that it was still in their power to make it very troublesome for the Williamites to conquer Ireland. At a council composed of the principal officers and leading men, it was agreed to hold out to the last. Sarsfield was appointed second in command, and two trusty persons were dispatched to France, in order to solicit additional help from that nation. Tyrconnel, who still wore the nominal honour of lord-lieutenant under King James, was not present at this meeting; but when the result of its deliberations was made known to him, he did not approve of the course which it had determined to

pursue. Personally he did not like Sarsfield, and he is reported to have said that it did not belong to a council of war, but to himself as head-governor of the nation in the king's absence, to send deputies abroad.

The fact is, that, ever after the disaster at the Boyne, Tyrconnel lost hope, and thought it the wisest policy for the nation to make the best terms with William that it could. From this time forth, at least, the presence of two parties may be traced among the Irish. There was a moderate party, of which Tyrconnel was the most prominent man, who thought it a reckless waste of life and fortune to prolong the struggle further, and who were in favour of making peace on the most advantageous terms which could be obtained. But there was also a national party, headed by Sarsfield, who were in favour of fighting it out to the bitter end. Those who had most knowledge of the resources of England as compared with those of Ireland, who knew best the character of James as a ruler and a man, and who wished to put an end to the slaughter, were generally on the side of Tyrconnel. Brave honest men, who loved fighting for fighting's sake, scorned to surrender while any other course was possible, hated England and its new king, and did not look far before them, were usually on the side of Sarsfield. Hitherto, Tyrconnel had been rather a favourite with the Irish, but from the time that he counselled submission to King William out of despair of being able to resist him, he became an object of suspicion and dislike to a populace always addicted to follow the man of extreme counsels, daring and reckless. Various reasons were assigned for his change of opinion. Some attributed it to his advisers, who were supposed capable of being able to turn their present

advice to account under a new order of things : others laid it at the door of the ambition and avarice of his English wife. But although a historian finds it difficult to entertain a very high opinion of the last Roman Catholic lord-lieutenant, it is not necessary to charge upon him other motives than that he despaired of Ireland being able either to reseat James upon the throne, or even to free itself from the grasp of England, and that he did not wish to prolong among its unfortunate population the miseries of a hopeless war.

It was the French officer, Monsieur Boiseleau, who acted as Governor of Limerick, but it was the presence and spirit of Sarsfield that constituted the soul of the defence. Twenty thousand well trained men occupied the town, and the cavalry encamped at some few miles distance on the Connaught side. As the English drew near, the garrison prepared for a siege, by burning and levelling the suburbs, and by firing all the country houses around for fear of their affording shelter to the foe. Though nature had done much to make it difficult for a small army to capture Limerick, its fortifications could not have been very formidable, if there was any point in the exclamation attributed to the Count de Lausun, who after looking at them, said with an oath, "that his master would take a city so fortified with roast apples." But on the other hand it must be remembered that the best trained men in James's army, along with the French contingent, were now concentrated at Limerick, and that, notwithstanding defeat and desertions, they were not so much weakened as William's army, from which, on its march southwards, large bodies had been detached in order to occupy Dublin, Waterford, and other important stations. The victorious army was




reduced so much that it did not exceed 20,000. The strength of numbers was now upon the Irish side. It is doubtful whether in such circumstances, William should have attempted to invest the city, but he was induced to make the experiment, because he understood that the Irish had not yet recovered from the discouragement caused by the loss of the battle of the Boyne, because he had been told that Count de Lausun had left the city, and was preparing to go home to France, and because he felt more desirous every day to have this disagreeable Irish business entirely off his hands at the earliest moment.\*

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\* *Story: Harris: Eecidium Macariæ: and the Ramdon Papers.*

## CHAPTER VII.


*THE DEFEAT AT LIMERICK.*

 LIMERICK stands on the Shannon, some sixty miles from the sea. About a quarter of a mile above the town, the river divides into two, and a little after unites again, thus enclosing in its arms a piece of ground about two miles in circumference, known as the King's Island. On the lower part of this island stood a castle and a cathedral, with the greater part of the old city, the whole enclosed by a stone wall. This was called the English town. By a bridge it was connected with the other part of the city known as the Irish town, which stood on the Munster side. This portion of the city, small and insignificant at that time as compared with what it is to-day, was also protected by a strong wall of stone, having beyond it a counterscarp with palisades, as well as being strengthened with several forts and bastions. Inside this wall there was a great ditch, with a huge bank of earth and stones. Ball's bridge connected the English with the Irish town; but over the other branch of the river there was Thomond bridge, connecting the English town with County Clare. Here the passage was guarded by a strong fort and earthworks; while on the island itself there were other fortifications, which, at the time of the investment, men were engaged in strengthening.

It is obvious, that, in the circumstances of the case, the city in order to be completely invested should have been attacked on the Clare side and on the Munster side at the same time. But to accomplish this William must have divided his forces into two parts, separated from each other by a broad river, and to do this would not have been safe in presence of a superior force of the enemy. With his forces so much diminished, the only thing he could do was to attack it on the side to which his army, marching through Munster, had approached. This left the city quite open to receive supplies of men and provisions from the Connaught side, and added immensely to the difficulties of capture.

On the 8th of August, a party of observation consisting of twelve hundred foot and nine hundred horse, headed by Lord Portland and Brigadier Stuart, advanced within cannon shot of the town : and later in the day his Majesty, accompanied by Prince George of Denmark, General Ginkell, several other officers, and three hundred men, went towards the city to select ground for a camp, and to decide from what point the approaches could best be made. As they drew near, a small party of the enemy's horse advanced towards them, but it was driven in again by the advanced guards.

Next morning at an early hour the first approach of the army was made to the city, two hundred horse and dragoons, with a party of a thousand foot, leading the van. This advance, by six in the morning, saw some of the enemy on a hill between them and the town, but as they continued to go forward slowly, the enemy retired until at last they had entirely disappeared. On a rising ground the troops for the first



time came within sight of the city, lying at more than two miles' distance; but many hedges intervened, behind which it was not unlikely that a strong body might be posted. The pioneers were therefore ordered to cut down the hedges, and to clear the way. This work took some time, and before it was finished the main body of the army had come forward. As they all advanced together in a united body, the foe slowly retired, until they came to a narrow neck of land with a bog on each side, about half a mile from the city. Here the enemy might have made a stand had they so decided, and the English expected them to do so. The neck of land was only a hundred and fifty yards in breadth. Three narrow roads led in that way to the town, in one of which a party of the enemy's horse was planted; while at the same spot there were not only hedges but an orchard wall, and the ruins of a large house, which had been burned the previous day. The royal army approached in battle order, while the pioneers went in front, clearing the way and levelling the hedges. Two field-pieces were put in position to cover the advance. The Danes took the left, the Blue Dutch and the English took the right, and the horse occupied the centre. But there was scarcely need for such formidable preparations. All the enemy did was to fire a volley of musketry, and then flee from one hedge to another until they regained the town. Thus with the loss of about a dozen the English were in possession of their camping ground, and in less than an hour's skirmish the Irish were driven under the walls.

No sooner had the Irish skirmishers got safely under cover, than the great guns opened fire from the city and warned the besiegers to keep at a respectful distance. They responded as promptly as possible to

this salute by mounting four of their field-pieces on an earthen fort, which Ireton had constructed some forty years before, when with Cromwell's army he visited Limerick, and by playing from this position on the walls and the outworks. The Danes on the left took possession of a still older fort, which tradition said had been constructed by their ancestors: and here also three or four field-pieces were planted. By five o'clock the whole army had come forward, and the remainder of the evening was spent in taking up its position and in making a camp. The king occupied the right side nearest to the island along with the Blue Dutch and horse-guards: the English and Dutch regiments occupied the centre: the French Huguenots and the Danes were stationed on the extreme left. The horse were planted behind all.

When the Irish fell back at the approach of the king's army, they did not all retire inside the walls. Outside the Irish town, under cover of their guns, they had constructed two small forts, one near the south gate, the other towards the east, into which some of them now withdrew. They had also prepared for their defence by planting the largest of their guns on a spur of the wall near the south gate, while at St. John's gate toward the east they had built a battery of three guns, which the English soldiers during the siege were accustomed to speak of as the Black Battery.

The preliminary formalities were gone through in due form of summoning the town to surrender. Tyrconnel was not strongly opposed to this course, for he had renounced all hope of ultimate success since the disaster at the Boyne, and had already sent off Lady Tyrconnel along with his own and the king's private treasures to France. The English believed also, that



some of the garrison at least were not indisposed to come to terms. But the project of surrender was warmly opposed by the French governor, Monsieur Boiseleau, by Brigadier Sarsfield, and by the Duke of Berwick, who all appeared to think that if they could manage to hold out a little longer, time eventually would fight on their side. They expected that the French would be able soon to invade England, and that such commotions would arise among his discontented subjects across the channel, that William would be under the necessity of beating a hasty retreat. Boiseleau therefore replied that he held the town for the king of Great Britain, and would not deliver it to the Prince of Orange. He added that the best way as he conceived to gain the good opinion of the latter, was to defend with vigour the post entrusted to his care. From this answer it was evident that the governor meant to fight.

That evening a party of dragoons, by the king's order, went three miles up the river to inspect Annaghbeg—a place at which it was usual to cross the Shannon, and which was then guarded by a strong party of the enemy stationed on the opposite bank. These troops from behind hedges and the walls of a house which stood near, discharged their muskets with little or no effect, and then to the surprise of the English marched off during the night. The reason of this strange conduct, as afterwards ascertained, was that Tyrconnel, despairing of the city being able to defend itself, had ordered them to march away to Galway. The fords of the Shannon being thus left unguarded, the king the next morning sent eight squadrons of horse and dragoons under Ginkell, and three regiments of foot under Kirke, who passed the river without any

opposition. Tyrconnel and Count de Lausun were so intimidated by this audacity, that they themselves rode off to Galway, leaving the Irish horse encamped half way behind, and when they reached their destination they gave it out as impossible that Limerick could hold out longer than five or six days. They were disconcerted not a little by hearing a day or two afterwards about Sarsfield's splendid feat, which we have now to describe; but on recovering their astonishment they lost no opportunity of depreciating the well-planned and clever manœuvre, which defeated King William and kept the English out of Limerick for another year.

#### SARSFIELD'S FEAT.

The impression among King William's officers after the battle of the Boyne and the flight of King James, was, that the Irish would not venture to make further resistance. They thought that they had but to show themselves before such fortresses as Athlone, Limerick, and Kinsale, and that they would instantly surrender. When the army marched southwards, the heavy siege train was left behind in Dublin, because nobody seemed to think that it would be required. They could easily have brought it with them, for they had spent a full month on the way between Dublin and Limerick. They carried with them merely a field train, which was much too light to be of any service in front of a walled and well-defended city. But when it became known that Limerick was determined to fight, the siege train was ordered forward from Dublin: and as the English army sat down before the city, they were comforted by the thought that there was coming to them from the metropolis a great convoy of

provisions and of war material, including six twenty-four-pounders, and two eighteen-pounders, and that the train of waggons conveying these supplies could not now be very distant.

Upon the day after the army took up its position before the city, a French gunner deserted, passed into the town, and informed the Irish of the very spot where the king's tent was pitched, of the position in which the field guns were planted, and of the siege train which, under the convoy of the two troops of horse, was expected in a day or two. The immediate effect of this information was, that the cannon from the city walls sent in their shot so thickly on the quarter where the royal tent stood, that it had to be removed, and especially on the place where the field guns were stationed, that they had to be carried farther off under cover of the hill. But the other part of the information was still more valuable, and Lime-rick contained one man who knew well how to turn it to account.

Patrick Sarsfield was not a man of birth like Mount-cashel or Galmoy, but he was a man of honour and courage and skill, who by merit alone had risen to a position of influence with the Irish people. He had served in France as an ensign in Hamilton's regiment, and afterwards in England as a lieutenant of the guards in the service of King James. During the present war, he had, through the influence of Avaux with Tyrconnel, been made a brigadier. James consented to his promotion, however, with some reluctance, and said, "Sarsfield is indeed a brave man, but he wants head;"—a speech which shows merely how little capacity the king himself had for judging men. Had James possessed a head like Sarsfield's, he would not

have lost his crown. When the civil war broke out in Ulster the previous year, Sarsfield with a mere handful of people, scarcely entitled to be called soldiers, was sent to defend Connaught. By his personal influence in that province he had raised a force of two thousand men, and although for want of discipline in his troops and for lack of military equipments he did not feel warranted to attack the Enniskilleners, yet, without fighting a battle, by merely camping at a convenient distance, he preserved all Connaught from their depredations, and prevented them from leaving Enniskillen for a time sufficient to enable them either to relieve Derry, or to cut off Hamilton's communications with Dublin. James was so much gratified by the masterly way in which he managed this business, that when Avaux, having got his consent to serve under Macarthy, asked to have Sarsfield along with others sent to France in exchange for the French officers that Louis was sending to Ireland, his Majesty was offended, and said pettishly, that Avaux wanted to take all his best officers, and that Avaux was very unreasonable, and that he would not give Sarsfield to France. The French ambassador added, that James after the delivery of this speech made three turns around the room in great indignation.\*

This gallant soldier was the leading spirit in the defence of Limerick. He knew well that if the heavy guns and war material now expected, were to reach King William's camp in safety, it would be hopeless to defend the city much longer. The intelligence brought by the deserter was the very intelligence that he needed. He determined by a bold and skilful manœuvre, to take advantage of the circumstances, and

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\* Avaux to Louvois, Oct. 11 1689.

to inflict on the besiegers a loss which they would feel most keenly. On the evening of Sunday, the 10th of August, he slipped quietly out of the city, which it will be remembered was quite open on the Clare side, and at the head of a strong party of cavalry, rode on to Killaloe, twelve miles up the Shannon. He and his party did not cross by the bridge, for although they could easily have defeated the guard which King William had planted there, this would have raised an alarm—the very last thing that in his circumstances Sarsfield wished to do. They crossed at a point between the Pier-head and Ballyvalley, without being observed as they believed, by the English guard.\* From that point they rode over the country until they got well into the rear of the English camp—in fact on the line of communication between the camp and Dublin. The brigadier on Monday rested quietly at Keeper Hill, and from this place of concealment among the mountains sent out men to glean any intelligence which could be obtained. Late in the afternoon, the news arrived that the English siege train had been brought from Cashel, and had reached the castle of Ballyneety, near Cullen, about fourteen miles from Limerick. The troops in charge of the artillery had halted for the night on a small patch of grassy ground, with the ruins of the old castle on the one side, and several earthen fences on the other. The men, weary with their march, turned their horses out to grass, and laid themselves down to sleep. Few even were ordered on the watch. With only a few miles separating them from the camp, and a strong English army between them and Limerick, they never dreamed of danger.

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\* Lenihan's *History of Limerick*, p. 231.

Sarsfield was not asleep on that memorable night. Taking advantage of the darkness he approached the spot. By a mere accident he obtained the watchword of the party, which, strange to say, happened that night to be *Sarsfield*, and suddenly fell upon the dreaming troopers, before they knew that an enemy was near. The guards were cut down. The sleepers were slain where they lay. Dragoons running about to find their horses were stabbed or shot down. Every man had to shift for himself, and it does not appear that any one escaped. The whole party, to the number of sixty persons, including soldiers, waggoners, and country people, were killed on the ground, and in a very few minutes the precious war material was at the mercy of the assailants. No time was to be lost. An hour's delay might even yet deprive them of their prize. The work of destruction immediately began. Some broke up the boats intended for attempting the passage of the river: others caught the horses and drew the waggons containing the powder and the provisions into one great heap; others filled the cannons with powder to the muzzle, and then planted them with the muzzles in the ground. When all had been gathered into one vast heap, a train of powder was laid, the Irish cavalry retired to a safe distance, fire was applied, and all the contents of this precious caravan were blown into the air. The explosion was terrific, and when the smoke and dust cleared away, it was found that the great guns were split, the gun carriages smashed into fragments, the provisions destroyed, and everything that could burn was consumed.

When it was all over, an English officer, who owed his life to the fact that being unwell he had not

bivouacked with his companions, but had found a bed in a neighbouring farmhouse, was brought before Sarsfield. The brigadier treated him kindly, and in the course of conversation mentioned that he had made up his mind either to succeed in this undertaking or to leave Ireland for France. He had, however, succeeded so well, that there was now no temptation in a fit of despondency to desert the cause. When the daring deed was completed, the whole party rode leisurely away, and returned to the city by a different way, crossing the Shannon at the bridge of Banagher.

Meanwhile the English army were not suspicious of any impending disaster. On Monday morning, one Manus O'Brien, a country gentleman, had come to the camp and reported that Sarsfield, with a body of horse, had crossed the Shannon the preceding night, and he felt quite sure that the brigadier had some important design in view, though he did not know what it was. A letter written on that same day in the camp and addressed to Sir Arthur Rawdon, embodies the same information, and even guesses correctly at the object which the enemy had in view.\* But nobody seems to have thought the news of such importance as to require instant action to be taken. One of the officers asked the gentleman who brought the intelligence in regard to a herd of cattle, which it had occurred to him Sarsfield must have been bent on capturing. O'Brien, justly provoked by the supineness with which his important intelligence was received, could not help dropping the stinging remark that "he was sorry to see general officers more concerned about cattle than the king's honour."

Later in the day O'Brien was admitted to the

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\* See *Rawdon Papers*, No. 143.

king's presence, and told his story to him. William suspected mischief, for he ordered Sir John Lanier to put himself at the head of a party of five hundred men, and to go out and meet the guns. By some gross mismanagement the order was not promptly obeyed. It was never exactly known who was guilty of remissness; but the fact is, that it was two o'clock on Tuesday morning before Lanier with his men had left the camp. By the indolence or blundering on the part of somebody, four precious hours were lost, and during that time the deed which they anticipated was accomplished. The English soldiers led by Lanier were scarcely clear of the precincts of the camp, and on their way to Cullen, when they saw a great light before them shooting up high into the heavens, which suddenly illuminated the whole country for miles around, followed by a low grumbling frightful sound, which shook the ground over which they travelled, as an earthquake might be expected to do. Instantly the thought flashed across the minds of all, that the train had been blown up. The horsemen then dashed forward with redoubled haste, but it was too late. They found nothing but dead men, shivered cannon, the embers of a great burning, and the *débris* of the caravan scattered over the fields. They then wheeled to the left in hope of intercepting Sarsfield before he could reach the Shannon. But even in this the brigadier outwitted them; he did not return by the direct way, and only a few stragglers fell into their hands.

In addition to the siege train, there were twelve loads of provisions, eighteen tin pontoons, five mortars, 155 waggon-loads of ammunition, and 500 horses, destroyed by this able manœuvre of Sarsfield. The effect was very discouraging to King William. It deprived him



at one stroke of everything essential to carry on the campaign, and convinced him that if there was not superior capacity on the side of the enemy, there was at least gross mismanagement among his own officers. As is usual in such cases, every one threw the responsibility off his own shoulders. Schomberg blamed Portland and Solms, and Portland and Solms cast the blame on somebody else. Sir John Lanier, who allowed four hours to slip away after receiving orders before he left the camp, can scarcely be excused. If the guilty could have been discovered, punishment was well deserved. As it was, the disaster could not be remedied in sufficient time to accomplish the purpose of the besiegers. But the best was done which could be done in the circumstances. Cavalry horses were sent from the camp to bring up two or three of the guns which it was found had resisted every effort to destroy them, as well as some of the broken carriages which it was hoped might be repaired. Two great guns and a mortar, were also expected from Waterford. Meanwhile the field-guns from the batteries played without intermission on the city; while the men employed themselves in cutting down hedges and in making bundles of faggots, which might be available to fill up trenches in case that orders were given to attempt a breach. Even in face of this great misfortune, the besiegers as yet showed no symptom of despair.

The garrison, on the other hand, were so much encouraged by the success of the exploit, that they laid aside, if indeed they had ever entertained any notion of surrender. Sarsfield's indomitable spirit communicated itself to them all. He stimulated the courage of the men, and told them what was true

enough, that William with the forces at his command could not surround the city, and that without doing so his chance of taking it was small. Tyrconnel and the French contingent alone, seemed to despair. They had withdrawn to Galway ; but Tyrconnel did not scruple to say that Sarsfield's exploit could not prevent the fall of Limerick, and might provoke William not to give the same advantageous terms which he had already offered. The French did still more to damp the spirit of the Irish, for they were already persuaded that the resistance was hopeless, while the exactions which they wrung from the country for their maintenance did not add to their popularity. Sarsfield maintained that the French designedly acted thus, in order to make the people weary of them, and in this way to find a decent pretext for returning home ; while it was generally believed that Tyrconnel connived at the same line of policy in the hope of inducing the Irish to come to terms sooner. Some of the enthusiastic spirits in Limerick felt Tyrconnel's behaviour so keenly, that they would have supported an effort to have had him deposed from his authority ; but Sarsfield did not countenance the strong step of repudiating a nobleman, who, whatever his faults, was still nominally, at least, the viceroy of King James.

#### CONVENTION AT GALWAY.

Tyrconnel now called a meeting of the general officers of the Irish army at Galway, and read to them a letter from his Majesty, giving orders to such of the military officers as pleased to take advantage of the French fleet then riding in Galway Bay to join him in France, and permitting the men of inferior rank to submit to the Prince of Orange and to make for them

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selves the best terms in their power. This was clear proof that James had given up the struggle, and those in Tyrconnel's confidence did not seem by any means unwilling to take advantage of the permission thus afforded. But Sarsfield resolutely scouted the whole affair. He stoutly maintained, that, when the king wrote the letter, he could not have been aware of the true state of affairs, and that it never would have been written, had his Majesty known that there was a considerable army still in the field, able and willing to fight to the last man, and that the Province of Connaught could easily hold out until relief would have time to arrive. To this he added, that, let others do as they might, he was determined not to turn his back on his country in this hour of danger. His firmness imparted boldness to many others, who took the same view of the situation, so that Tyrconnel found that he could not persuade them to pronounce unanimously in favour of submission.

While the Irish leaders were in deliberation at Galway, the news arrived from Limerick, that the besiegers were drawing nearer and nearer to the walls, and that there was some reason to fear that the city would not be able to hold out, except the cavalry should return and co-operate with the garrison to the best of their ability. Sarsfield expressed his intention to return immediately to the scene of conflict. Tyrconnel, fearing that he might as representative of James be held responsible for what would occur, and submitting to be led now that he could no longer lead, decided also to return and cast in his lot with the besieged. Count de Lausun, leaving the French contingent at Galway, volunteered to accompany the viceroy.

Meanwhile, everything was put in preparation for conducting the siege with vigour. While the trenches were in construction and the batteries being planted, and the troops gathering closer to the walls, detachments were sent out to various castles and forts in the country districts, to take possession of them and to occupy them with troops. On Tuesday, the 12th of August, Brigadier Stuart with four field-pieces went to Castleconnel—a small town four miles up the river. He captured the Irish garrison of 126 men stationed there, and brought them as prisoners to the camp, leaving in the place a party of his own men. The following day Cullen was occupied in the same way, with the view of keeping the communications with Dublin open, and of intimidating the Rapparees. These irregular bandits, irritated by the fact that the letters of protection issued by King William were not always a guarantee against being robbed by his followers, and perhaps convinced by the bold exploit of Sarsfield that the victors of the Boyne were not invincible, were beginning once more to grow troublesome. The plan of establishing outside garrisons over the country, was found the most effective way of keeping them in check. For some ten days previously, the town of Youghal was in a similar way taken possession of by an English detachment.

#### THE SIEGE.

The general character of the sanguinary struggle which now ensued between the Jacobites and Williamites, could not be better described than in the words of a man from whom we have derived much information, particularly on Irish affairs—the author of *Macarise Excidium*. “Never,” says he, “was a

town better attacked and better defended, than the city of Paphos (*Limerick*). Theodore (*King William*) left nothing unattempted that the art of war, the skill of a great captain, and the valour of veteran soldiers, could put in execution to gain the place: and the Cyprians (*Irish*) omitted nothing that courage and constancy could practice to defend it. The continual assaults of the one, and the frequent sallies of the other, consumed a great many brave men of the army and garrison." The general result of the siege as thus stated is sufficiently correct; but it is necessary nevertheless, to enter a little more into detail.

On Sunday the 17th, the trenches were opened and manned by seven battalions of English, Danish, Dutch, and French foot. One of the forts occupied by the Irish outside the walls, was the first point attacked. A dash was made upon the fortification. First the grenadiers threw in their grenades, and then attempted to scale the rampart. The gunners on the wall concentrated their fire on the scene of conflict, while the guns from the trenches responded to the fire from the town. The king himself, from Cromwell's fort, was a spectator of the struggle. The troops within the fort, which was thus suddenly assailed, made no serious resistance, whether smitten with panic or overpowered by the onset of the enemy; they levelled their guns, fired fair into the faces of the attacking party, and then crying out, "Murder, murder!" or "Quarter, quarter!" fled to the town. Those who had the courage to keep their ground within the fort, being now left in the minority, were overpowered by superior numbers, and were soon put from being troublesome. The result of a stiff struggle of two hours, was, that the English were

left in possession of the outworks, but were still outside the town.

The main advantage of capturing this fort was, that it enabled the besiegers to bring their guns a little nearer to the wall. Next day, a battery was erected to the right of the fort, and it opened fire successfully by dismounting some of the cannon of the enemy. All that day, on both sides, the cannonade was kept up. At night the trenches were relieved. The fresh men were ordered to rest upon their arms, but unfortunately they fell asleep. They seemed to forget that they were within twenty yards of that other fort, which was occupied by the Irish outside the walls. The enemy soon discovered how matters stood, and forthwith took advantage of it. Their attack on the fort now occupied by the English, for a time threw its occupants into complete confusion. Those who slept were rudely roused from their unseasonable slumber, and, finding themselves attacked, fired at random without knowing at whom. The Danes on the left fired into the English, and the English in response fired into the Danes, both supposing all the while that they were fighting the enemy. The Irish, as was natural in the circumstances, fired at them both. The shooting on no side appears, however, to have been attended with very fatal effects. Though every man fought with his neighbour for two hours of the night, all deadly which the chronicler has to record of the skirmish, is that "several were killed." When the Danes and English discovered at last that they had been shooting each other, they united their strength and beat back their assailants, who retired, crying out, "murder" and "quarter," as usual. After this unhappy incident, orders were given to relieve

the trenches in daylight, and henceforth the soldiers marched in and out under the guns of the enemy.

About this time there was some little enthusiasm stirred up in Limerick by the arrival in the garrison of Baldearg Roe O'Donnel. He was the lineal representative of the ancient Lords of Tyrconnel, the last of whom had fled from Donegal some eighty years before, and he had been born and educated in Spain, which his ancestors had made the land of their exile. He had served the king of Spain as a soldier in the war against France, but when he heard of what was passing in Ireland, he solicited permission from the Spanish Government to return to the land of his forefathers. Failing to receive permission, he left without it, and reached Kinsale soon after the battle of the Boyne. The lord-lieutenant—the unworthy inheritor of the title which had once belonged to the warlike ancestors of Baldearg, appointed him to command the new levies raised by the inhabitants of Ulster; but as the troops put in his charge had neither arms to fight, nor provisions to live upon, his new office did not add much either to his comfort or dignity. The Irish populace have been always remarkable for the importance that they attach to prophecies, without paying much attention to the fact that such sayings are often apocryphal in their origin, as well as absurd in their nature. One of these old “saws” was to the effect that, *an O'Donnel with a red mark should free his country from the dominion of the English*, and as the present heir of the name possessed a red mark, in consequence of which he received the surname *Baldearg*, his presence excited no ordinary enthusiasm among an imaginative and credulous population. His popularity with the lower orders was so great,

that some of the Irish nobility were supposed to be jealous of him: and when the best of his men were drafted into the standing army, and he was left with none but the refuse, this was set down to the hidden malevolence of Tyrconnel.\* He himself and the Raparees under his command now came to strengthen the garrison. His arrival did produce some excitement for a time. But it soon became evident that his presence did not add much to the skill with which other gallant soldiers conducted the defence, and the great O'Donnel gradually subsided into an ordinary colonel in the garrison.

During the progress of the siege, King William was so reckless of danger as sometimes to put his own life in imminent peril. His tent was at first pitched within cannon range, and it was not till its position had become known to the enemy's gunners, and balls began to drop about in more than ordinary numbers, that he consented to have it removed. One day he sat down to read a packet of letters newly received from England, and soon was so interested in the intelligence, that he quite forgot he was sitting in the open field within range of a cannon-ball fired from the wall. On Tuesday, the 19th of August, he had a very narrow escape. He had reached Cromwell's fort, and was on the point of entering, when a gentleman accosted him and detained him for a minute's conversation. That instant, a twenty-four-pound ball from the wall, aimed at the fort, grazed the gap where his Majesty was about to enter. Had not the king turned round providentially to speak to the stranger, that shot in all probability would have ended his career. As it was, he was covered with dust all over.

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\* *Macariz Excidium in Irish Narratives*, p. 86.



The event operated as a caution. During his stay on the dangerous ground, the king crouched in the shelter of the rampart like any of his subjects, and made his observations and gave his orders with some more regard to his own safety than usual.

Jean Payen de la Touleresse, writing to his master Christian V. of Denmark, from the camp before Limerick, August 24th, 1690, thus describes another of these hair-breadth escapes:—

“The king,” says he, “is almost all day long in the trenches, and exposes his person on every occasion, as much as a private exposes, and is obliged to expose, his. A few days ago, a squadron of the enemy might easily have carried him off. He had gone, attended only by seven or eight persons, to reconnoitre the fortifications on the banks of the river to the right of the camp. He was perceived by the enemy’s cavalry. A squadron was detached and sent to cross the river at a ford which was near, and to cut off the king. This might easily have been done without attracting the attention of those who were about the king. Fortunately, however, the late Duke of Schomberg’s equerry, who was on a slight eminence between the camp and the spot where the king was standing, saw the enemy’s manoeuvre, and came at full speed to warn the king. He at first laughed at the equerry’s advice, so that the latter, who knew that there was but little time to lose, began to swear and to address him in language so coarse, that the respect which I owe your Majesty does not allow me to repeat it. Thereupon the king, who had left his saddle, remounted his horse, and barely had time to escape in safety. The enemy, who had already passed a part of the river, fired their carbines at him, and Count Schomberg, who

was at his Majesty's side, had his horse shot under him."\*

#### THE ASSAULT.

By the 20th everything was ready for making a grand assault. During the preceding night four twenty-four pounders had been planted at the angles of the trenches as near to the town as it was convenient to approach. Colonel Cutts' grenadiers, commanded by Captains Foxon and Needham, stood in the trenches ready armed for a spring. At two o'clock the signal was given. Six score grenadiers at the word leaped out of the trenches, and ran rapidly forward in the direction of the fort near St. John's gate. All the while the great guns on both sides kept up an unceasing cannonade, and from the walls and from the trenches constant volleys of small arms seemed to act like echoes to the grander thunder of the cannon. The grenadiers when they reached the fort, first flung in their grenades, and then endeavoured to enter themselves. Captain Foxon attempted to mount the rampart, but was thrown down. At a second effort he was more fortunate, and when he entered his men were at his back. Needham followed, and in a very short time the English had become masters of the fort. No less than fifty were killed in this sharp struggle, while the Irish officer in charge of the place, along with eleven others who failed in making their escape to the city, were made prisoners. While the fort was in process of capture, the firing from the walls and from the counterscarp never slackened for a moment, and now when possession was obtained, every effort was made to bring up bundles of faggots to cover the victors from

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\* Letter 157. See *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 18th, 1877.

the enemy's shot, the fort which was captured being quite open on the side nearest to the town.

To prevent a sally from the city during the operation of taking the fort, a squadron of English horse had been drawn up in a lane to the right of the trenches, and during the progress of the fight, they had been a conspicuous mark for the great guns upon the wall. When the struggle was over, the horse, supposing that their presence was no longer needed, retired out of range under shelter of a neighbouring hill. A pause now ensued in the cannonade; but it had lasted for a short time only, when a strong detachment of Irish foot and horse issued from St. John's Gate. Amid a shower of bullets from the fort and from the trenches, they advanced very close to the fort. The great guns on both sides, set to their noisy work once more. A party of twenty-four French and twenty-seven English horse united their strength, charged the Irish, and broke their ranks. The Dutch and Danish horse came to their aid, and the result was, that the sallying party were repulsed and pursued to the city gates. But it was a great mistake to follow in the pursuit so far. So soon as they attempted to return, the musket fire from the walls poured into the midst of them, and brought down some of their ablest and best men, among the rest Captain Needham and Captain Lucy. The king himself was a spectator of this affair, and he was much distressed to see so many brave men perish, for what was after all but a slight advantage.

This was rather a hard day's work. The besiegers had seventy-nine men killed, and 192 wounded, in addition to what fell of the Danes, the exact number of whose killed was not ascertained. On the follow-

ing day deserters from the city brought intelligence to the camp, that the Irish had lost in the conflict about three hundred men. The main advantage gained from the capture of the earthwork around which so many brave men lost their lives, was that the besiegers were thereby enabled to plant a battery of eight twenty-four-pounders nearer to the walls, and in this way to demolish two towers out of which shots were constantly coming to annoy the men in the trenches. That night, having got their mortars in position, the English began to surprise the city a little by dropping a few bombs on the roofs of the houses.

There was a truce for a few hours on the 23rd to enable both sides to inter the slain. When discharging this melancholy duty, the English party found a French officer wounded but still alive, with his dead horse lying over him. In that painful position the unfortunate man had lain from Wednesday till Saturday afternoon, unable to extricate himself and undiscovered, till a few hours' truce enabled the field to be examined without risk. Though exhausted with his wounds he was still alive, and it is said that afterwards he recovered.

A more amusing story was told of a chaplain in the besieging army. On Wednesday, immediately after the fort was captured and while there was a short pause in the firing, this man went down to the scene of slaughter, it is charitably supposed not from curiosity, but in the exercise of the duties of his office. Finding there a trooper badly wounded, and, as he thought, not likely to live long, he spoke to him in regard to his spiritual condition, and gave him as good advice as could be given in the circumstances, for which the man seemed duly grateful. At this moment the sally

from the gate occurred, as has been already described. The poor chaplain, finding himself rather uncomfortable, tried to escape out of his dangerous position, but in his hurry he tripped and fell. Once down, it seemed to him that his safest plan was to lie still. The wounded trooper, seeing the chaplain fall and making no attempt to rise, naturally supposed that he was shot, and concluding that there was no time to be lost, proceeded to strip his reverence of the garments that he thought would be needed no more. He had got the coat off one shoulder and was proceeding to take it off the other, when the chaplain, thinking that this had gone far enough, called to him to stop, and asked him what he meant. The trooper, finding his mistake, and being detected in an act not exactly consistent with the good advice he had received a few minutes before, was profuse in his apologies. "Sir," says he, "I beg your pardon; I believed you dead, and I thought myself bound to take the same good care of your clothes, as you took of my soul."

On the evening of this conflict, eighty-four prisoners were brought into camp, in consequence of the surrender of Nenagh Castle to General Ginkell: and that night, after the hours for the truce had expired, the bombs and redhot balls set the city on fire. Some of the houses burned throughout the whole night, and a considerable quantity of hay was destroyed. The pleasure with which the sight of the burning city inspired the besiegers, suggests to King William's chaplain,—our main authority for nearly all we have said about the siege,—the rather obvious reflection that the military profession, however much may be said in its favour, is not by any means overcharged with benevolence. We should think not.

## THE ATTEMPT TO STORM.

Up till this time there was no practicable breach in the wall, owing to the lightness of the artillery and the distance of the batteries. But on the 24th, a new battery was formed within sixty yards of the wall, and the angle of the trenches was drawn within twenty yards of the counterscarp. The men at work were protected by woolsacks: and when the new battery opened on Monday, it was soon evident that the storming party would not have to wait much longer for a breach in the city wall. The garrison also brought woolsacks in abundance to protect the walls as well as themselves from the shot. But the gunners plied their work with such force and constancy, that the walls began to crumble notwithstanding the woolsacks. The same morning also, two cannon were planted in such a position as to play on Ball's Bridge, which connected the Irish with the English town. The Irish immediately placed two guns on the King's Island, which flanked this battery as well as their own counterscarp.

Matters were at last in such a state that either the town must be stormed or the siege raised. Winter was at hand; for some days it had rained without ceasing, and the soldiers at work in the trenches were knee-deep in mud. In addition to the inclemency of the weather, the supply of ammunition was fast wearing down. On the night of Monday, the 25th, a council of war was held, and it was agreed that, after another day's cannonade in order to make the breach wide enough, an attempt should be made to storm.

The appointed day arrived—Wednesday, the 27th. By that time a breach had been made near St. John's

Gate over the Black Battery, apparently twelve yards in extent, and so flat that it was possible to mount it. The king gave the necessary orders for the attack that afternoon. Woolsacks were carried down to the trenches, bundles of faggots, and everything that was necessary to such an assault. A strong party, under command of General Douglas were directed to take possession of the counterscarp and to hold it, while a battalion of horse was posted at some distance with orders to support Douglas and his men if necessary.

It was half-past three in the afternoon, when the concerted signal was given. In a moment afterwards the five hundred grenadiers, already collected in the most distant angle of the trenches, issued from their cover, and dashed forward to occupy the counterscarp, firing their muskets and throwing their grenades—the small explosive shells, discharged from the hand, with which soldiers in storming fortifications were at that time usually provided. The Irish took the alarm and plied their assailants with shot, both light and heavy, to the utmost extent of their power. In spite of every missile which could be hurled against them from the wall, the attacking party dashed on. It was a warm day. Dust and smoke in a few moments so enveloped the combatants, that they could scarcely see each other. The roar of the guns, the yells of the wounded, and the shouts of the victors, produced a noise so terrific and so peculiar, that the survivors of the fight retained their impression of it till their dying hour.

Captain Carlile, who headed the grenadiers, received two wounds in the moment of time that elapsed between his leaving the trench and his reaching the counterscarp; but not in the least intimidated by his misfortune, he pressed on to attain his object and

called on his men to follow. As the brave fellow leaped into the dry ditch below the counterscarp, an Irish soldier shot him dead. Lieutenant Barton, the next in command, then put himself at the head of the party, and he and they mounted the counterscarp. The Irish soldiers who were nearest threw down their arms, and began to run back into the town. The grenadiers, seeing their advantage, pressed them vigorously, and entered the breach pell-mell along with them. A very considerable number of the assailants got inside the walls, some of them were on the ramparts, and others were on the streets of the town. Had they been sustained at this moment, by the English forces coming up to their assistance, Limerick was won.

But at this point the mistake was made, which resulted in disaster. The original order was not to storm the city, but to attack the counterscarp. When, however, by a sort of accident, the grenadiers not only took the counterscarp but pressed into the town, a capable commander would have supported them by reinforcements, and would have been careful to maintain the position which he had so unexpectedly gained. Had the king been on the spot this would have been done, but he was not at hand. Had the situation been visible from the camp, somebody would have given the necessary orders; but in that cloud of dust and smoke, nobody could tell who were victors, and who were vanquished. If the infantry had dashed forward in support of the grenadiers, and entered the breach at their back, that would have decided the fortune of the day. Had a general officer been in command of them, this would have been done; but unfortunately they were commanded by an inferior officer, who had no



orders except to hold the counterscarp. The result was that for want of orders, the whole party stopped short outside the breach at the very moment when they should have dashed forward. If the English soldiers had on this occasion been properly commanded, the town would have been their own.

The garrison was in retreat—at least those of the garrison who guarded the breach were in retreat, when the grenadiers mounted the walls ; but when the Irish officers perceived that only a small number entered the town, and that the main body of the storming party halted outside the breach, they rallied their men, and fresh men having come forward from the English town to their support, they turned their united strength against their pursuers, overpowered the handful of grenadiers inside the town, killed most of them, captured a few, and beat out the rest. Victorious thus far, they now swarmed on the ramparts, filled the breach, and poured down volleys of shot on the English infantry, who, according to orders still occupied the counterscarp, and stood unprotected to receive the enemy's fire ; but who, for want of a competent leader, were powerless for any good purpose. The women of Limerick, on this trying day, earned renown. With stones and broken bottles, they pelted their assailants ; they mounted the wall ; they stood in the breach ; they fought like men, some of them in the thick of the conflict, actually nearer to the English soldiers than to their own men. When the king's troops now came forward to sustain their companions, they found it was too late ; they had lost their chance. In the midst of the battle, a number of the Brandenburg Regiment pressed into the breach once more, and actually succeeded in mounting the Black Battery,

when a vast explosion took place, and a multitude of the assailants were blown into the air. Some said that this catastrophe was produced by a mine which had been previously prepared for a contingency like this; others said it was produced by a spark which had fallen by accident in the enemy's powder. But from whatever cause, the result was the same, and it was disastrous. It exercised an intimidating and depressing effect upon the assailants. Moreover, there was but one breach. Every other part of the wall was inaccessible, except to scaling-ladders, of which the besiegers had none. The consequence was, that the garrison was able to concentrate its entire strength on a single point. During the fight, much damage was done by the cannon, which the Irish had planted on the island, and which took the assailants in flank, as well as by the others that they had stationed on the wall in such a position as to command the breach. The Irish, besides, now that their blood was up, fought like men who knew that what they fought for was dearer than life. Everything told against the Williamites on this bloody day. The end of it was, that after a hard hand-to-hand fight of three hours, the assailants were compelled to retreat, and the victory remained with the Irish.

This battle of the 26th of August was the turning point of the siege. The brunt of it was borne by the Danes, the Dutch, and the French, all of whom fought well. It was for want of a daring leader, and for nothing else, so far as we can see, that the attack failed. The want of one able man to direct the assault lost the victory. Had there been a Sarsfield among the English on that day to lead the storming party, it would have stood hard with Limerick. The

king, from a position near Cromwell's fort, witnessed the whole scene so far as dust and smoke permitted. On his side in this attack, there were no less than five hundred men, including fifty officers, actually killed, and no less than a thousand men, including Lord Charlemont and the Earl of Meath, wounded. The Irish also lost largely, though not in proportion, as they fought behind stone walls, and were not so much exposed to the enemy's guns. But the repulse was decided, and William, who knew better than most of his men what that repulse meant, could scarcely conceal his vexation.

#### RAISING THE SIEGE.

The following day the king proposed a truce for the interment of the dead ; but the Irish were in a position to give emphasis to their wishes, and distinctly declined the proposal. The consequence was, that on both sides the cannonade was kept up without cessation. It was now evident that some decided step must be taken. Heavy weather had set in. For two days after the battle, the rain dashed down in torrents. The position of the army was becoming not only uncomfortable but perilous. A council of war was summoned to consider the situation. Only one prudent conclusion could in the circumstances be reached, however unpleasant it was to contemplate. The English soldiers indeed were anxious for another trial, and seemed fully resolved, if another opportunity were given them, either to take the city, or to perish in the attempt. But in their circumstances, another attempt could not be prudently made. In consequence of the disaster which befell their siege train and provision waggons on the 11th August, their am-

munition was worn down to a lower point than the common soldiers were aware of. Besides, in another week, owing to the soft roads and the deficient means of transit, their retreat would become impossible on any other terms than by leaving behind them the weightiest of their guns. A thousand men had already perished before Limerick. That was enough to lose. Let them only wait, till, at the arrival of winter, the weather had set in cold as well as rainy, and then they would lose many more. The tragedy of Dundalk in 1689, must not be repeated at Limerick in 1690. The decision of the council of war, was to relinquish the attempt to take the city at present, and of course to raise the siege. This unpleasant step, the necessity of which the king himself saw clearly, following so closely on the victory at the Boyne, must have been gall and wormwood to his proud spirit. Yet so great was his equanimity, that at that trying moment no man could read in his face the traces of disappointment.

Preparations for departure were made immediately. The sick and the wounded were sent forward in advance of the army. Bombs, grenades, and other things difficult to carry, were buried away, and then a train of gunpowder set to blow them up—an operation which the more ignorant of the Irish did not understand. Their notion was, that the English, having failed to beat them on the surface of the earth, were now determined to destroy them in some mysterious underground method. Next the heavy guns were gradually removed from the batteries, and sent forward in the direction of Cahir-conlish. This was found to be an arduous task, owing to the softness of the roads caused by the rains, and the want of a

sufficient number of draught horses. From Cahir-conlish, the artillery was sent on to Cullen. The rest of the army followed next day, the king taking the precaution of keeping a strong body of horse in the rear to cover his retreat. But the most distressing feature of the case, was that the poor non-belligerent Protestants, seeing that the English army was in retreat and had failed to capture the city, and knowing that they would again fall under the power of the Irish, collected their children, cattle, and moveable furniture, and moved off from their homes along with the army. Rich and poor with one consent, rose up, left houses and farms, and followed the English soldiers. The retreat from Limerick was therefore more than the march of a military band from the presence of the foe by whom they were discomfited; it was at once a popular and a military emigration—a journey into the wilderness, like that of the mixed multitude which went up from Egypt.

The joy in Limerick as the garrison beheld from the walls the last detachment of the English army passing over the hills in the direction of Cahir-conlish, was beyond all bounds. The soldiers and citizens could scarcely believe their own good fortune. A day or two before, the town was on the point of being sacked; now the enemy was in full retreat, and they were left in possession of the field. The English were not gone an hour, till the Limerick people, soldiers and civilians, were out among the trenches, and running over every part of the plain which had recently been a camp.

Panduntur portæ ; juvat ire et Dorica castra  
Desertosque videre locos litusque relictum.

Why did they not follow up their victory, and pursue

the enemy? An attempt was made afterwards to cast the blame of this on Tyrconnel and Count de Lausun; but without any sufficient grounds. The fact is, that the defenders of Limerick, like the defenders of Derry the previous year, were not in circumstances to pursue their besiegers, and probably would have gained little by making the attempt. They were only too glad to see their enemies in flight. They are scarcely to be blamed for not doing more. They had behaved with admirable skill and courage throughout the whole siege. Their valour, though as we think exerted on the wrong side, and in a hopeless cause, reflected glory on the Irish nation, and amply merited the victory which they won.

From Cullen his Majesty King William passed on to Clonmel, and thence to Waterford. There on the 3rd of September, he took shipping for England, and in due time landed at Bristol. On the 9th of September, he was at home in Windsor Castle. In the three months which had elapsed since his departure, he had won one great victory, and had driven James out of Ireland back to France. But his career had not been one of unclouded success. He had met a sharp reverse at the hands of the Irish, and had been taught a memorable lesson of humility under the walls of Limerick.

Before he left Ireland, the king appointed Count Solms to the chief command of the army, and commissioned Lord Sydney, Viscount Sheppy, and Thomas Coningsby, Esq., to act as Lords Justices of Ireland. Some time afterwards, the Lords Justices came down from Dublin with a store of money for the payment of the army. Money had been very scarce throughout the campaign, and even the payment of the soldiers

had fallen into arrear. The distribution of the money put them all into good humour, and made them soon forget their recent failure. In a few days after, the army broke up, and retired each regiment to the town and district assigned for its winter-quarters.

On the 7th of September, General Douglas, at the head of a large division, moved away from Tipperary towards the north. Major-General Kirke with another division went to the relief of Birr, which was threatened by Sarsfield. He succeeded in this object, but failed to break down the bridge of Banagher, it being too well fortified to warrant him to attack it with any chance of success. His soldiers who occupied Birr, pretending to be in want, soon began to rob and plunder the surrounding district, without troubling themselves to distinguish between those who had letters of protection, and those who had none: and they carried out their schemes of pillage with such rigorous impartiality, that Protestant and Roman Catholic alike complained loudly of their unsought for and unwelcome attentions. The remainder of the army was distributed through the more important towns of the south. After Cork fell into the hands of the English, the Danes were garrisoned there. The French were stationed in Carlow, and the Dutch and Danes in common occupied Clonmel, Cashel, and Waterford. When Solms had made these arrangements, he devolved the chief command on Lieutenant-General Ginkell, who fixed his head-quarters at Kilkenny, and he himself by way of Dublin set out for England. If the English army could have so arranged affairs, that the Irish would have been restricted to the territory west of the Shannon, the great river would have separated the belligerents throughout the winter, and

would have helped to maintain the peace. But the Irish had almost complete command of the river, and had some of their garrisons stationed on its eastern side. The result was that the two parties stood face to face with each other, and waged many a small skirmish and conflict through that dreary season.\*

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\* *Story : Macarix Excidium : Harris.*



## CHAPTER VIII.

*CAPTURE OF CORK AND KINSALE.*

**W**HEN the king's army broke up at Tipperary for the winter, a strong division, consisting of 5,000 foot and 1,500 horse, under Major-General Scrivermore and the Duke of Wurtemberg, marched in the direction of Cork. They reached Mallow on the 17th of September, where they encountered a party of Rapparees, whom they estimated at 3,000, and who, under protection of the Irish garrison stationed at Cork, and sometimes, it was said, aided by contingents from that garrison, had plundered and held in terror the Protestant inhabitants. The English detachment had no difficulty in dispersing these irregulars, killing about three hundred, and recovering of their plunder some fine horses, and a great number of silver-hilted swords. But their main object in marching southwards was not to intimidate the Rapparees, but to co-operate with an expedition which was now coming against Cork from another direction.

It will be remembered that during the time that Limerick was the seat of war, Cork and Kinsale were still in the hands of the Irish, and this fact did much to embarrass the English, and to lessen their chances of taking the city. Before the king had returned to London, it was suggested by the Earl of

Marlborough that an attempt should be made by sea to capture Cork, and that this, with a very little effort, might be accomplished even before winter had set in. The plan when made known commended itself to his Majesty, and the projector of it—who turned out afterwards to be the first soldier of the age—was fitly chosen to put it in execution. If all the ports on the south coast of Ireland were once in possession of William's troops, it was supposed justly that this would make it more hazardous for the Irish to maintain communications with France, that it would diminish the influence of James, that it would provide a refuge for the English ships in case of any disaster in the Channel, and would help to make the passage to the West Indies safer than it was. Such ends appeared to Marlborough well worthy of an effort, and the means were at hand. The English fleet was now refitted after the disaster at Beachy Head. Five thousand men who had lain idle in England through the whole summer could be employed in this work; while a detachment of Ginkell's army, already on the spot, could co-operate by land.

Forthwith, the fleet was equipped at Portsmouth for immediate service, but its destination was kept a profound secret. By the 30th of August it was ready to sail; but stormy weather and contrary winds delayed it till the 16th of September, by which time the siege of Limerick was raised. A message was sent to the commander-in-chief in Ireland, to have a strong force ready to meet Marlborough at his landing, and to co-operate with the forces coming by sea. It was this duty which General Scrivermore and the Duke of Wurtemberg had now before them.

On the 21st of September, 1690, the English fleet

arrived in what then, and long afterwards, was known as the Cove of Cork. On the 23rd the troops landed, and took up a position with the view of capturing the new forts and Shandon Castle, which the enemy held for the protection of the city. Tetteau, with a thousand men, drew some cannon to the Fair Hill on the north of the town, and began to make preparation for the attack. The guns were scarcely planted when the Irish, who occupied both the forts and the castle, withdrew from their position, set fire to the suburb, and betook them to the city. Shandon Castle, thus deserted by them, was immediately occupied by the English, and the city was much damaged by the guns which they planted on this commanding situation. General Scriveremore about the same time passed the river, and took possession of Gill Abbey.

The good sense of the English general delivered him on this occasion from a difficulty which might have proved disastrous to a weaker man. When the English forces which had come by sea joined those which had come by land, the Duke of Wurtemberg insisted that he himself, and not Marlborough, should have the chief command, because, forsooth, he was a sovereign prince, and could not serve under a man of a rank inferior to his own. In vain he was reminded that it was Marlborough who had planned the expedition, and who was entrusted by the king with the execution of his own plan. Wurtemberg could see nothing, except that he himself was a sovereign prince, and as such ought to be at the head of affairs. It was at last agreed, that each of them should be Commander-in-chief on alternate days. On the first day that the English general was in command, he gave in compliment to his rival, "Wurtemberg," as the password of

the day. On the following day the duke, who by this time had his eyes open to the ungenerous nature of his own conduct, gave the password "Marlborough." The result of this tact and courtesy on the part of the Englishman, was that a good understanding on the part of the leaders was immediately restored.

The English had now the city environed so as to make the capture certain ; and every day its defenders were crushed into straiter limits. On the 27th the garrison deserted the Cat fort, and there was another battery forthwith erected there. The Friar's Garden, and various other places, were occupied with the same design ; and from the steeple of a church—St. Bar's church, according to Harris, the ancient Round Tower, as others think—a party of musketeers fired into the fort. Another battery of three guns, throwing thirty-six-pound balls, played on the city wall and soon made a breach. To resist an attack so vigorous, was, on the part of the garrison, utterly hopeless with the men and appliances at their hand.

The garrison now proposed to surrender ; but, in consequence of some disagreement as to the terms, negotiations were broken off, and the cannonade was renewed on the 28th. The heavy shot soon widened the breach in the city wall ; while the space on the wall contiguous to the breach was kept entirely clear by the discharge of small arms from the Cat fort. The despair of the garrison was shown, in the fact that some of them the previous night stole out of the city in hope of making their escape ; but the deserters were discovered by the besiegers, and were either killed or driven back into the town.


About one o'clock in the afternoon, the Danes from the north, and the English from the south, forded the

river with the water up to the arm-pits, passed into the east marsh, and under fire all the time directed their course towards the breach, in order to storm the town. When the van of the storming party, headed by Lord Colchester, reached the bank of the marsh, which served as a kind of counterscarp to the city wall, the Duke of Grafton was mortally wounded. It may show how civil war brings near friends and relations into antagonism, when it is remembered that Marlborough, who commanded this expedition, and the Duke of Tyrconnel, were married to two sisters, and that the Duke of Grafton, who acted as an officer in the storming party at Cork, was himself the nephew of King James. Of all the natural children of Charles II., it was he who gave promise of the greatest ability, and although he held high rank as a naval officer, he was acting as a volunteer in the storming party when he received the wound, which issued in his death a few days after. To add to the excitement of the scene, the *Salamander* and another English vessel came up with the rising tide, lay at the marsh end, and attacked the unfortunate city with shell and cannon.

It would have been madness in the garrison to maintain any longer a hopeless resistance. A parley was proclaimed, and a deputation from the garrison consisting of Lord Tyrone and Colonel Rycat came out to the besiegers, and agreed to surrender, on the terms that the Protestants held in confinement by the garrison should be released, that the soldiers in the town should become prisoners of war, and that the citizens be disarmed and protected. Next morning a number of seamen, and other loose people connected with the army, went into town and began to plunder, as was

too often the practice on such occasions; but Marlborough and his officers soon put an end to their sport. The secret of the speedy surrender of the city was discovered. There only remained to the garrison two small barrels of powder. Under such circumstances, further defence was impossible. In the attack the English had about fifty killed and wounded, of whom the Duke of Grafton was the most lamented. The prisoners numbered 4,500, among whom were the Earl of Tyrone, the Earl of Clancarty, who the year before had "knocked at the gates of Derry," Colonel Macgillicuddy—the governor of the city, Colonel Rycat, and others. The magistrates now resumed office, which for some months past the military government had suspended: and on the 30th of September, William and Mary were proclaimed in Cork.

Cork being thus captured in less time and at less cost than was anticipated, the next thought was to make an attempt upon Kinsale. A party of five hundred men under Brigadier Villars, was sent forward to demand a surrender. This summons the governor treated with supreme contempt, threatened to hang the bearer, set fire to the village, and withdrew his men into the old fort. Had he dreamed of an attack so soon after the defeat of the English at Limerick, he would most probably have adopted this line of policy a little sooner, so as to deprive his assailants of shelter; and in that case for another inclement winter at least he might have defied every attempt to take his fortress. But he was too late in firing the village. The English officer in command ordered his men to put out the fire, kept possession of the place, and sent a message to head-quarters. On the 20th of




October, Marlborough at the head of his forces arrived at the spot.

The next morning, General Tetteau with eight hundred men was sent to pass the river in boats and to storm the fort. He made a feint of attacking it in its weakest part, and when most of the garrison were collected there to resist him, a small but resolute party made a vigorous onset at another point, and succeeded in making themselves masters of a bastion. The assault was completely successful, and the fort was captured; but in the struggle a few barrels of gunpowder accidentally exploded, and no less than forty of the garrison were killed by the explosion. As the storming party scaled the walls, all who resisted were slain without mercy, and among others the governor. Some tried to escape by water, but were killed from the shore: others fled to take refuge in the old castle which occupied the centre of the fortress, but many of them were slain before they had reached that place of shelter. In a very short time out of a garrison of 450, no less than 200 were killed in open fight, and the rest were made prisoners.

After the Old Fort had thus fallen, the New Fort still remained: and every hour the necessity of capturing it became more urgent. Winter had virtually come, the weather was bad, provisions were scarce, and sickness had already set in; there was therefore no time to be lost. When the governor, Sir Edward Scott, was summoned to surrender, his answer was—"It would be time enough to talk about that, a month hence." To such a response, there could of course be only one reply.

The Danes on the left, and the English on the right, immediately opened fire on the fort, attacking with



their cannon two different points at the same time. On the 5th of October the trenches were opened, and on the 9th they were near the counterscarp. On the morning of the 12th, six pieces of cannon were mounted by the Danes: and on the same day the English had ready two mortars from which bombs were thrown into the fortification by day and by night. The next day the English began to plant their twenty-four-pounders, and sprung two mines with good success. The Danes had already made a breach.

On the 14th, everything was ready for an attempt to storm; when at last the garrison, despairing of the Duke of Berwick coming to their relief, hung out the white flag at one o'clock, and agreed to surrender. Next to Limerick, the defence of Kinsale had been most creditable to the Irish, and terms highly honourable to the garrison were granted by the great soldier, to whom they laid down their arms. It was midnight on the day of surrender before the articles were signed. The garrison were permitted to march out with their arms and baggage, and were safely conducted to Limerick. So thorough was the breach that the Danish guns had made in the walls, that, as was afterwards told, the governor's lady drove over it in her coach—though why she preferred the breach to the more usual place of exit does not appear. The amount of provisions captured here was immense. There were found in the fort a thousand barrels of wheat, a thousand barrels of beef, forty tuns of claret, and a great quantity of brandy and of other liquors. Had other matters been favourable, the garrison of Kinsale in point of provisions might have sustained a siege of twelve months.

This miniature campaign of Marlborough, undertaken



at the close of the summer, turned out to be a great success. It might however have been otherwise. When he reached Kinsale, and saw how very much stronger the fortifications were than he had anticipated, he acknowledged himself, that if he had been aware of the strength of the position, he would scarcely have risked an attack at such an advanced period of the season. In little more than three weeks after landing in Ireland, he had captured both Cork and Kinsale, and in about six weeks after leaving Kensington, he was back in it again. King William was very much gratified by this performance of Marlborough, and in spite of the taciturnity for which he has been noted, he was heard to drop the remark, which time abundantly verified, that he knew no man so fit for a general who had seen so few campaigns.

The capture of Cork and Kinsale, and the possession by the English of all the sea-ports on the south coast, cut off all direct intercourse between Ireland and France, shut up the Irish in arms to the Province of Connaught, and made it difficult for them to obtain help from their allies. This brilliant success, won at a time when every one supposed that the campaign for the season was over, served as a set-off against the defeat at Limerick.\* People in England said, that one Englishman had done more for the king in three weeks, than all his foreign generals had done for him in two years. In this remark, there was a little insular self-admiration as well as jealousy of foreigners; but making some allowance for that, the public were justified in stating that Marlborough had done good service to his king and country.

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\* *Story : Davies' Diary : Harris.*

## CHAPTER IX.

*THE WINTER OF 1690-1.*

**I**T has been mentioned, that after the battle of the Boyne the Duke of Tyrconnel and Count de Lausun both thought, that the cause of James was hopeless, and that the wisest policy for the Irish would be to resign the struggle and make with King William the best terms they could. It was decided that to enable this policy to be carried out, the French contingent should return home at the first opportunity. While the siege at Limerick was in progress, and Cork and Kinsale in course of reduction by Marlborough, the French troops were lying inactive at Galway, waiting for vessels to carry them away to France. Soon after the siege was raised, the French transport ships arrived; but it is probable that had the French Government foreseen such a victory at Limerick, they would not have recalled their troops—at least not then. But Lausun was by this time sick of Ireland, and glad to get away. He did not wait for further orders; when the ships arrived at Galway he went aboard with his men, and accompanied by Tyrconnel sailed for France.

On the way to Paris, Tyrconnel took ill, and for some time was unable to proceed. Lausun went forward and reported to the Court that Ireland was as good as lost, that most of the nation were willing to

submit to the Prince of Orange, and that the handful of men who defended Limerick were influenced entirely by Tyrconnel, to whose conduct and courage it was owing that the country had held out so long. But the Court was by no means so ready to receive this representation as he had expected. The gallant defence of Limerick had given satisfaction in Paris, and Louis felt reluctant to believe that men who had given proof of such bravery in the nation's darkest hour, could have any secret desire of submitting to the foe. Lausun was coldly received, and soon found that he was out of favour with his master. Tyrconnel meanwhile heard from his friends about the feeling of the Court, and was adroit enough to adapt himself to it. On his arrival in Paris, he did not confirm what Lausun had said. He said, that affairs in Ireland were in a bad condition no doubt; that the army there were likely to have many hardships to endure throughout the winter and spring; still he was satisfied that they were strong enough to hold out against the English, if supported by France. The French and the Irish soldiers, he added, did not agree very well together; the only request therefore he had to make was, that a supply of good officers should be sent to their assistance from France, along with fresh stores of clothing, ammunition, and arms. Lausun could not account for this change of attitude in a man, whose opinions were quite in harmony with his own up till the moment that they parted. That he was by no means so dexterous a courtier as Tyrconnel, was apparent. Both had left Ireland a week or two before with exactly the same opinions; but now Lausun found himself in such disfavour at Court, that it was owing solely to the personal solicitation of James and of his

queen that he was not sent to prison; whereas Tyrconnel succeeded so well in ingratiating himself with those about the king that he still retained the confidence of the French Government, and in due time returned to Ireland with the officers and the supplies which he sought.

The Irish, however, were not so easily satisfied with Tyrconnel. His desponding tone ever since the disaster at the Boyne, was not calculated to inspire them with courage and hope. Their successful defence of Limerick, if not contrary to his wishes, ran counter certainly to his anticipations. In exultation at their victory, they imagined that King James's viceroy should put himself at their head, and drive the English out of Munster. That he did not attempt to do so, proved to them, that, notwithstanding their recent success, he did not yet think that Ireland was able to hold its own. His departure to France only confirmed their suspicions, that he regarded the resistance of the Irish as hopeless, and that the best policy of the nation was submission. The reasons which he himself alleged for his departure were, that he was going to give Louis an exact account of the state of affairs. This the Irish understood to mean that he was going to throw dust in the eyes of the king of France, and to talk James over into his plans. He knew well, that the object in view was most difficult to attain. He knew that it was the interest of Louis to give William abundant employment in Ireland, and to keep him and his forces engaged there as long as possible; whereas the policy of coming to terms as soon as possible, would have the effect of setting the English army free for work in other fields. His main reliance was on his personal influence with James, and on the fact that Lausun

took the same view as himself. But when intimation reached him early of the direction in which the wind blew at Court, he took another tack and set his sail to catch the breeze.

Before his departure for France, Tyrconnel, as lord-lieutenant of King James, had separated the civil and military departments of his government. He appointed the Duke of Berwick to be commander-in-chief of the army, with instructions to act in concert with a number of officers, of whom Sarsfield was the lowest in point of military rank. The civil affairs he put in charge of twelve senators, most of whom had lost property in consequence of the action of the late Parliament of Dublin, and whom the Irish on this ground suspected of having a personal interest in re-establishing the former condition of affairs.

It soon became evident, that the military chiefs enjoyed as little of the popular confidence, as their civil colleagues. The Duke of Berwick, who was appointed to his office by Tyrconnel, got credit for holding the same sentiments on the crisis as the man for whom he acted. The Irish were so bold as to brand his grace with the reproach of being the creature of the lord-lieutenant, and of wishing like his master to come to terms with the English. They were confirmed in this suspicion by finding, that the council appointed to co-operate with him in the government was composed mainly of Englishmen and Scotchmen, and of very few indeed in whom the Irish people reposed any trust.

This distrust of the provisional Government instituted by Tyrconnel, led to a meeting of Irish officers, bishops, and lawyers, held at Limerick on the 20th of September, 1690, which resolved that the Government

administered by the Duke of Berwick was not legal, inasmuch as he was neither king, viceroy, nor lord-deputy, one or other of which the ancient laws of the realm required the chief-governor of Ireland to be. The natural inference which followed from this decision was, that the nation having no legal head was now left free to choose a chief-governor for itself. They were determined at least, that no person entertaining the sentiments which Tyrconnel was supposed to entertain, should be permitted to retain power over them. Forthwith a deputation was sent to the duke to represent to him, that the authority which he held from Tyrconnel, was not legal; nevertheless that the army and the nation were willing to submit to him both in military and civil matters till the king's pleasure was known, provided he should consent to govern in accordance with a select council of persons to be chosen by the army: and that meanwhile agents should be sent to inform the king of the true state of affairs.

To this representation, Berwick made answer that he would accept of no authority from the army or nation, that his commission as lieutenant-general entitled him to command the army, and that he felt somewhat astonished that military men under his command should meet to deliberate on public matters without his orders; he now commanded them to disperse instantly to their quarters. To this they answered, that King James had released them from their allegiance, and had given them liberty to shift for themselves: that if free to submit to the enemy, they were equally free to defend themselves should they deem it expedient so to do: that in such circumstances, there was no general except one of their own

choosing entitled to give orders to them : and that should his grace decline to accept the chief command on the terms which they offered, it only remained for them in these circumstances to do the best that they could for their own preservation. After taking some time to consider the matter further, the duke stated to Sarsfield the next morning, that he was willing to agree to the terms proposed. The brigadier accepted the statement in good faith, and, believing everything now settled to the satisfaction of all parties, retired to Athlone with the view of guarding the passes of the Shannon.

Sarsfield was scarcely gone till Berwick began to talk about the scruples which he felt about signing the letter, which the proposed deputation was to carry to France, except it bore on the face of it a declaration that the Irish nation was quite satisfied with the conduct of Tyrconnel up till the present time—a declaration which he had good reason for thinking that the authors of the letter would not agree to insert. He thought in this way to bamboozle the council, expecting that the bishops and officers would return home, and that something would be gained by delay. Sarsfield was sent for, and it was agreed to set up a new Government, and to exclude from it not only Berwick but all the creatures of Tyrconnel. The duke had in the meantime been advised by Maxwell to yield an outward compliance with their wishes, and to keep himself safe by sending to France a secret agent of his own to explain to the king the exact state of affairs. The consequence of this advice was, that Sarsfield on his return from Athlone, found to his surprise that Berwick was quite willing to do all that he was desired to do. It was then agreed,

with the duke's consent, that eight noblemen and two bishops, to be named by a provincial meeting, should be added to the twelve already named by Tyrconnel, as a Council of Advice, and that a deputation, consisting of the bishop of Cork, and Colonels Luttrell, Purcell, and Macclesfield, should be sent forthwith to France.

The agents thus appointed, immediately went aboard a vessel in the roads; but they were so long detained by contrary winds, that the winter was well advanced before they reached their destination. They had not long set sail from Limerick, until a king's messenger arrived from St. Germain, bringing orders from James, that no person on such an errand should be permitted to leave Ireland. In a letter carried by the same courier, the king further stated, that his Irish subjects could give no better proof of their devotion to him than to submit to Tyrconnel in everything. To the Irish nothing could be more odious than this message, because, if they doubted before, it was now their settled conviction, that Tyrconnel had no other design than to bring them into subjection to England. They at last were furnished with what they regarded as proof, that the king also, of course advised by his lord-lieutenant, thought it necessary in his own interest to sacrifice Ireland in order to recover England. The only gleam of hope which shone through the darkness was, that their own agents, sent expressly for this purpose to the Court of St. Germain, would succeed in opening the eyes of the king and his advisers to the truth.

When the Irish agents arrived at St. Malo on their way to Paris, Tyrconnel, having accomplished the business on which he had gone to St. Germain,



was on his way back to Ireland. When he heard of their landing, he supposed naturally enough, that they were coming to impeach his conduct, and he sent to the king to inform him of the nature of their business. But there was little need of this, for they found when they reached the Court, that Maxwell—the agent whom the Duke of Berwick had sent secretly in his own interest, had arrived before them. They were regarded at St. Germain's, simply as the representatives of a mutiny against James's authority in Ireland. Not only were they received coldly, but they were threatened with imprisonment as well. The sole reason why they were not actually imprisoned, was the fear that this harsh treatment might provoke such an impulsive people as the Irish, to throw James overboard, and to bind themselves in an alliance with William against France. Milder measures were for this reason preferred. James did his best to induce them to withdraw from their prosecution of Tyrconnel, and to prevail upon them to say nothing to prejudice him with the French Government. The queen was still more outspoken; when the king and herself, she said, were quite satisfied with Tyrconnel's conduct, she did not see what business the Irish had to find fault with it. It never occurred to her Majesty that the people could have any interest in the government of the nation, and still less the Irish people; it was for them simply to fight and to suffer, or to yield and make peace, according as it suited the convenience of the king.

The Irish, however, could not exactly see, that, even although the king had no objections to it, it was their duty to rush into what seemed to them inevitable ruin, so long as there remained the slightest hope of a

successful resistance. Their agents, therefore, while not pressing further accusation against Tyrconnel, which they found so unpalatable, were discreet enough to urge merely that Ireland was resolved to hold out to the last, and that, should the Irish forces even fail in the attempt to recover the whole island, they could easily keep William in such employment for another year, as would prevent him from giving much trouble on the Continent. Their cause was the cause of France no less than of Ireland; all they wanted from Louis was the continuance of his powerful support. This new tack was exactly that on which Tyrconnel had sailed before them. Louis was cautious in his reply. His present fear was that, if, through the assistance of the French, the Irish should succeed in regaining possession of the island, they would neither reinstate James, nor unite themselves to France, but form themselves into an independent and separate nation. He merely said that he was willing to give the Irish whatever assistance would be judged necessary by St. Ruth—a military officer of high rank and great experience, whom he was recommending his Majesty King James to make commander-in-chief in Ireland.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Berwick, Sarsfield, and the Council of Advice, were not very successful in administering the affairs of that portion of Ireland, over which their government extended. This was Connaught, and along with it a strip of territory on the eastern side of the Shannon. The non-fighting Irish population did not always count themselves safe in living in places contiguous to the English garrisons, but fled in large numbers from the exactions of the Williamite soldiers, and took refuge among their own friends on

the west of the river. They became a burden to the inhabitants there, and helped to eat up the scanty provisions of the place. Connaught wished itself clear of them. Their own army spoiled them without mercy. They soon found that the refuge to which they had fled, was even worse than the home which they had left. The soldiers, without order and without discipline, thought themselves justified by the very slightest temptation or provocation to commit outrages on friends no less than upon foes. Berwick devoted more time to youthful pleasures than to the duties of government. The civil commissioners, who acted along with him, declined to exercise any authority in military affairs. Sarsfield, both in military and civil matters, issued so many orders, and in some instances contradictory orders, that it added to the confusion. But what the country felt to be most oppressive, was the power which the army assumed of taking without payment from private families any goods which they fancied—corn, cattle, butter, tallow, linen, wool—anything in short which they could carry off. Those who were commissioned thus to provide for the army, seldom forgot to pay themselves liberally, proportioning their wages to the high value which they set upon their own services. These harpies escorted by a band of soldiers, acted under Sarsfield's orders, for says, O'Kelly, "He was so easy that he could not refuse to sign any paper that was brought before him." They wasted all Connaught, too often leaving the families whom they robbed nothing whereon to exist. Throughout this horrible struggle, it would seem as if nobody escaped. If through some happy accident a man was not stripped naked by the enemy, he was sure, sooner or later, to be robbed by his own friends. Owing to

the wider area under control of the Williamites, a man living there was more likely to escape these military exactions ; but in the territory under the rule of Tyrconnel and the Jacobites, no man could say that his property was his own. To men in arms at least, all things were common without the owners' consent.

Throughout the winter, the Duke of Berwick and Sarsfield too, found sufficient occupation in making preparations for the summer campaign, in taking measures to repel any invasions of their territory by the English garrison on the east of the Shannon, and in detecting supposed conspiracies among their people in order to make peace with the enemy and to hand Connaught over to the English. The leaders whom the Irish most trusted, had as yet no notion of submission. To speak of it, even at this time, they regarded as a kind of treason to the country. Though the French had departed home, and left them in the hour when their necessity was greatest, they were as determined as ever to carry on the war. Notwithstanding the numbers, and resources on the other side, they had still as they imagined some prospect of success. Their soldiers were not only trained to fight, but had acquired some experience in war. Every new battle in which they took part, was better contested than any which they had fought before. The territory which they had to defend, being cut off by the Shannon from the rest of Ireland, did not require them to divide their forces, and being of smaller compass could be more easily protected. Their means of intelligence, moreover, was perfect ; they had so many sympathizers outside their own territories among the Irish population, that the English could not make a military movement of any importance, without the

news of it being carried directly to the camp of the enemy.

To the English chronicler, who is our main authority for the later portion of the Revolutionary War, this suggests the coldblooded remark, which unscrupulous men in difficulties would no doubt be only too ready to act upon—"It is plain that there is no such way to destroy the Irish as to employ some to ruin the rest;" for, he adds, suggestively, "they will certainly *do* their own fathers for money." The suggestion is as little creditable to the stronger nation, as it is true of any considerable portion of Irishmen. In less than twelve months after the time of which we speak, bribery was tried on the mass of the Irish army, and utterly failed. But the sentence contains underneath it sufficient truth to point a moral and convey a warning. It hints at the reason why no political conspiracy has ever prospered, or is ever likely to prosper in Ireland. The supporters of such movements are in the main a few honest enthusiasts, who mean well, but can see only a very little way before them, and a mass of supporters ardent in feeling and zealous for the cause, but of whom it might be said what long ago was said of other dupes like themselves, *they went in their simplicity and they knew not anything*. But along with these, there are always sure to be a few who are too weak to resist temptation, and whom the greed of gain will induce one day to betray their companions, and send them to the gallows without mercy. This, in a word or two, is the history of every political conspiracy and rebellion in Ireland. Every man who takes part in such a thing, simply puts his head into a noose, and allows any one of the party the first moment that it

serves his purpose to pull the string. Nobody in such circumstances need feel surprise, when the cord tightens around his neck. In this result of historical experience, there is a weighty truth which if remembered might be useful to many an honest man.

But to return to our story. On the 14th of January, 1691, Tyrconnel landed from France. He was accompanied by Sir Richard Nagle and Sir Stephen Rice, to whose hands James had committed the civil administration, and had made them his colleagues in the government. The fleet that conveyed him from France consisted of three frigates and nine other vessels, which brought provisions, clothes, arms, ammunition, and £8,000 in money, but no men. Sarsfield was rewarded for his services by a commission to act as lieutenant-general, and by the barren title of Earl of Lucan—bestowed upon him by the Court of St. Germain. Similar honours were distributed among the more prominent of the Irish officers. Soon after his arrival, the Duke of Berwick resigned his office, and by the king's orders returned to France. His position among the Irish was anything but comfortable, and he was glad to get off. The people looked on him as a sort of hostage for the safe return of the men, whom they had sent to Paris to complain of Tyrconnel.

Those of the Irish in favour of continuing the war, were anything but satisfied with this alteration in the government. They could not shake themselves free of the conviction that Tyrconnel had come back to persuade them to submit to King William, and submission in their opinion meant the forcible suppression of their religion and the enslavement of the nation. They were confirmed in their belief that his

opposition to England was a mere sham, by the fact that he brought over from France no soldiers and few arms, a small amount of provisions and very little money, while at the same time he was accompanied by a parcel of good-for-nothing lawyers, who might be great at the production of a parchment treaty and who could wrangle over the terms of a surrender, but who were helpless in the management of such a war as must be waged to make Ireland free. It did not dissipate these suspicions to find that one of his first acts after landing at Limerick, was to deliver his friend and confidante Denis Daly the lawyer, who on the charge of wishing to make terms with the English had been imprisoned at Galway. But in their opinion it amounted to proof positive of the treachery of the nominal head of the Government, that after his arrival he gave orders that nobody should leave the country to cross the sea without his permission, and that any one coming to Ireland out of France should be carefully searched in order to discover whether he brought with him any letters. By this command he did all in his power to stop correspondence with France, and to make it impossible to send any more complaints against him to the king. Henceforth, the one country was to have no direct means of knowing what was said and done in the other, except as he was pleased to permit.

Notwithstanding all his precautions, however, a French officer landed at Galway the following month (February), and handed a letter to Sarsfield, who had his head-quarters there. He was informed therein that further supplies were in preparation, and that in a month or two, St. Ruth—an officer of great reputation, would be sent over to take the chief

command of the army, without any dependence on Tyrconnel. This news as might be expected gave great joy to such of the Irish as were in favour of continuing the war, but the partisans of Tyrconnel attempted to discredit it by pronouncing it a forgery. The viceroy himself did not, however, venture to doubt its truth, and the immediate effect of it was that he took Sarsfield more into his confidence than he had done before. He now looked "big again after his usual manner," says the author of *Macarise Excidium*, for he was "naturally proud and arrogant, high and insolent." To show the people that he and Sarsfield were quite at one in their sentiments, he came from Limerick to Galway where Sarsfield acted as military governor, and the magistrates entertained him there with balls, banquets, and rejoicings. O'Kelly writes evidently with some little prejudice against King James's lord-lieutenant. He cannot refrain from remarking, that considering it was the season of Lent, that the people in general were starving, and that the whole nation was in sorrow, there were religious and social reasons why there should have been on such an occasion a little moderation.


Though there can be little doubt that by this time most of the Irish were weary of the war, still they scorned to think of yielding while any hope of success remained. Help, they thought, would come from France some day soon: the factious opposition which discontented people were giving in England to King William's Government might spring up at any moment into a second revolution: even the Proclamation which King James had lately sent over the kingdom, offering a free pardon to all his enemies except eleven, might possibly end in something. But France was the main



hope in the dark hour. As the spring months advanced, every Irishman who disliked England and the Revolution Government, had his thoughts turned in that direction.

They waited long in vain. St. Ruth was long in coming: their military preparations were very imperfect, and by no means adequate to enable them to grapple with the powerful adversary who was gathering his strength to lay them at his feet: and some of them began to think that in their extremity they might have to act on the advice, which, as they believed, Tyrconnel was anxious to give. Even the viceroy himself, in spite of his professions, was suspected of being inwardly glad that there was now a fair prospect of his predictions turning out to be true. At last, when their hope was at the lowest, the joyful tidings spread over all Connaught, from Kilrush to Sligo, that a French fleet, with St. Ruth and other French officers aboard, had anchored in the roads of Limerick.

The spirit in which Ireland would have been governed, had the English been driven out, and had James and Louis succeeded in making themselves masters of the island, may be estimated by the character of the officer, whom they had now sent to assume the command, and to fill a position which, in their judgment, it would seem that no Irish soldier was fit to occupy. The experience St. Ruth had acquired in war, was gained in the Cevennes, where at the head of 20,000 men, he had been employed in the ignominious work of hunting down and murdering the peasants and poor working people, who had dared to think for themselves in religion, and had presumed to worship God in a form that was not pleasing to the king of



France. He had done the base work, of the persecutor with so much violence, and so little mercy, that he was known there as the *Scourge of the Heretics*.<sup>\*</sup> This was the man whom Louis chose to put at the head of the Irish, and to elevate over the head of the gallant Sarsfield. He was soon to discover that it was one thing to cut down a crowd of unarmed peasantry, and a very different thing indeed to look an English army in the face.

St. Ruth brought with him no additional money and arms. He brought with him some provisions, and, what was still more acceptable to the viceroy, instructions to command the army not independently of Tyrconnel, but in alliance with him. This gave encouragement and spirit to the viceroy. Immediately afterwards he took occasion to raise a tax off the country, avowedly for the purpose of buying fleshmeat for the army—an act one would think innocent enough in the circumstances, but to which *Macariæ Excidium* contrives ingeniously to give an interpretation of his own. Connaught, he states, was able to supply fleshmeat enough, but could pay no money, and St. Ruth brought with him abundant stores of corn and meal; so that if Tyrconnel's real object had been to feed the army, this could easily have been managed by raising a contribution in kind. But nothing would satisfy the lord-lieutenant except money, in order, as he thinks, to impress the whole population with this unpleasant truth, in a form which they could not but feel and remember, that the French general had brought with him no money from France. When this object was fully accomplished, and no money could be had, he

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<sup>\*</sup> See Smiles' *Huguenots*, p. 38.

commuted the tax, and made Connaught pay ten thousand fat oxen in place of the money.

Meanwhile every effort was used in order to strengthen every position that it was supposed the English were likely to attack, and to collect an army so as to be ready to resist any attempt on their part to force the passage of the Shannon. In a declaration issued on the 15th of May, Tyrconnel directed all the Rapparees in Connaught to join the army without delay, and the general himself issued orders to his men to drive with them all the cattle of private owners found on the line of march, to enable him to maintain his soldiers. But difficulties which he was not expecting, met him at every step. Among the greatest of these, was the difficulty of finding boats to carry his store of provisions up the river, from Limerick to Athlone. These boats Tyrconnel could have provided during the winter months, but the thought of it did not occur to him. Only six boats could now be procured; but so insignificant was the cargo carried up by this diminutive fleet, that it was all consumed by the garrison of Athlone before the boats had time to return and bring another cargo up. There was no less difficulty also, in organizing an effective system of land carriage, so as to get stores, baggage, guns and ammunition to the front. Every available horse in Connaught was pressed into the service, and every vehicle that could in any form be used for military purposes. When everything was done, which could in the circumstances be done, it was the 20th of June before the Irish troops could be got together in such numbers as to deserve to be called an army. This delay, as we shall see, gave Ginkell the opportunity of gaining his first advantage, and was punished by the loss of Ballymore. As the Irish

army increased, it encamped near Loughrea in the direction of Athlone; for it was felt instinctively by all, that it was through that town the English would make their first attempt to enter Connaught.

Throughout the winter, which was now at its close, the Williamites on their side had not been idle. About the middle of September, the Lords Justices had returned from the camp to Dublin, and had entered on the duties of the civil administration, with a view of restoring order and re-establishing peace throughout the land. The measures which they adopted and the orders which they issued, would be counted harsh enough among a quiet and orderly population, but were necessary in the exigencies of the time. Throughout that winter, the country had no less than two Governments—an Irish Government beyond the Shannon, and an English Government in the other three provinces.


The English soldiers spent the winter months in quarters, and succeeded in making themselves rather unpleasant neighbours to those whom it was their business to protect. Their pay had again fallen into arrear, and they thought it their duty, in the circumstances, to collect their own wages. They were not made subject to the civil government administered by the Lords Justices, but were bound to obey their own officers only. This arrangement led to great license. To keep them from absolute mutiny, it became necessary to permit them to act very much as they pleased, and they maintained themselves by preying on the country, sparing in their impartiality neither foes nor friends. The Danes, especially, were great plunderers; the English were little better: the Dutch got credit

for doing least injury. As their pay came to be distributed with more regularity, they all became more subject to the control of civil authority; still cases of oppression were by no means rare. Farmers counted it hard to be compelled to sell the produce of their farms to the military under market price; yet they were glad to do so rather than face the other alternative of surrendering, as was the case of not a few, the fruits of their labour without any price whatever. Coningsby, one of the Lords Justices, in a letter to the Secretary at War, enclosing the Proclamation intended to check such violence, complains that "Sir John Lanier had given orders to secure all people who carried any commodities out of the country for six miles round his quarters, and that his officers at Trim had placed guards upon all the high roads, who seized all the corn, and other goods of the poor country people passing to any market out of his allotment." The necessity of the soldiers produced a great amount of violence, and for a time the king's army afflicted the country as much as the Rapparees. Even the officers, in some cases, participated in these acts of wholesale plunder, and it is said that some of them made a good profit in this unworthy way. They seem, moreover, to have pillaged the district in quite a liberal and unsectarian way, never troubling themselves about any distinction of creed or race in the people whom they robbed. But if it did happen occasionally, that by favour of the commanding officer or by accident, a Protestant family did escape being plundered by his Majesty's forces, it came to the same thing in the end, for the Rapparees were sure to swoop down upon them from the mountains, and in one night's time leave them as bare of this world's

goods as any of their neighbours. Few who enter on civil war can anticipate, until they experience, its hardships, or imagine how few of the hamlets and dwellings even in the remotest valleys of a land are left unvisited by its dread effects. Not to speak of acts of cruelty inseparable from its very nature, the disregard of human life and of property, which it inspires into a previously peaceful and industrious population, is enough of itself to throw a country back in its advance to civilization for two or three generations.


Any part of the winter not occupied in foraging and plundering, was spent by King William's troops in attempts to reduce outlying fortresses, to cut off bands of Rapparees, and to prepare for the coming campaign.

The only drawback to the victory which the Irish won at Limerick, was the loss of Cork and Kinsale, which had been wrested out of their hands at a time when the congratulations on their recent triumph were scarcely yet over. The Kerry Rapparees and the Irish forces generally, were so maddened by this unexpected blow, that they took revenge by burning a great number of the small towns in the counties of Cork and Limerick, which hitherto had escaped destruction. It was not very easy to prevent such disasters either there or in other quarters, where the territories occupied by the belligerents touched each other. If the English army on leaving Limerick could have so occupied the castles and passes on the line of the Shannon as to make the river the march, their territory would have been better protected. But the Irish were left in possession of the river, and it was therefore in their power to make incursions



into the district held by the English at any time they pleased. The depredations perpetrated in this way upon Kerry, were punished by Tetteau, who in December and January swept over the county with a flying squadron, and punished severely any men in arms who offered resistance. Beyond striking terror to the enemy, however, little good resulted from this, as the Williamites were not sufficiently strong to occupy the county. There and elsewhere, in all the disturbed districts, depredations were frequent throughout the winter. Rapparees and soldiers of both armies were engaged in preying on the wretched people, firing towns, and murdering each other when the opportunity presented itself: and the Lords Justices at Dublin were busy in hearing complaints from the military, to the effect that their pay was withheld; and from the country people that they were periodically robbed; as well as in issuing proclamation after proclamation with the design of intimidating both parties into peace.

The word *Rapparee* is said to signify a *half-stick*. It has been already mentioned, that two centuries ago it was applied not to the regular soldiery, but to country people armed with such rude weapons as came first to hand, and who took advantage of the unsettled state of the country to wage a sort of irregular warfare on everybody, whom they thought themselves strong enough to kill or to rob. By constant practice some of them acquired no small dexterity in hiding themselves, as well as in concealing their arms. A strong party of soldiers might pass along a road not only without molestation, but without seeing the face of an enemy. But if the party was so weak that it could be safely attacked, a whistle would call




up from the heather and the furze bushes a multitude of these wild volunteers, ready to surround and destroy the company. On the other hand should it turn out that the Rapparees had miscalculated their strength and had been put to flight, they no sooner managed to get a hill between them and their pursuers, than they would in a moment sink down among the hillocks, or creep underneath the heather and tangled grass, so that if the enemy were to reach the spot where the last glimpse of them had been caught, it was found that the whole party had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. Similar dexterity was often shown in the concealment of their arms. If an armed countryman found himself at any time dangerously near a party of soldiers, it was the work of a moment to take his firelock to pieces; he thrust the stock into the grass or into the first mud pool which he met, disposed of the lock in his pocket, put a cork in the muzzle and turned the barrel into a neat and handy walking-stick. A whole party thus marching with their guns, in case they found themselves suddenly in presence of a superior force, could in this way dispose of their weapons so effectually, as to appear to strangers a harmless set of country bumpkins, going to market on lawful business, or returning from their prayers. All over the country, parties of this kind contrived to keep the English garrisons busy enough throughout the winter.

Another cause aided in providing employment for the English troops. Owing to the want of provisions in Connaught, produced by the blockade which was virtually imposed on that province both by land and sea, the Irish officers set free many of their soldiers,



and permitted them to go to their homes in the other provinces, and thus to provide for themselves until they would be needed for the summer campaign. There was of course some risk in this ; but under the stern dictation of hunger many ventured. Not only did these men quarter on the districts from which the English drew their supplies, but they carried back to the Irish generals intelligence of the strength and location of the English forces and of the weak points on the line of defence. Such men often brought with them from Connaught weapons and ammunition ; they knew the country perfectly, they were at home among their friends, they kept up constant communication with each other, and they contrived to give the English garrisons constant employment. Two or three individuals, apparently in the most innocent way possible, would happen to meet two or three hundred other individuals at a given spot on a winter evening, they would then perform the task for which they assembled, and before daylight dawned, they would break up and disperse none knew where. Before parting they would arrange to hold their next meeting, perhaps at ten or twelve miles distance, and as the dawn never broke upon them assembled, it was hard for soldiers to discover them. Should an English soldier go out alone, he was sure to be shot down from behind a hedge. If the garrison horses were left unguarded in a field, they never afterwards could be found when wanted ; any countryman who needed a horse found his way to that field either by night or by day. From clever tricks of this kind perpetrated on the English, the Irish mounted a very considerable body of men, and turned out a strong body of horse in the summer campaign. Besides the Rapparees




seemed ubiquitous, ever active and watchful. Should a train of provisions be sent down from Dublin to any distant garrison on the frontier, the natives always heard of it, and not unfrequently they attacked the caravan on the way.

In this original and truly Irish method of waging war, there was much more amusement than of moral advantage to either side. The soldiers on the English side were very much the worse of it. The natives of the country they treated as belligerents. It was so easy to take what you wanted from your neighbour, and then if he demurred to shoot him through the head, conscious that if you killed a man whom you called a Rapparee, you got praise rather than blame, that the practice was afterwards with difficulty laid aside. The evil principles which those three years of cruel war instilled into the Protestant mind of Ireland, though held in check by the usages of civilised life, were not expelled for more than a century, and to a keen eye traces of them, it is supposed, are still discernible in various quarters. There are men to whom a respectable neighbour of an alien faith, is still a Rapparee, who lives in the land only by sufferance, who has no right to hold property, to fill a public office, to worship in his own way, or to act as a citizen of a free country. But the country is no longer in a state of war. The strong arm of the law has laid an arrest on the spirit of plunder. Every year the sense of justice is finding stronger expression in acts of Irish legislation; and there is some hope that every class in the community will become more alive, as generations pass, to the fact that in a free country others have rights and privileges which should be as sacred as their own.

It would serve no good purpose here to describe minutely the forays which the one party made into the territory of the other, during the winter months and the early spring. It would be but a dull monotonous record of so many human beings killed, so many houses burned, so many cattle driven off from their rightful owners, so much property destroyed. Let it suffice to say, that if we were to enumerate all who perished in these petty, miserable encounters through the winter, the sum total would exceed the number slain in open battle either at the Boyne or at Limerick; yet the distressing fact is, that all the cruelty was the result of the vilest passions, greed, hatred, and revenge, and the loss of life was to no purpose—it decided nothing, it left matters exactly as they were.


There was nothing more defective on either side than the want of any trustworthy intelligence as to the movements of the other. No regular system of obtaining news was organized; each had to depend on accident for obtaining such useful information. The Irish got news from the peasantry: the English, from deserters. Any man who could bring to either army any important tidings, was sure of obtaining a handsome reward. The knowledge of this fact did much to encourage men on both sides to desert their post and go over to the enemy. Desertions from the one side to the other, were not uncommon events. An amusing instance of this occurred in March. Three Danish soldiers, belonging to the English army, deserted from the garrison at Cashel, and set out to join the enemy at Limerick. On their way they met four soldiers who had deserted from the Irish garrison at Limerick, and who were on their way to Cashel to



join the English. The four Irish attacked the three Danes, made them prisoners, marched them back against their will to Cashel, reported the case to the officer in command, and had the three men hanged.

On the 4th of February, 1691, General Ginkell issued a Declaration stating that their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary, had no desire to oppress their Roman Catholic subjects, either in regard to property or religion, and that they had authorized him to grant reasonable and easy terms to all who would consent to lay down their arms and to live at peace. But the people did not seem to believe the Declaration; the expected fruits at least did not follow. They thought that it was conscious inability to cope with the Irish forces, which led to the issue of such a manifesto. Some time after, a Proclamation was issued by the Lords Justices, forbidding officers and soldiers in the English army to plunder, or to take horses or any other cattle out of the plough against the will of the owner, or to exact or levy money of their Majesties' subjects—a proclamation whose very terms testify to the hardships, under which all classes of the people suffered in that unhappy time. Money had by this time begun to come regularly from England, and as the soldiers now received their full wages when the wages were due, all pretext for plunder was removed.

As the spring months advanced, new accessions of troops together with the materials of war in abundance were constantly arriving in Dublin, and all were busy in preparation for the approaching campaign. On the 14th of March, the queen signified her approval of the attempt being made to capture Athlone, as preliminary to the siege of Limerick.



Mullingar was therefore made the central dépôt to which stores of all kinds were sent forward;—men, guns, ammunition, provisions, and supplies of every kind were collected there in order to be within reach, when the army would sit down before Athlone. The greatest drawback to the English was the want of horses. Their only consolation was that the Irish were in greater want of them. The impression of Scrivermore and of other English officers was, that the severity of the winter had proved fatal to most of the Irish horses, and that the enemy would not be able to bring more than fifteen hundred mounted men into the field. But the campaign was scarcely opened, till it was discovered how gross was this mistake. It turned out that the Irish had as many horse and dragoons as the English, and were superior to them in the numbers of their infantry.

About the 20th of May, Lieutenant-General Scrivermore, Major-General Mackay, and Major-General Ruvigny arrived in Dublin, bringing with them from England a train of artillery, consisting of thirty-nine pieces of cannon, six mortars, and twelve field-pieces, along with five hundred draught horses. They went on to Mullingar. Thither all the garrisons in the country were ordered to concentrate, leaving the smaller stations quite defenceless and the more important to be guarded by militia only.

When General Mackay arrived at Mullingar, he was somewhat surprised to find a place where such a vast amount of military stores was accumulated, so very inadequately protected. The whole garrison at the place consisted of 850 men, which was not one half the necessary number, considering that the town was not covered either by a wall or earthworks,

that many patrols had to be sent out constantly to the surrounding districts, and that strong detachments of the enemy were in possession of Athlone and Ballymore. At one time the guard had fallen so low as 450 men. If Sarsfield had been informed of the state of affairs, and had made a sweep upon them with his cavalry, the stores would have perished, and Ireland would have been in possession of the Irish for a few years longer. But as it so happened, that gallant soldier was not in circumstances to repeat the exploit of Ballyneety.

As the English gathered around Mullingar, the Irish in like manner assembled at Loughbrea. The hosts were mustering on both sides. The final and decisive struggle was at hand.

## CHAPTER X.

*THE SURRENDER OF BALLYMORE.*

HE intention of King William had been that Maynard, second son of the late Duke Schomberg, and then known as the Duke of Leinster, should take the chief command during the coming campaign. At the last moment, however, he changed his plan, and continued Ginkell as commander-in-chief. Under him the Duke of Wurtemberg was in charge of the infantry, and General Scriveremore of the cavalry. General Mackay, whose name in Scottish history is associated with the Battle of Killiecrankie, was to act as Major-General, although he thought that his former services entitled him to a higher command: and along with him were associated Generals Ruvigny, and Talmash. These three occupied in the present campaign the places filled the previous year by Douglas, Kirke, and Lanier. Sir John Lanier had got some blame for allowing Sarsfield to out-manceuvre him in the last campaign: Douglas and Kirke did not work comfortably together: and the country-people complained bitterly of them all.

It was arranged that the army should take the field early in June. On the 29th of May, Tetteau, Major-General of the Danish infantry, left Dublin in company with General Mackay, and next day at noon they reached Mullingar. On the day following, the


commander-in-chief joined the army. Eight regiments of foot, six of horse, and one of dragoons, were already encamped, and these soon afterwards were augmented by others. Dressed in new uniform, the soldiers presented a bright and attractive appearance. The officers and men were in high spirits. Mackay afterwards testified that he never saw an army whose leader and common soldiers, though composed of four or five nationalities, lived in greater harmony with each other. Among the officers, he says, there may occasionally have been some differences of opinion as to the best means of reaching some desirable end; but when a measure was once adopted, whether by the decision of the commander-in-chief or by a plurality of voices, each officer strove as earnestly to carry it out as if the plan adopted had been his own. Such must always be the spirit of men who mean to win.

There was at first some little variety of opinion, as to the point at which the army should attempt to cross the Shannon. Ginkell was in favour of making the attempt at Banagher, and, discouraged by the failure of Douglas the previous year, did not think seriously of again trying it at Athlone, until some one mentioned a plan that had been suggested by a French engineer, who in the previous year had deserted from the Irish. The matter was not yet finally decided, but the majority seemed inclined to make another effort to pass the river at Athlone. As the special preparations for this route could not be concealed, and as tidings of the design of the English general soon spread to the Irish, St. Ruth, at the head of some 20,000 foot and 5,000 horse, advanced from Loughrea towards Athlone, and encamped at Ballinasloe.



Such a large body of horse was very creditable to the diligence of the Irish, who were determined to spare no cost in the last great struggle, and who on this occasion displayed an extent of resource which the English did not expect. The chronicler, who is our principal authority for most of these events, represents that many of the Irish dragoons were mounted on horses stolen from the English garrisons—a circumstance, which, if true to any great extent, does not speak well for the efficiency and watchfulness of the garrisons. It was rumoured, that another mode of obtaining horses for the troopers had also been employed by the Irish generals. An order was issued from head-quarters to gentlemen-volunteers throughout Connaught, to appear with their best horses and equipments at Limerick on a certain day. Every private gentleman expected to receive some mark of distinguished favour from the king, and that he himself would be appointed a captain at the least. They mustered on the King's Island in great force, and many of them made a very showy appearance. But when every one expected that the distribution of honours was about to commence, an order was given for every rider to dismount, and this was followed by another to hand over his horse to the army, for the king had need of it. Had an appeal been made to the patriotism of the Connaught gentry, it is certain it would not have been made in vain; but such rough treatment gave great dissatisfaction; nobody likes to think that he has been the victim of an artifice, and that he has been robbed of his property even in the name of the king.

For three or four days after the English regiments had arrived at Mullingar, as the contingent from the



Northern garrisons had not yet joined, the troops were employed in fortifying the town in accordance with Mackay's suggestion. By the 6th of June, the Northern detachment had arrived, and the army, consisting of nine or ten thousand men, was in readiness by that day to march in the direction of Athlone.

Ballymore, containing a strong garrison of Irish, lay in their way after leaving Mullingar. It was reported to be a place of some strength and the soldiers in occupation were said to number a thousand. To get possession of this little fort, was an obvious necessity. It would produce a bad impression for a royal army to pass such a wretched place without taking it, nor would it even be safe to leave such a numerous garrison uncaptured in the rear. It was agreed, therefore, to attack it. Preliminary to any hostile action, Ruvigny was ordered forward to occupy a pass between Ballymore and Athlone, with the design either of preventing the Irish army from sending any relief to their friends, or of cutting off the retreat of the garrison according to circumstances.

This small place lies almost half-way between Mullingar and Athlone. The village contained about a hundred very poor cabins, and was of no importance in itself; it derived its importance from the fortification that was near it. The fort stood upon a peninsula of some six acres, which ran out into a lake and which was connected with the land by a bog only. Over this bog, which, as may be supposed was of very narrow dimensions, ran a little causeway, or public road. The little isthmus, connecting the peninsula with the land, had once been fortified with a double ditch and a strong wall, and standing upon it there was still a strong house that had lately been inhabited.

Beyond the isthmus, at the most distant part of the peninsula, and abutting on the broadest part of the lake, stood a Danish fort. This fort was now the stronghold of the enemy. On the side next the land, it was protected by a ditch palisadoed all around, some ten feet deep and twenty feet broad. The other sides were surrounded with water. Towards the east and north-east owing to the breadth of the lake, cannon could do it little hurt. But outside of the lake on the south-east shore, stood a large conical hill, known afterwards as the Sergeant's Hill, from the top of which a spectator could obtain a very good view of what was passing within the fort. The fort had not been occupied throughout the last campaign; but after the English at the beginning of the winter withdrew to Mullingar, the Irish came and fortified it. In the spring of 1691, a strong detachment was sent to occupy it under command of Colonel Ulick Burke.

Early on the morning of the 7th of June, the English army under General Ginkell arrived at Ballymore, and by twelve o'clock they had beaten in the enemy's skirmishers and surrounded the fort. The ordinary summons to surrender was declined. Four batteries were erected and were soon ready for work. One of them was placed beside a church, which stood in the angle where the road over the isthmus into the fort struck off from the Athlone Road: the others were erected on the eastern side of the lake where the water was of no great breadth, and where the feeble artillery used in that day could with ease cast a ball across. While the field-pieces were used in keeping the garrison in action, and the men were busy in erecting batteries for the larger guns, the general was a little surprised to find one of


the enemy's sergeants, who with fifteen men occupied the ruins of an old castle in the rear, open fire on the British army, and shoot down several men. Ginkell was so enraged at what appeared to him such a piece of manifest folly and presumption, that he ordered him to be taken and hanged. The order was carried out on the eminence which overlooks the fort, and which from this circumstance was afterwards known to the English as the Sergeant's Hill.

On Monday the 8th, the batteries erected the day before were all manned, and opened fire on the unfortunate fort. After this work had been carried forward for some time, the general sent a message to Colonel Burke to say that if he would not surrender in two hours, he would treat him as he had done the sergeant on the previous day. The governor was afraid that he might have misunderstood the message, and asked to have it put in writing. Ginkell then wrote to say that if the governor would surrender within two hours, he would spare life and treat him and his men as prisoners of war; but in case of his refusal the garrison would receive no quarter. He added, however, that if the women and children chose to leave within the two hours, they should have his permission. Burke did not accept the terms; nothing would satisfy him except to march out with all the honours of war—drums beating, colours flying, and so on.

It was evident that a correspondence of this kind was only a waste of time. All the guns and mortars were forthwith set to work. They began a powerful cannonade. The Irish, provided with nothing on their side but muskets and two small cannon, were able to respond but feebly. The outworks of the fort were

soon torn up and scattered about. Colonel Burton, chief engineer of the garrison, had his head shot off. From the summit of the Sergeant's Hill the Irish within the fort were seen to run about in all directions seeking shelter from the heavy and murderous fire: and there was every appearance that in a short time a breach would be made in the fortifications, and that the fortress could be stormed. The folly of Burke in attempting to hold an exposed place in face of heavy guns and overwhelming numbers, resulted in a useless expenditure of life. But to the English, the whole affair was no more than a safe and agreeable pastime; it was to gather experience in war without any personal risk. A small part only of the army could participate actively in the affair; the others stationed on the Sergeant's Hill could look undisturbed upon the scene, and could at their leisure study the effect of balls and bombs on the little fortification.

About noon, the garrison, tired of this hot work, hung out the white flag and asked for a parley. But in consequence of their refusing the offer which had been made them in good faith some hours before, Ginkell took no notice of their white flag, and ordered the cannonade to go on. Soon after, it became obvious that two breaches were made in the ramparts around the garrison, one on the side of the isthmus connecting the peninsula with the land, the other on the side next the water. So soon as the latter was thought to be practicable, the general ordered out four large tin-boats, which the army had brought with them to enable them to cross the Shannon, to be launched on the lake. They were filled with armed men, who were instructed to land on the peninsula and to attack the




fort on the side of the water, at the same time as another storming party assailed it on the side of the isthmus. The garrison, seeing these preparations, became at last seriously alarmed, for they were well aware that the defences of the fort were very weak on the side nearest to the lake. About seven o'clock in the evening, they again displayed the white flag in token of their wish to surrender, and this time begged for quarter in the most piteous terms. The general, on being informed of this, ordered the guns to cease firing: and in an hour afterwards the terms of surrender were arranged, and the garrison made prisoners of war.

It seems strange that the Irish made no attempt to relieve Ballymore, though they could not but be aware of the danger to which it was exposed. The reason appears to have been, that their army was not collected in full force for eight or ten days after, and to divide their strength at such a time would have been to encounter still greater risk. Ballymore was therefore left to its fate: and its capture involved the loss of one of the best regiments in St. Ruth's army. In addition to four hundred women and children, who were at once set at liberty, the fort was found to contain fifty-one officers, 780 soldiers, and 260 Rapparees. These were all sent to Dublin; there the officers were detained, but all the others were sent to prison on Lambay Island, which was fitted up with tents for their accommodation, and supplied with bread and other necessaries for their sustenance. Against a smaller force than that led by Ginkell, Ballymore could have held out for a very considerable time. Not only was the garrison courageous and daring to a fault, but they were supplied with provision stores in abundance; Ginkell found in the fort, four hundred

and thirty sheep, forty cows, forty garrons or small horses, and a very good store of oatmeal. Nor was the cost of capture great; it was effected with a loss of about eight men to the assailants, and of forty to the garrison.

As the general thought it prudent to maintain the line of communication between Mullingar and Athlone, orders were given to fortify and garrison Ballymore. Two hundred men were employed in connecting the fort with the outworks, and in making other defences, especially on the side next the water. Others were at the same time engaged in levelling the batteries, and in filling up the trenches, which had been constructed for purposes of attack. The rainy weather proved very unfavourable for these operations; still the men persevered. They drew a ditch leading from the draw-bridge to the entrance of the outworks: they protected the approaches to the isthmus by a bastion and half-moon: and they planted a battery of eight guns on the summit of the Sergeant's Hill. Should any misadventure take place, and the army be obliged to fall back, it would be important, the general thought, to have a place so well fortified to aid in covering their retreat. This delay of a few days at Ballymore, gave time to bring forward more guns and mortars from Mullingar, so that the army was better prepared than it was some days before to meet the enemy, who it was known were now assembling in great force beyond Athlone. Captain Parker, who relates, in the simple and straightforward style of a soldier, what came under his own observation in this campaign, gives here in a few words a very vivid picture of the miseries of war. He mentions how the Irish, taking precautions against a famine in Connaught, had during the



winter, sent all their people useless for war—old men, women, and children—over to the English side of the Shannon, either to die, or to make off life as best they could. The English, with their frontier line of garrisons, prevented these poor people from entering into their district for the same reason, and for this in addition that the wretched creatures belonged to the enemy. In consequence of this, multitudes of starving beings occupied the belt of neutral ground between the two belligerents. These wretches in multitudes, driven by hunger, surged now in all their want and nakedness around the English camp, as if to overflow it—devouring everything they could meet with and gathering up the refuse thrown away by the soldiers, in order to allay the cravings of nature. “Our dead horses,” says Parker, “crawling with vermin, as the sun had parched them, were delicious to them; while their infants sucked those carcasses with as much eagerness as if they were at their mothers’ breasts.”\* The picture is too horrible almost to be quoted, were it not necessary that the reader should obtain an idea of what is meant by WAR.

General Douglas, as has been already remarked, had not learned the art of working harmoniously with his brother officers. By the king’s orders he now left the army, and started for the North on his way to Flanders, where King William in person had put himself at the head of the allied army. Four companies of Douglas’s regiment were detached from the main body, and, under the command of Colonel Toby Purcell, were left as a garrison in charge of the fort at Ballymore. On the 18th of June, Ginkell, whose

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\* Parker’s *Memoirs*, p. 25.



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forces were now raised to 18,000 by their junction with the contingent of 7,000 under the Duke of Wurtemberg and Count Nassau, moved forward towards Athlone.\*

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\* *Story : Harris : Parker.*

## CHAPTER XI.

*THE STORMING OF ATHLONE*

U<sup>P</sup> till this time it had been an unsettled point among the officers, at what place an attempt should be made to pass the river. Some were still in favour of Banagher. The question had in fact been discussed whether, the Duke of Wurtemberg, who had already advanced to Banagher, should be ordered to come forward to join the main army, or whether he should halt there till the main army could unite with him. Mackay thought that Wurtemberg, even at the risk of having to march twice over the same ground, should be sent for to join Ginkell; his main reason being that it was possible the Irish might attack them in their divided state if a junction was not formed immediately. But what made the Council of War held at Ballymore decide on attempting to pass at Athlone, was that the Marquis de la Forest, who came with the Duke of Wurtemberg, stated that a French engineer, who laboured the year before at the fortifications of Athlone, told him, that on the eastern side of the river there were heights which overlooked the town, and that there was a ford below and near the bridge over which he had often seen soldiers passing. This intelligence made them decide to attempt Athlone; and when this was once resolved upon, it became a necessity to unite with Wurtemberg.

This was accordingly done. His forces therefore joined the main body at Ballyburn Pass, on the day that they left Ballymore.


By nine o'clock, on the morning of the 19th of June, Tetteau at the head of an advance party, consisting of four regiments of infantry, with some cavalry and dragoons, had reached the suburbs, and had beaten the Irish from their outworks into the English town. This part of the town, situated on the Dublin side of the Shannon, had been burned and deserted in the previous year at the approach of Douglas and his forces. While he remained, he held possession, but at his departure he had for want of time left the walls undemolished. After he had left, the Irish again took possession, partially repaired and inhabited the houses, and now showed a disposition to defend this part of the town. When Ginkell made his appearance with his army, the Marquis D'Usson and the Chevalier Tesse were in command of the garrison.

The English seemed determined to waste no time. Some guns were got into position the very day of their arrival and opened fire immediately; while during the whole day other soldiers were employed in erecting heavy batteries, and in bringing forward heavy guns from Ballymore. Light twenty-four pounders were mounted, and under the direction of Mackay, who had come up and relieved Tetteau during the night, they opened next morning on the town. By five o'clock in the afternoon, a practicable breach was made. It was then resolved to make an assault, notwithstanding that between the battery and the breach there was no cover, but only a paved road which led to a gate adjacent to the breach.

The storming party, consisting of two hundred



grenadiers, were to pass along the paved way until they were near the breach, so as to avoid for two hundred paces the risk of being exposed to both fires. Brigadier Stuart with his regiment was to support the grenadiers, and he again was to be supported by a Danish, an English, and a Dutch regiment. When Mackay had given his orders very distinctly, and sent the grenadiers away, he took his position on foot at one of the batteries, so as to watch the issue, and to be able to send succour to any point where it might be needed. He had scarcely taken up his position till he remarked that the head of the storming party had kept too much to the right, and that even the lieutenant who, with thirty grenadiers, headed the advance, halted a little too far from the breach—an act that seemed to lend encouragement to the enemy. Mackay instantly ran up to a regiment, which happened to be Bruer's English regiment, and, without troubling himself to run to the head of the column, took the first captain that he met by the hand, showed him how he ought to direct his course straight for the breach, and made all the part of the regiment which was behind, follow him. The result of this was, that the regiment which was the third in order, was in reality first at the breach. Owing to this movement, the other regiments which were behind followed Bruer's and took the right way. Some disorder was caused in front by the fact that the lieutenant who led the grenadiers was killed, and that the lieutenant-colonel who commanded the whole detachment was brought to the ground by a gunshot in the knee. When Brigadier Stuart observed this, he advanced rapidly with his regiment, pressing into the breach along with Bruer's, and pursuing the enemy to the end of the bridge between



the two towns. Here he received a musket shot, which broke his arm, and which disabled him for the rest of the campaign. The English followed the fugitives to the foot of the drawbridge, while the Irish in their flight over the narrow pass, were some of them crushed to death between the range-walls, and others badly injured. It was also noticed that some of the enemy escaped by the ford below the bridge; which led to the army setting a guard to watch the ford as well as another to watch the bridge.

The English did not count on such an easy victory. At a cost of twenty of their own number killed, and sixty of the enemy, they had made themselves masters of the English town. They were not prepared to follow up the advantage which they had gained. Had they brought their pontoons with them, launched them on the river, and crossed that night, they might have captured Athlone, before the Irish army still encamped at Ballinasloe, ten or twelve miles beyond Athlone, could have opposed it. A few shots from the heavy guns would soon have put to flight the few ill-disciplined troops which composed the garrison. The want of a sufficient number of artillery horses prevented the heavy cannon, the pontoons, the ammunition, and the victuals from being forward in time. The same horses had to pass and repass with successive loads; the consequence was that the capture was delayed, and might have been delayed altogether, had it not been, as Mackay remarks, "for that manifest providence which makes up for all defects."

Among the casualties of the day must be ranked the death of Major-General Kirke, whose name will live in history in connection with the cruelties that he perpetrated on the inhabitants of the South of Eng-

land, and with the part taken by him in the relief of Derry.\* He was standing on the side of a hill, looking on with interest at the attack, when he was killed by a cannon-shot from the town. The victorious army might easily have sustained a much greater loss.

"This General Kirke," says an honest soldier, whose account of the siege of Derry we have quoted elsewhere,† "lived a most ungodly and wicked life, doing all that he could to promote the kingdom of Satan. It is reported of him that he was guilty of incest. He was a great blasphemer, and breaker of the Lord's day. He was one that made a god of his belly, consuming more meat and drink than would have supplied several families in an ordinary way. He was a great oppressor of the poor, wherever he and his ungodly crew were quartered. He loved no civil man, therefore the wickedest fellows that were in the country enlisted themselves in his regiment, and in derision and scorn of sobriety and godliness, he called them his *Lambs*. So that when any hurt was done to the country or to the travellers, let there be never so many quartered with them, they would bear the blame of all the evil that was done."‡

The news of the English town being taken, was carried that night to St. Ruth, who lay at some twelve miles distance in the vicinity of Ballinasloe. The next day at the head of 1,500 horse and foot, he marched forward to the scene of conflict, pitching his camp about two miles from Athlone. From this place he was able constantly to strengthen and to relieve the garri-

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\* *Derry and Enniskillen*, ch. iv. v. and vii.


*Derry and Enniskillen*, ch. iv. p. 171, second edition.

M.S. Diary of John Hunter, quoted in Graham's *History of Ireland* (1689-91), p. 263.

son, and to use his cavalry every day in bringing in faggots to fill up the breaches made by the cannon of the enemy. The Duke of Tyrconnel also made his appearance in the camp, coming as he assured his friends to take command of the army in person. The fact, however, is, that he was in camp simply by permission of St. Ruth, who supposed that he would confine his attention to civil matters, and would not venture to control in any way the military operations. But the lord-lieutenant of King James thought himself bound to meddle in everything. The French general, for the public good, suppressed the resentment which he felt at the viceroy's interference, but Sarsfield and his friends were so incensed that they repelled his meddling with indignant remonstrance.

Ginkell was now in possession of the eastern side of the town, but the grand task of crossing the river and of capturing the other side had yet to be accomplished. The first success made it necessary to cross at Athlone. To retire and to make an attempt at Banagher, would, after what happened, be equivalent to the loss of a battle, and was not to be thought of now. Immediate preparation had therefore to be made for passing in face of the enemy. The part of the town in their possession was fortified, and the guns which had already arrived were mounted in such a position as to bear with effect on the castle and the western part of the town. At the same time, Colonel Wolseley was despatched to Ballymore to hasten forward the cannon, mortars, and pontoons, which had not yet arrived. This was on the 21st.

About six o'clock the next morning, the guns and mortars opened fire upon the north-east wing of the castle—on what was supposed to be its weakest point.



Throughout the whole day and night, the cannonade was kept up without intermission, so much so that early on the 23rd the whole side of the castle seemed to be beaten down. So great, in fact, was the demolition and *débris*, that the soldiers stationed in the building were obliged to make a hole in the western side to enable themselves to get out. The same evening the tin-boats, pontoons, and other machinery provided for passing the river, arrived in the camp. Even the relics of the old floats which Sarsfield had but partially destroyed at Limerick the preceding season, were summoned from the stores and got ready; for all the nautical apparatus sent from England for the purpose, was still inadequate to transport such a numerous army across the stream.

Every hand that could be spared from the bombardment, was employed daily in bringing up from Mullingar shot, shell, powder, and provisions of every kind. Those not employed in the carriage or at the batteries, were kept constantly upon guard. Within the walls of that part of the town held by the English, there were batteries on each side of the bridge; and on the outside of the walls, opposite to the bastion of the enemy, there was another battery planted, with the view of covering the passage of the river, when everything was ripe for the attempt to cross. During the time that the war material was being conveyed to the fort, the guns mounted upon these batteries kept up an unceasing cannonade, directed against that part of the town held by the Irish. This work occupied the days between the 24th and the 28th of June; while at the same time competent parties were engaged in examining the river, both above and below the town for the purpose of discovering a ford.

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The difficulty of passing was very much increased by the indiscretion of an officer. About a mile or more above the town, a ford was discovered, over which it was supposed that a strong detachment of the army might be sent without its being observed by the enemy. At this spot, on the Connaught side, there was a swamp, through which the Irish cavalry could not well approach. At this point the English infantry might cross without much danger of interruption, and, after forming in order of battle, might descend upon the entrenchments of the enemy, and co-operate with those attempting to pass the bridge. Mackay did not altogether approve of the plan; he thought it more perilous than to attempt the passage opposite to the town; the latter, at the worst, could only end in a repulse, whereas the former might result in a very serious loss of the one or other detachment. But all difference of opinion on the subject was ended by the lieutenant, who was sent at the head of a party to examine the ford, and who by his folly made the plan utterly impracticable. Had he obeyed orders, he would have examined the spot carefully, and returned immediately to report the result; but instead of doing so, he forded the river at the head of the party, and finding there a number of cattle grazing at large, he could not restrain his predatory propensities, and began to carry them off. This of course showed the enemy that the ford was known. They immediately took the precaution to erect on their own side of the river a strong battery commanding the ford. Orders also were given to Colonel O'Reilly, who was placed over the guard, that if the slightest attempt was made to pass the river at that point, he should resist it to the utmost, and should ~~and immediately~~

for Lord Antrim's regiment, to which was specially committed the duty of preventing the passage. To cross the river at that point was in this way made impossible. The officer was indeed punished for disobedience to orders, but the damage done by his indiscretion could not be repaired.


The only means now left, was to force a passage under cover of their cannon and in face of the enemy. Three modes of doing this were suggested. One of these was to construct a bridge of boats; another was to repair the broken arches of the stone bridge; and the third to attempt the ford which was said to exist at some distance below the town. The first of these was dangerous, owing to the fact that men working on the pontoon were exposed to the guns of the enemy; two arches of the broken bridge were repaired, but the difficulty in face of the constant fire was to repair the third; while the alleged ford was not so well known as to give strangers encouragement to attempt it with the assurance of success.

All this time, as might be expected, the Irish were not idle. They also raised batteries, from which they fired into the camp, as well as into that part of the town occupied by the English. Their cannonade was so effective, that some of the English soldiery had to remove their tents, and retire out of range. The war had now assumed the aspect of two large armies, stationed one on each side of a large river, occupying the two parts of the same town, separated by a bridge, and cannonading each other night and day.

On the night of the 26th of June, the English were in possession of the stone-bridge, with the exception of one arch at the farthest end on the Connaught side, which the enemy had broken down. The part of the


bridge nearest to the Leinster side, they had already repaired. The design of crossing by the upper ford being now relinquished, double exertions were put forth to make the bridge passable; but the Irish very gallantly contested the position with them inch by inch, and the very slight advantage that they had already gained, was purchased at no small cost of ammunition and of the other material of war. The interest of both armies was now fast centring round the broken arch, much more than round the batteries which from morning till night pelted away at each other all along the river both above and below the town.

On the evening of the 27th, the English had a momentary success. The men at work upon the bridge succeeded in setting fire to the breastwork of faggots, which the Irish had erected on the opposite side of the broken arch by throwing grenades into them. The faggots had become very inflammable, in consequence of the warm summer weather which had now set in, and it was not difficult to make a bonfire of them. The ground being thus cleared of obstruction, the only thing remaining was to bridge the chasm. On the morning of the 28th, beams were run over the opening and partly planted on the other side. Had this attempt proved successful, the main difficulty of a passage over would have been conquered; the pluck and courage of the assailants might reasonably be trusted with the rest. But the Irish were alive to their danger, and were fully determined that, if they could prevent it, the gap at the bridge should not be filled so easily as their enemies supposed. From Brigadier Maxwell's regiment, they sent a sergeant and ten men, all Scots, dressed in armour, for the purpose of destroying the works. The



which these men were did not prove bullet-proof, for they were all shot down by the English guns. But no sooner did they fall, than another party similarly equipped took their place, and succeeded in throwing down all the planks and beams into the water. Only two of the party escaped with life, but they accomplished their object in a very gallant fashion, and by their courage and determination saved Athlone on the side of the bridge. To span the broken arch with wooden planks under open fire, and then to march over this construction in face of the enemy, was thus proved to be a much more difficult task than had been supposed. Yet the work was not given up in despair. It was now resolved to construct a close gallery for the protection of the workmen, under cover of which the operations on the bridge might be carried on.


After the failure of this attempt, the main hope of the English army lay henceforth in the ford below the bridge. The Shannon was now very low, owing to the summer drought; but doubts were still felt by some of the officers as to whether the stream was fordable or not. It was important that such doubts should be set at rest, under circumstances which would give assurance to all. Two Danish soldiers lay at that time under sentence of death for some military offence. A pardon was promised them, in case they should enter the river in sight of the army, and prove to demonstration whether it could be passed over by a man on foot. The time was favourable for making the trial, for at no previous time, so far as known, had the water been so low. The two Danes put on armour, and at noon-day entered the river at the supposed ford—at some little distance from each other. The English soldiers from their trenches, according to



orders, fired ostensibly at the men in the water, but in reality over their heads; while the Irish, misled by this manœuvre, took the men for deserters and did not fire at all. But as soon as they observed that the fugitives did not cross the whole way but were now wading back in the direction of the camp, they opened fire upon them. The English then directed their guns great and small against the Irish, and with their great and small shot compelled them to keep their heads down behind their ramparts, and thus gave the Danes a better chance of escaping. Escape they did, with very slight wounds indeed. It was thus proved to the satisfaction of all, that at this place the deepest part of the river only took a man up to his waist, and was therefore capable of being passed.


Orders were forthwith given that on the next morning, Tuesday, the 30th of June, an attempt should be made to cross at three places at the same time. One party was to try the bridge once more; another party to sail over on floats and pontoons; and a third, supported by the horse, to cross at the ford. At each of these points, a storming party was to be ready at six o'clock the next morning, each provided with ammunition for fifteen shots, and a green sprig stuck in his cap.

But the project of this simultaneous crossing was defeated by one of those unforeseen casualties, which are for ever turning up in war. Some delay occurred in the morning before the pontoons could be got ready for being launched above the town; and while the necessary preparations were going forward, the grenadiers on the opposite sides of the broken arch amused themselves with the rough pastime of throwing their grenades at one another. While the amusement was at its height, the Irish were fortunate




enough, with their grenades, to set fire to some faggots which lay contiguous to the gallery, or covered way, that the English used for their protection when engaged at their operations on the bridge. The consequence was, that the men, blinded by the smoke and fire, and galled by the shot of the enemy, were unable to prevent the whole breast-work from being consumed. The only thing that could be done in the circumstances was done, and another breastwork was hastily erected behind that which was burned. By this time it was twelve o'clock in the day; and the intention of an attack had become so manifest, not only from the intelligence carried by deserters but from the aspect of affairs, that large reinforcements from the Irish camp had been drafted into town to strengthen the garrison. St. Ruth by noonday had, in fact, made every necessary preparation for resisting the assailants, if necessary, with his full strength. Having, in this unforeseen way, lost all the advantages of a surprise, the English generals, before risking an attack uncertain in its issues, but certain to be attended with great loss of life, thought it wise in this emergency to hold a council of war.

The men had been standing with their arms in hand for three hours waiting for orders to attack, but for three hours no orders came. They were now ordered back to camp, but told at the same time not to leave their regiments, and to be ready for action at a moment's notice. The batteries, however, did not cease, but flung their missiles across the river as industriously as they had done all morning. The order for the withdrawal of the troops had an effect which its authors did not foresee. St. Ruth, having with his own eyes seen the English retire, naturally



concluded that all idea of an attack was given up for that day at least. He never dreamt that there was danger. He, too, withdrew his men to the camp, in order, it was said, to prepare for entertaining the gentlemen and ladies at a banquet in the evening.

When the English generals met that afternoon in council, it was found that they could not postpone the attack. To stay much longer in their present position was almost impossible, the forage for miles around having been already eaten up. The river had to be crossed either here, or at some other point where the difficulties of the passage would not be less, and with the additional disadvantage of its prestige diminished by its defeat at Athlone. To attempt at Athlone and to fail, would, no doubt, be ruinous; but to attempt some other place along the river would be no less hazardous, while it would leave Dublin open to the enemy, and would expose the army to the risk of being cut off from the source of its supplies. The manifest hazard of passing the river in face of well-manned batteries, and of an army as numerous as their own, was the grand argument for delay; to this it was replied that no brave action could be accomplished without hazard, and that as the possibility of success was admitted, no danger ought to deter them from the attempt. While the council was still sitting, two officers who had deserted from the Irish army, and had swam across the river, assured Ginkell that the present was his time for action, that the Irish were quite secure, thinking that with St. Ruth so near, and after what occurred in the forenoon, it was impossible for the English to cross, and, as an additional encouragement, that three of the worst regiments in the Irish army were at this moment  It

was decided to make the attempt that very evening. Ginkell would have preferred that Talmash should have led the attack, but it was Mackay's turn to command, and he would consent to nothing except for Talmash to act under him as a volunteer. To this that brave officer willingly consented.

The tolling of the church bell at six in the evening was the signal. Two thousand men under General Mackay, with Talmash and Tetteau acting as seconds in command, were appointed to take the ford below the bridge, which was exactly opposite one of the enemy's bastions. Exactly at six minutes past six o'clock, a party of eighty men, wearing armour and walking twenty abreast, led by Colonel Gustavus Hamilton, the Governor of Enniskillen, took the river. Another strong body, led by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, followed up behind them. The stream was deep, the current rapid, but the men marched right forward with the courage of men who have a purpose in view, and who mean to carry it out. The van of the attacking party was well advanced into the river, before the Irish recovered their surprise. But no sooner had they done so, than they turned their guns against the men in the water and endeavoured to stop their advance. At the same time the English cannon, great and small, did their utmost to cover the attacking party and played incessantly on the Irish works.

Amid the thunder of artillery, through water and fire and smoke, the fording party marched slowly and steadily across the river. When they reached the bastion on the other side, they attacked it without delay. The breach had become very slippery, owing to the black and boggy clay, of which the rampart



was composed; but the soldiers did not fail to mount rapidly, the one assisting the other. As General Mackay entered the breach, he was met by the officer in command, Brigadier Maxwell, who at once surrendered himself a prisoner. In a very few minutes, the bastion was in possession of the English.

Meanwhile, the other parts of the attacking forces were no less busy. At the bridge another attempt was made to run planks over the broken arch. This time the attempt succeeded, and here another way was opened for entering the town. Others were engaged at the same time in laying down a pontoon bridge a little farther up the stream. Thus at three different points an effort was made at the same moment to pass the river, and in each case the effort made was successful.

About the middle of the front, which the Connaught side of Athlone presented to the Shannon, there stood the old castle which had hitherto served as a sort of general target for the English artillery; but its walls were so thick that they could not be knocked down. The only effect produced by the most powerful cannon ball, was to make a hole in them. Colonel Colombine at the head of two hundred Fusiliers was ordered to attack the castle, whilst at the same time Mackay on the right, and Tetteau on the left, drove the enemy before them, with the intention of clearing the town and meeting on the ramparts of the fort, which had been erected to protect the town on the side of the country. Leaving the river, and observing that most of the men in front of him pushed forward by a street which led right to a great bastion at the middle of the enemy's fortifications, Mackay, assuming that Colonel Hamilton and Colonel Colombine, with their

detachments would obey orders, went himself in the direction of the great bastion. There, those of the garrison who resisted were knocked over by the English, and fear seizing on the others, they leaped from the ramparts on the side next their own army, and soon disappeared.

To the left of the great bastion, there was a smaller bastion, where the enemy had made an opening, in order to raise and carry fascines into the place out of the way of the English cannon. But through this the most advanced of the Danes pursued the enemy, even into the counterscarp which was all open without palisades or parapet. Not only so, but some of the victors in a too eager pursuit lost their lives, by leaping from the top of the rampart to the ground in pursuit of the fugitives. Mackay did all in his power to prevent this folly. So did Tetteau from the time when he arrived at the place, stopping many from going out, and not permitting those guilty of making such a false movement to re-enter before sunset. The commanding officers of the first detachment were also sharply reprimanded, for inconsiderately allowing their men to act in a manner which might have caused the loss of all which had been gained at so small a cost of life.

The Irish on this occasion seemed to have lost all presence of mind in consequence of the suddenness of the attack. It was made at a time of day when nobody expected it. In half an hour after the first soldier took the ford to pass the river, the English were in possession of the town. The garrison made no vigorous defence. Most of them fled in the direction of St. Ruth's camp; those who resisted were killed about the works. When the assailants found themselves

in actual possession, they did not pursue their advantage to the utmost, but permitted multitudes to escape with their lives. The defence works gave them little trouble ; they said afterwards that the rubbish made by their own cannon put more impediments in their way than the works of the enemy. The soldiers at every little obstruction swore whole volleys of oaths, at which General Mackay, whom Burnet praises for being pious far above the ordinary run of soldiers, was shocked in no small degree. This he regards as the only blot upon the moral character of the captors of Athlone.

So soon as it appeared that the English were in earnest in the attempt to ford the river, a despatch was sent to the camp for immediate reinforcements. But St. Ruth thought that it was only a feint on the part of the enemy ; and answered that "the thing was impossible, that the English would not attack a town at such a disadvantage, when he was near with his army to succour it ; and that he would give a thousand pistoles to see them make the attempt." This overconfidence as to his strength proved his ruin. When he found the enemy in actual possession of the town, he saw his error, and gave orders to his men to beat them out again. But the command was more easily given than executed. The fortifications of the town on the side next the camp were found to be entire. The order given on the previous evening by advice of Tyrconnel to have them pulled down, had not been obeyed. These fortifications, now in possession of the English, protected the town from the attack of St. Ruth. Finding it impossible to recover what had been lost, the Irish general with his forces decamped during the night.

The immediate result of the departure of the Irish forces, was the surrender of the castle of Athlone—the only part of the town that on the morning of the 1st of July, still belonged to King James. Captain Wauchope with the garrison of five hundred men, so soon as they knew of the retreat of their friends, submitted at discretion. The attack on this fortress the previous day, had proved almost fatal to one of our authorities for this campaign—a gallant soldier in Ginkell's army :—

"Here," says Captain Parker, "I had a narrow escape of my life. A stone which had been thrown from the top of the castle as I passed under it, fell on my shoulder; the effects of which I feel to this day, on every change of weather. This, indeed, I deserved for being so fool-hardy, as to put myself on this command when it was not my turn; but it was a warning to me ever after. It is an old maxim in war, that he who goes as far as he is commanded is a good man, but he that goes farther is a fool."

There is no doubt that the capture of Athlone was a very grand achievement. It was somewhat unprecedented for a force of three thousand men to attack a fortified town, to ford a river, and to capture a place of strength in face of a powerful army lying only two miles distance. To venture it was perilous; and success with such an insignificant loss of life must always be a matter of surprise. Twenty-nine only of the assailants were killed, and something under forty wounded. The Irish on the other hand are said to have lost five hundred in defending the passage, as many more during the siege, while between sixty and seventy of their officers were taken prisoners. Six brass guns, two mortars, and twenty barrels of powder

were found in the town, as well as a small stock of provisions. The capture, however, cost the English something. On that single town they had expended 12,000 cannon balls, six hundred bombs, and nearly fifty tons of powder.

The Irish did not dream of being beaten. They were so much astonished at the disaster which befell them, that they could account for it in no other way than by supposing that they were the victims of treachery. Suspicion fell on Maxwell, a creature of Tyrconnel, and a Scottish Roman Catholic, who by St. Ruth, very much against the wish of Sarsfield, had been appointed to command the garrison. This serious charge against the governor rests on the following alleged facts:—A deserter passed out of the town to the besiegers, and the besiegers made their attack almost immediately afterwards; when the soldiers asked for ball, Maxwell would give them none but asked them sarcastically if they wanted to shoot birds; he ordered the men when it was well on in the afternoon, to lie down and to take their rest, for there would be no action that night; the result of which was, that when the English entered the town, most of the garrison were actually asleep. It was said also, that when the first of the besiegers entered the breach, Maxwell stepped forward, and offered his sword, saying, "Do you know me?" whereupon he instantly received quarter, and all the others were slain. It was afterwards told, that this was the preconcerted signal, by which the traitor was distinguished from the others. It does not appear to us that these reasons are very strong, and may all be explained on the principle that Maxwell was taken by surprise as well as his men, and that in such a sudden emergency

his presence of mind forsook him, and that everything was forgotten except the thought of his personal safety.

The capture of Athlone was a clear indication that the end of the struggle was drawing near. It left the way now open for the English into Connaught, which the Irish regarded as the last refuge of their nation. St. Ruth and Tyrconnel were seriously disheartened by the misfortune which had befallen their cause. Both had reason, for both were in fault. St. Ruth was to blame, for in presence of a watchful enemy, he should not have been so confident as to neglect the necessary precautions, and he should have seen that his order to demolish the ramparts on the western side of the town was promptly carried out. Tyrconnel was still more in fault, for he had neglected to provide in sufficient time the means of enabling St. Ruth to take the field at an earlier period of the summer, while his friendship for Maxwell had led to the appointment of that incompetent officer to be governor of Athlone. From whatever cause, Tyrconnel lost all his remaining popularity with the Irish officers. Lieutenant-Colonel Connel, it is said, came to his tent, and had the audacity to command the lord-lieutenant of King James to depart from the camp. The viceroy took the hint, left the army immediately, and returned to Limerick. Before going, he had a French officer, M. de Susan, sent to Galway to take command of the garrison there, instead of Baldearg O'Donnel, who at first was intended for that post.

Everything that Tyrconnel now did, the Irish regarded with suspicion, and serious misconstruction was put upon his simplest act. He was supposed to be anxious for making his submission to King William


on the most favourable terms. They imagined that O'Donnel was allowed to waste his strength in affording protection to the western part of Connaught, where very little could be done, because the chieftain of Donegal had great influence with the Irish peasantry, and Galway was too important a position to be entrusted to his hands. So soon as Tyrconnel reached Limerick, he despatched his secretary to St. Germain's, to give James an account of the exact position of affairs; but the Irish believed that the messenger carried the additional tidings, that St. Ruth, Sarsfield, and the old Irish were now all leagued together in pursuit of a course, which was sure to result in the overthrow of his Majesty's interest in Ireland.\*

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\* Mackay's *Memoirs*: Parker's *Memoirs*: Story's *Wars of Ireland*: O'Kelly's *Macariae Excidium*: Harris' *Life of William III.*

## CHAPTER XII.

*THE BATTLE OF AGHRIM.*


N the night that Athlone was taken, St. Ruth at the head of the Irish army decamped, and marched away in the direction of Ballinasloe, with the design of selecting at his leisure advantageous ground whereon to offer battle to the enemy, and of retrieving at the earliest possible moment the disaster which had occurred. At Ballinasloe, a council of war was held. Some of the officers were of opinion that they should remain where they then were, and defend the line of the Suck—one of the tributaries of the Shannon, on whose bank they had halted—an opinion to which St. Ruth himself inclined, for he was anxious to lose no time in attempting to wipe out the stain which the disgrace at Athlone had inflicted on his military reputation. Sarsfield, however, and the majority of the council took a different view. Ginkell's army as they supposed, was superior to their own in the number of men, it was better armed, and composed to a large extent of veteran troops; and to hazard a battle with such troops as they themselves commanded, badly disciplined, poorly armed, and inferior in strength, would be, as they thought, to stake all upon a single throw, and to run the risk of losing the whole kingdom. They thought it wiser, on the whole, to throw strong garrisons into



Galway and Limerick, and calculated that while the English were engaged in besieging these towns, the bulk of their army, released from garrison duty, would be free to make incursions into Munster and Leinster. They hoped in this way that they could easily enough make work for Ginkell, which would keep him busy until the expected succours should reach them from France. Though this seemed to be the opinion of the majority, St. Ruth did not yield to it. He was determined, once for all, to wait and fight Ginkell. He gave up the thought of halting on the Suck, as he was in the hope of finding some other place still better adapted to his purpose. Aghrim was the place selected. He fell back to that position, and there he pitched his camp upon a hill.

The news of the fall of Athlone had meanwhile spread over the country, and had made a deep impression both on peasantry and soldiers. Country people now began to come in crowds, seeking letters of protection from the English army, which were in due course given, on their promise to act henceforth as dutiful subjects of their Majesties, King William and Queen Mary. Deserters, too, came in greater numbers than before. Various small garrisons also, stationed at intervals to guard the passes of the Shannon, now that the river was crossed, finding their occupation useless, gave up their posts forthwith, and rejoined the Irish army.

The first care of Ginkell after taking possession of the town, was to bury the dead. When this was done, guns were fired in honour of the victory. Orders were forthwith issued that no wanton injury should be inflicted on the non-belligerent population; and the army for some days found employment in



repairing, so far as it was possible, the damage which their own cannon had inflicted on the houses of the town. Their object in this was not purely philanthropic; it was only to put the best of the houses in a condition to serve as magazines for holding the stores of ammunition and provisions which were still pouring in from Dublin by way of Mullingar. Without a well-stocked magazine of this kind, it would be perilous for the English army to penetrate farther into the enemy's country beyond the reach of their supplies. For some days after, no active work was undertaken by the English generals, except to send out small parties to observe the position and circumstances of the Irish, who were still encamped near Ballinasloe.

It showed the great desire of the Government to bring to an end this miserable and disastrous struggle, and to have peace established at any cost, that on the 7th of July the Lords Justices at Dublin issued a proclamation in the name of their Majesties, offering a free pardon to all rebels who within three weeks of the date of issue should come in and surrender their arms; stating that if any persons residing in the city of Limerick, or in the town of Galway, should be instrumental in delivering up these places to their Majesties, they would obtain a free pardon for all their treasons, and would be restored to the possession of their forfeited estates; that military rendering this or similar service, would be rewarded and admitted to equal rank in the English army; and that all who should take advantage of the present offer, would receive security that so far as the influence of their Majesties could prevail in Parliament, they would not be disturbed on account of their religion.

There can be little doubt now that this proclamation was premature and ill-advised. The spirit of the Irish was not yet sufficiently broken, to lead them calmly to consider such a proposal. The capture of Athlone was not by any means a crushing defeat. They had a strong army, under command of an able general, still in the field. The issue of the campaign was yet far from being decided. It was not very probable that high-spirited men like the Irish officers, would accept terms so humiliating, except that no better alternative remained. The offer of Government made at such a time seemed to them an indication of fear; at least it betrayed a kind of uncertainty as to the result, which did more to stimulate than to disarm opposition. On the other hand, the proclamation was anything but pleasing to many Protestants; they had no desire to see terms, which appeared to them so generous, offered to men in arms against the Crown; they preferred to drive them to extremities, to have their estates confiscated, and to have themselves brought in for a goodly share of the spoil. The proclamation for these reasons satisfied nobody. It failed in producing the effect which the Government wished and intended. We record it here, for this reason only, that the offers which it contained became the basis of the treaty subsequently concluded at Limerick.

On the day that Dublin Castle issued this unwelcome proclamation, the main body of the English army was engaged in passing the Shannon, and in preparing to pursue the army of St. Ruth into the heart of Connaught. By Friday the 10th, the soldiers with all their ammunition and baggage, were across the river. Colonel Lloyd was left in charge of Athlone,

with two regiments under his command, to guard the passage. The officers at first were not agreed as to whether it would be best to press forward after the Irish in the direction of Ballinasloe, or to cross the river Suck at a point higher up in the neighbourhood of Montabbot. Eventually it was decided to take the most direct and shortest route. Accordingly the main body of the army, strengthened now by every man who could be spared from Ballymore and Mullingar, moved on to Kilcashel, seven miles nearer to Ballinasloe. On the next day they reached that town, passed into County Galway, and the advanced guard took possession of the heights of Corbally, from which they had a view of the Irish army. St. Ruth with his men was encamped three miles from Ballinasloe, where he and they occupied the ridge of a hill which extended for about two miles on the other side of the castle of Aghrim.

The position taken up by the Irish was found to be very strong. They occupied rising ground with a front of two miles from the church of Kilcommodon on the right to that of Gortnaponny on the left. Their left rested on a small brook, having steep banks on either side, and beyond it a large bog of a mile in extent. Directly in front lay another bog quite impassable, except at each end of the ridge. Between this morass in front, and the other on the left, there passed a narrow road—the direct way from Ballinasloe, and at the point where this road touched the hill on which the Irish army was drawn up, stood the castle of Aghrim, commanding the road. This castle was not a place of strength, but simply an old ruin with walls and ditches round it; yet it was sufficient to shelter a body of men, and to guard the approach

from Ballinasloe. On the right of the Irish camp was another road, named Urrachree, with a rising ground on each side of it. On the side of the main ridge, about half a mile from the bog in front, stood two raths, or Danish forts, between which and the swampy ground at the bottom, there intervened some enclosed and cultivated fields. Under cover of the fences and enclosures of these fields, marksmen were thickly posted, whose duty it was to shoot down any troops of the enemy who might attempt to cross the bog in front.

Both sides spent Saturday afternoon in preparation, for all felt that the next day would virtually end the struggle and settle the destiny of the nation. St. Ruth, with the infallible instinct of a soldier, knowing that the English were preparing to fight, and determined not to disappoint them, ordered mass to be said, and prayers to be offered that night in all parts of the army. Next morning at an early hour, he had his men put in battle array. They were in number about fourteen thousand, consisting of ten thousand foot, two thousand men at arms, and as many light horse. The arrangement adopted was to draw up the foot in two long lines in front of the tents and baggage, and to post the cavalry in both wings flanking the foot. The commander-in-chief assigned his place to every officer, while he himself rode along the lines to see that each man was at his post.

On the English side also, orders were given on Saturday evening, that all the men, with the exception of two regiments to be left in charge of the camp, should be under arms and ready for action at an early hour in the morning. The same night, the order of battle was agreed upon. Each general and brigadier was assigned his post. They brought with them to the

battle twelve field-pieces to meet three, which the enemy directed against them from the rising ground. Next morning—Sabbath, 12th of July, 1691, the main body of the English soldiers crossed the Suck, and put themselves in order of battle. The baggage, indeed, was left behind in charge of the two regiments at the camp, but their arms were ready, the ammunition was sent forward to the front, and every regiment had a party of grenadiers posted on its flank.

The morning proved to be foggy; but by noon the fog had cleared away, and the two armies were in sight of each other. As they drew nearer and nearer, the scouts and outposts of both armies fell back and united with the main body. So soon as Ginkell saw the real position of affairs, he saw the necessity of getting possession of Urrachree—the pass on the right flank of the enemy; and he dispatched a small party of Danes to endeavour to effect that object. The Danes did indeed make the attempt, but they were ignominiously repulsed. Disregarding the encouragement which the circumstances should have administered, they actually ran away from a party smaller than themselves. To cover their retreat and to prevent an assault from the enemy, now emboldened by success, Sir Albert Conyngham's dragoons were ordered to march to the ditches near the ford. To take and to retain this pass, successive parties of skirmishers were detached from both sides, and both sides reinforced their friends as seemed necessary, until a considerable number of both armies were engaged. After a full hour spent in this preliminary skirmish, without either party receiving much hurt, the enemy withdrew in the direction of their camp, leaving Ginkell in possession of the pass.

By this time the afternoon had come, and it was already a question whether to fight out the battle that night, or defer it till the morning. What decided the English general to fight it out that day, was the belief on his part that the Irish were already thrown into some disorder by the skirmish of the morning, and that should they take a notion of marching away in their unbroken strength during the night, the campaign might be indefinitely prolonged. The resolution was forthwith taken to follow up the advantage gained upon the enemy's right, with the view of weakening their numbers at Aghrim castle where their main body was posted, and of making it more easy for the English right to encounter their left wing, when the time came for them to act with vigour.

In accordance with this resolve, the English left wing in full force moved forward by the pass of Urrachree against the right of the Irish : and by five o'clock in the afternoon the battle had begun in real earnest. The English soldiers marched courageously up to the very trenches, and fired in among their foes. The Irish also fought like heroes, determined if bravery could do it, to retrieve the disaster of the Boyne. Beaten from behind one fence, they took up a new position behind another, from which they kept up a galling fire which for hours never slackened. For nearly two hours, this musket battle continued on the Irish right wing, the English right and centre never coming into action all this time, except by the cannon which played at each other across the morass.

General Mackay who had charge of the centre, was, however, standing ready with his men. Talmash with his usual ardour was in favour of instant attack ;

but while the English right were yet fully a mile from the enemy and the skirmishers on the left no more than engaged, Mackay thought that the critical time was not arrived. Ruvigny's aide-de-camp was sent to consult the commander-in-chief, but Ginkell sent them word to act on their own judgment of what the case required. A second message to the general, was answered by the general himself in person. There was a brief consultation on the field. As it was now near five o'clock, it was agreed to send forward the English left wing in force as already described, and that when it was in the heat of conflict, the foot should cross the swamp in front, and attack the heights on which the enemy was drawn up.

Mackay watched till the time came when St. Ruth began to draw men from Aghrim in order to strengthen his foes on the side of Urrachree, and then ordered the centre to advance over the bog. The immediate object in view was to prevent the enemy from using their cavalry on the right wing. Four battalions of foot went in front and made the attempt. They were to move across the morass directly in front of the camp, and to advance under cannon of the enemy. It was a perilous movement indeed, for the squadrons and battalions of the Irish were drawn up on the heights which overlooked the marsh, while lower down all along the hill advanced troops lined the hedges, and shot at the English as they crossed. Those who passed over the narrowest part, where the fields on the Irish side ran out farthest into the bog, were ordered not to advance too far, but to plant themselves behind the first hedges which they should reach, and there maintain their ground, until they could be supported by their comrades who were to



cross at a point where the morass was wider, and by the horse who were now attempting to pass by the road which led in the direction of Aghrim Castle.

The troops in the English centre having received these directions immediately took the bog in front of the enemy, and marched straight through, many of them up to the middle in water and mud. As they passed through they were galled by a constant fire from the Irish, but in face of the musketry they struggled on, and beat out the marksmen from behind the hedges nearest to the bog. The marksmen, however, only retired to the next hedge, from which they fired as briskly as before. The English soldiers having no fancy for making themselves mere targets for the enemy to shoot at, and their blood being now roused, forgot their orders, pushed forward and beat the enemy out of the next hedge, and so on from place to place until at last they found themselves at no great distance from the main line. But they soon paid very severely for their neglect of orders. They discovered that they had advanced too far. They had reached a point where they could draw support neither from the right wing nor the left. The Irish had taken the precaution of making openings in the hedge through which their horse could pass easily. Their cavalry now dashed upon such of the English foot as had foolishly advanced too far, cut them off from the main body, and mowed them down like grass. Colonel Earle, one of their leaders, was taken prisoner, and then rescued, and then retaken, but finally escaped with a wound. Colonel Herbert was also taken, but, when afterwards an attempt was made to rescue him, he was killed by his captors. The few who escaped from this destructive

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charge were driven down the hill, and compelled for safety to betake themselves to the bog once more. The other regiments who moved across the swamp were received in very much the same way. The Irish lay quietly within the hedges till the front rank was within a few yards, and then poured into it a deadly fire. At this juncture the issue of the battle was very uncertain indeed. The Irish had rather the best of it.

While these things were occurring in the centre, the right wing of the English army consisting of a party of horse, sustained by the Derry and Enniskillen regiments, made a desperate attempt to carry the pass by Aghrim Castle, and to attack the Irish left. Their efforts to accomplish this were stimulated by seeing the damage done the centre in its attempt to cross the bog and by their desire to come to their relief. But the task which lay before them was arduous. The road, by which alone they could approach was narrow, and when they reached the farther end of it they found themselves in the presence of a regiment of dragoons and two regiments of foot, who were posted under cover to guard the pass, and who poured in a deadly fire as their enemies defiled along the narrow pathway. The Derry and Enniskillen men, true to their well-won reputation, marched under the very walls of the castle, and under the enemy's fire took up a position in a garden trench under cover of some old walls and hedges where they could best support the charge of the horse, while at the same time the horse were scrambling as best they could along a defile where with difficulty two of them could ride abreast. The enemy in and around the castle seeing none in front of them but the two regiments of Enniskillen and Derry

attacked them with great vigour, and would have handled them very roughly, if the Huguenot cavalry had not by this time come up. They dashed furiously against the Irish host, and led on by Ruvigny they not only scattered the enemy, but captured the castle itself. The conflict for a time here was very keen, but the English not only kept their position but followed up the advantage which they gained by pressing forward against the enemy with all their force.

This action involved such a waste of life, that none except very brave men would have attempted it; but it was essential to victory, and therefore it had to be accomplished. Such a gallant exploit drew encomiums it is said from St. Ruth himself. He asked what they meant by attempting to pass that way; and when told that they meant to cross, he is reported to have said, that "They were brave fellows, and that it was a pity that they should be so much exposed." It was this heroic deed, there can be no doubt, which won the battle. Ginkell himself admitted, that it was owing to the assault of Ruvigny and his horse that the English secured the victory. General Mackay also, who commanded the centre, admits that if the Derry and Enniskillen regiments who attacked the castle had not kept firm, until the horse had time to pass the defile and join them in the attack, the English centre, already discomfited, could not have recovered its ground, and consequently the battle would have been lost.

Up to this point, the battle had gone against the English in the centre; but the Irish eventually lost all the ground that they had gained, by committing the very same mistake which had brought disaster on

the enemy. Elated at their success in beating Mackay's men back into the swamp, and thinking their victory secure, they did not content themselves with re-occupying the ground behind the hedges as they had done at first, but pursued the fugitives half way across the swamp. General Talmash, with the eye of a soldier, saw their error at a glance, and determined to take advantage of it. He came up at that moment with a party of fresh men, covered the retreat of those who were pursued, turned and rallied them, and then at the head of the united party he fell upon the Irish, now parted from their main body and floundering in the bog, and slew no less than three hundred before the confused and broken remnant was able to recover its original position. Not only so, but his success inspired his men with fresh courage, and again they took possession of the ground, out of which they had been so hurriedly expelled : and in a short time they were again warmly engaged in pressing the enemy up the hill.

Meanwhile the English cavalry had flanked the Irish, both on the right and left. Mackay's horse had advanced by Urrachree, had put to fight Tyrconnel's, and had fallen on the right of the enemy. Ruvigny's horse, having carried the pass at Aghrim Castle, were now able in their turn to flank that portion of the Irish, which had beaten back the English centre at the swamp. Talmash, having with his men emerged from the marsh, was now operating directly on the centre. The battle had at last become general all along the line : and every man who could fight had the most urgent necessity pressing upon him to do his utmost. The English centre was pushing forward slowly but steadily, the English horse were operating on both flanks, and the Irish soldiers, aware of what

great results hinged upon their conduct, contested with the greatest bravery every inch of ground.

It was at this juncture an unforeseen event occurred, which decided the fortune of the day. No man engaged in that bloody conflict felt a greater responsibility weighing upon his mind than the Irish commander-in-chief. He knew well what was at stake, and left nothing in his power undone to secure success. Seeing how gallantly the Irish met and repulsed the English centre, and had beaten it back into the bog, St. Ruth flung his cap into the air in a delirium of joy, and exclaimed that he "would now beat the English back to the gates of Dublin." When he observed the desperate struggle which was carried on around the old ruin at Aghrim, he had given orders to a brigade of horse, more immediately under his own command, to march forward and to attack the English cavalry led on by Ruvigny: and he was in the act of directing a gunner at one of the batteries to aim at a particular point, when he was struck by a cannon-ball fired from the English army. The general immediately fell off his horse: one of the staff threw his military cloak over the body: and it was borne away by the guards. That shot deprived the Irish of their leader in the crisis of the battle.

There was no man ready at the moment to take the dead man's place. The Irish army was left entirely without a presiding mind in the very hour of its fate. Many of the Irish horse, seeing that the staff and body-guard of the general had retired from the field, and perhaps not knowing the cause but anticipating the worst, began to retire from it also. The centre and right of the Irish army still kept their ground indeed; it was the left, which, having been

worsted in the encounter with Ruvigny, and having at the critical moment received no orders from the general, was the first to fall into disorder. The Irish centre still maintained good order, but gradually fell back under the pressure of Talmash, who, fighting his way at every step, followed steadily on until at last he found himself in the Irish camp.

Meanwhile, at Urrachree, on the English left, the battle remained long undecided. For two hours there, the Danish horse and foot had been standing opposite to several bodies of horse and foot on the other side. They looked at each other, but they fought little. Mackay took advantage of the pause to place himself on the enemy's flank. This manœuvre took some time, but when at last he succeeded in gaining the heights, Ginkell, who was present in person, mistook him and his men for the enemy, and ordered a halt. But so soon as he became aware that these were English soldiers and that his right was victorious, he renewed the battle with vigour. The Danes fell to work once more with all their might, and after a fierce engagement of half an hour, the victory of the army was as decisive here as it was everywhere else. So soon as the Irish saw that Mackay, who already had outflanked them, was endeavouring to get into their rear, the dread of being surrounded compelled them to retreat rapidly. The Irish horse had already fled; the foot, now in danger of having their retreat cut off, were driven also from the field. The cavalry took the way to Loughrea, and the foot spread themselves over a great morass which lay behind the camp, and into which it was impossible for the English horse to pursue.

Where was Sarsfield all this time? Why is he un-

heard of through the long hours of this well-fought field, when Ireland was in the crisis of her fate? It appears that a coldness had sprung up between him and St. Ruth, and that they had not spoken to each other since the capture of Athlone. So little was the gallant Irish officer in the confidence of his general, that, it is said, he was not made aware of what was the order of battle on this memorable day. He was merely under command to occupy with his men a certain position, until he should receive from the commander-in-chief orders to act. He obeyed but too well. All the livelong day Sarsfield stood waiting for orders, but the orders never came. When the intelligence reached him late in the evening, that St. Ruth was killed, and that the English were victorious at all points, it was too late to retrieve the fortunes of the battle. Nothing could be done in the circumstances but to take off his men as safely as he could.

The English horse and dragoons, seeing the enemy now in full retreat, dashed furiously among the flying squadrons, and turned what would have been otherwise an orderly retreat into a disastrous flight. The result was, that the slaughter on this occasion was far greater than at any other period of the battle. Late as it was in the evening, the pursuit was continued for four miles; but in mercy to the unfortunate, night and a drizzling rain fell down at last, saving the pursued from the pursuers, and putting an end to the scene of carnage. Ignorance of the country contributed to check the English in their pursuit. It was said also, that a man named O'Reilly had sufficient presence of mind to make a drum-major beat a charge upon a hill adjacent to the bog over which the Irish foot-soldiers were attempting to pass, and that this un-

expected sound made the pursuers pause—a circumstance which the vanquished knew how to turn to account.

When the kindly night had spread her curtain over the horrors of the retreat, the recall was sounded, and the victors now exhausted with their toil, returned slowly to the battlefield. The English tents and baggage had not yet come up; so the men were under the necessity of occupying the Irish camp for the night. All that night the men lay upon their arms; and their gallant adversaries, who a few hours before in lusty life had been bearing themselves so bravely, now dead beneath the cold stars slept quietly at their side. Had they been able to advance rapidly to Limerick without giving the enemy time to recruit their strength and regain their courage, they might have ended the war at a single blow. But it is in vain to speculate as to the results of an effort, which the victors were not able to make.

So soon as it was certain that the Irish had retreated and that the victory was secure, the castle of Aghrim was stormed; the result of which was that Colonel Walter Burke—the commander, eleven officers, and forty soldiers were made prisoners. The others were put to the sword. The victory was complete at all points, and it virtually decided the campaign. The victors captured on this occasion nine pieces of cannon, all the tents, baggage, and ammunition of the enemy, along with thirty-two flags, which were sent afterwards as a present to Queen Mary. Out of a force of 17,000 men, the English had on their side 733 killed and 1,071 wounded; whereas on the Irish side, 450 officers and gentlemen were made prisoners, while the number of the slain was variously estimated at from four to seven thousand. Three days after the battle,



when many of the dead had been already buried and the remainder stripped by the camp-followers and country people, the dead bodies, as seen by one of the historians of the battle standing on an eminence, seemed like a vast flock of sheep scattered thickly over the surrounding hills.

The day after the battle was spent by some in rest, by others in thanking God for the victory, and by others in the interment of the dead. The burial of their own dead they found to be labour sufficient; that of the enemy they could not undertake owing to their great numbers, the fatigue of the combatants, and to the fact that the bulk of the country people had prudently taken themselves away to a safe distance from both armies. Most of them were therefore left unburied: and, for days and for weeks after, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field fattened on the flesh of the vanquished. The dogs of the district acquired such a taste for the rare delicacy of human flesh, that afterwards some of them were bold enough to attack living men.

What came of the body of St. Ruth was never ascertained. Some said that his corpse like that of others was stripped on the spot where he fell: others that there was an attempt made to carry it off, but that it was cast into a bog-hole in the flight. What befell it, was never certainly known.\* That he was a brave and skilful officer, is admitted on all sides: nor can it be denied that under his command the Irish fought the bloodiest and best contested battle, which they ever fought in their own country. His death at the critical moment, when the battle was as yet

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\* Macaulay says it was "laid with all secrecy in sacred ground among the ruins of the ancient monastery of Loughrea."

undecided, proved to be the turning-point of the day. Had he lived to order down Sarsfield to sustain his left wing, the issue might have been very different. The popular impression was, that had he lived but an hour longer he would have been victorious, and, if so, who knows but the destinies of Ireland might have assumed another colour from that which was given them. As it was, his death was greatly lamented by the Irish. "Never," says O'Kelly, "was a general better beloved by any army, and no captain was ever fonder of his soldiers than he." The selection of the ground, and the disposition which he made of his troops at Aghrim, proved him to be a very able soldier; while the fact that he drew out all his men leaving his camp without any protection, proved that his design was to stake all upon a single throw, and that he had made up his mind either to conquer or die. In no previous battle of the war had the Irish fought so very bravely, and though overcome at last, it was at a heavy cost to others and to themselves. "From that hour," says the author of *Macariae Excidium*, "they never thrived, nor attempted anything that was great and glorious."

Tyrconnel, by his abrupt departure from the camp, and his withdrawal to Limerick a week or two before, was fortunate enough to have avoided the disgrace of Aghrim. When tidings reached him of the issue of the battle and of the death of St. Ruth, he despatched another messenger to Paris to tell King James that all was lost at last, and that it was now impossible to save Ireland from utter ruin except by early submission to William. M. D'Ussone wrote to the French Government in much the same style. Every man, outside the conflict, who was gifted with

any political or military knowledge, must by this time have seen that Tyrconnel was stating but the simple truth. Yet the Irish could not see it. They were dreaming that the tide of fortune would soon turn, at the time when everybody else knew that it would be the path of prudence for them to give up the hopeless struggle, to enter into treaty with King William, and to put an end to the war. Two months more of bitter experience were needed, before they could bring themselves to submit to what was inevitable. They were offended with Tyrconnel because that with his political experience he saw what was coming twelve months sooner than they did. They knew that they were able to fight a little longer, but they were not able to calculate and compare the strength of nations. To Tyrconnel personally, the issue was not a matter of very great concern now. His life of prosperity, and misfortune, and intrigue, was fast drawing to its close. He had long been in failing health, and the disasters of Athlone and Aghrim we may be sure did nothing to diminish his physical disorders. On the 11th of August, a month after the battle of Aghrim, after dining in Limerick with Monsieur D'Ussone, he was seized with an apoplectic fit in his own chamber in the afternoon. He died a few days after, and when Ginkell with his army, flushed with the victory of Aghrim, was quietly sitting down before the city on which were concentrated now the last hopes of the Irish nation, the bones of the man who next to James himself had done the most to bring upon Ireland the sad calamities of the last three years, was laid quietly to rest in the dust of St. Mary's.\*

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\* Mackay's *Memoirs*: *Macarix Excidium*: Story's *Wars of Ireland*: Harris.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*THE SURRENDER OF GALWAY.*

**W**HEN the Irish army was broken at Aghrim, the main body marched away in the direction of Limerick. The English were anxious to follow without loss of time, but in the meantime some preparatory work had to be done, which it was supposed would make subsequent proceedings less difficult.

On the day after the battle, Ginkell brought up all the baggage and stores belonging to the army, and pitched his camp about a mile beyond the battlefield on the way to Loughrea. He stopped there three days. While he was there, the Irish garrison, stationed at Portumna and Banagher to guard the passes of the Shannon, surrendered to a detachment of Ginkell's army, commanded by Brigadier Eppinger; they were permitted to march out with their arms and baggage, and to join if they pleased their companions at Limerick. Other outlying garrisons when they heard of the defeat at Aghrim, deserted their posts of their own accord, and hurried off in the same direction, some of them not caring to maintain the deliberation and good order of a march. From this time individual soldiers in greater numbers gave up resistance and came to the English camp, surrendering their arms and claiming the benefits of the Government procla-

mation. The prestige acquired by the victory, Ginkell found to be much in his favour.

It had been agreed among the generals, to leave their cavalry encamped near Athlone, and to send but a few squadrons of horse along with the foot to Galway. On the 16th of July, therefore, the main body of the army marched to Loughrea, and the day after to Athenry. In this district, which hitherto had escaped in a great measure the grinding exactions of war, they found great quantities of forage. Loughrea had indeed been plundered a few days before by the Irish in retreat, who seemed to think it in every way more appropriate that the inhabitants of the town should be robbed by their own people, rather than by the English soldiers who were approaching; while in Athenry there were found about thirty cabins environed by a stone wall, but quite empty, for the people in their terror had fled to the mountains. Three miles beyond Athenry, the army came in sight of the Bay of Galway, and a little after they arrived at Oranmore. Tidings reached them here of the state of affairs in the town, which they were now approaching. The garrison stationed in Galway consisted, as they were told, of seven incomplete and badly armed regiments, commanded by Lord Dillon and the French general, D'Ussonè; they were not agreed among themselves whether to hold out or to surrender; to surrender, however, would become a necessity, in case that Baldearg O'Donnel, whom they expected to come from Connemara to their assistance, would not arrive in time. Hearing of Ginkell's victory at Aghrim, it appears that O'Donnel had first plundered and then burned the town of Tuam, alleging as a reason for this rather rough treatment of his own people, that

they were preparing to welcome the English army. O'Donnel and his men, bearing with them the produce of their raid on the ecclesiastical metropolis of Connaught, marched to Cong on the shores of Lough Corrib, and thence into the mountains, where the party dwindled down to six hundred men, more concerned, as it appeared, to make the best terms possible for themselves, than to come to the relief of Galway.

It was matter of deep regret to Ginkell to lose precious time on such a place; still, Galway was too important to permit it to be occupied by an enemy in the rear. He was encouraged to attempt its capture by an Irish officer of the garrison, who intimated to him that he was willing to surrender an outwork under his charge, which outwork stood on a rising ground, within musket shot of the town, and who, moreover, assured him that there were only fifteen hundred armed men in the place. Leaving, therefore, a strong party of 3,000 men under Scriveremore and Ruvigny to keep open the communications by the Dublin road, the English marched forward in two columns to Galway. Though they were superior in the number of men, their heavy siege guns had not been moved from Athlone; so that in case the garrison should resist obstinately, there was no small danger of defeat.

Galway was the principal town of the province of Connaught. Commercially it was then of more importance than now, owing to the advantages of its situation for trade with France and Spain. It was inhabited by rich merchants: the houses were strong and comfortable: and it was surrounded with a wall. Its position was favourable for defence. It is built on a neck of land between the sea and Lough Corrib. It

has the sea on the south and west, the Lough on the north; and could therefore be attacked by land on the east side only. Through the marshy ground on the east there runs a small but deep river, proceeding from the large one that washes the town. A narrow ridge of ground extends easterly between this morass and the bay, over which an enemy might advance within a hundred yards of the wall. Here a slight eminence overlooked the town, and the fortifications on this eminence were necessary to the defence of the place. Ginkell found that some preparations were made for a siege. They had forty-six cannon planted, of which eight were placed on a round citadel within the gates, and the remainder disposed at convenient intervals around the wall. The hedges and suburbs adjacent to the east gate were levelled. When the English arrived, the garrison were engaged in repairing a fort near the south-east corner of the wall, and casting up earthworks on the neck of the ridge leading to the town.

A summons to the governor to surrender, brought back from Lord Dillon a message that he and his people were determined to defend the place to the last. In consequence of this answer, the army took up its position quietly environing the city on the land side; but they all felt badly the want of an English frigate to capture three ships which still lingered in the Bay, and to bombard the town on the side next the water. Intelligence of the state of affairs was sent to the fleet, and some frigates on this business were ordered round to Galway; but news sent in a round-about way takes time to reach its destination, and the ships did not arrive in the Bay until two days after the town had surrendered.

The siege began. The first success was the capture of the fort and earthworks, which overlooked the town at the south-east corner ; and this was accomplished with the loss of a few men. On Sunday the 19th, a few hours after the English arrived, Captain Bourke, a deserter, reported to Ginkell that this fort was nearly finished, and that the sooner it was attacked it would be the more easily taken. To possess it, was to command the wall on the side nearest to it. The next morning early, Count Nassau with a party of grenadiers and two regiments of foot, was guided by Captain Bourke to the spot where the fort could be most easily attacked. The party had almost reached the place before their presence was discovered. But they pushed forward vigorously, threw in their grenades, and, with the loss of a few men, drove out the enemy, who retired to the town. The first advantage was already gained.

That same day when it grew dark, six regiments of foot with four squadrons of horse and dragoons under Mackay, crossed the river on pontoons two miles north of the town. The only opposition which they encountered was from a small party of dragoons, who fired at the first of Mackay's party that landed on the bank, and then took to flight. The effect of occupying this position on the other side of the town, was to convince the garrison that O'Donnel however willing, could not now throw into the place the relief which they expected at his hands. This manoeuvre added very much to the dangers of the garrison.

The defenders of Galway, as it turned out, were neither numerous nor united among themselves. The original intention of the Irish generals had been to



divide their forces between Galway and Limerick, but this intention was altered. The main body had pushed on to Limerick as being the place best able to sustain a siege: and none had come to Galway except a few straggling soldiers who had made their way there after the disaster of Aghrim. O'Donnel, indeed, had received orders to collect his scattered forces and to march thither; but Ginkell was too expeditious for him, and had sat down before the town before it was convenient for Baldearg to enter. For this reason the garrison was deficient in men, while those in occupation were wanting alike in union and resolve. Had the townsmen been determined, they might, indeed, have given the garrison such help as would have enabled it to hold out until the army at Limerick could have made some counter-movement to draw off the English. But even they were divided into factions. One part of them was specially disaffected, being composed of men who suffered from the legislation of the Dublin Parliament of 1689, and who favoured the English in consequence of their desire to have restored the settlement of property which King James had disturbed.

All these considerations disposed the garrison to think of surrender. The English were superior in numbers, and resolute in their determination to capture the town. They had obtained two signal advantages already. There was no appearance of O'Donnel coming to their relief. They themselves were not in circumstances to offer any effective resistance. About ten o'clock the next morning they ran up the white flag. A parley was proclaimed, hostages were exchanged, and the terms of surrender debated. It was

found that the officers of the garrison had some difficulty in agreeing among themselves : and when, owing to the delay, the time for the armistice had expired, Ginkell ordered eight guns and four mortars to be planted on the fort, and directed the Irish hostages to return whence they came. Lieutenant-colonel Bourke, who had come out to arrange the treaty, was sent back to consult with the officers in command. When he was going away, General Talmash, who personally would have preferred no doubt a sack to a surrender, anticipating that the treaty would come to nothing, told him that when the town was ready to renew the fight, he might signal to them by firing a gun into the air. Bourke replied that "They would not fire a gun from within, until they were provoked from without."

At last, on the 21st of July, the treaty was completed, and Galway was formally surrendered on the 26th. The terms were favourable. The garrison were allowed to march out with arms, baggage, and six pieces of artillery, in order if they chose to join their friends at Limerick. Civilians, submitting now to the English Government, might live as peaceable subjects, would be pardoned for the part which they had taken in the war, and would be permitted the free exercise of their religion and the enjoyment of their property as settled in the reign of Charles II. On these conditions, the town with its stores and ammunition was surrendered. The manifest object of the English general in agreeing to terms so very favourable to the garrison was to save time ; for he knew that if the siege of Limerick were postponed till winter had set in, the war was not likely to end with the present campaign.

The author of *Macariæ Excidium*, reflecting the national sentiment of the time in the disposition to trace to Tyrconnel all the misfortunes which befell the Irish in this campaign, hints at treachery on the part of the commanders at Galway. He states that M. D'Ussone the French commander-in-chief was the personal friend of the viceroy, and that Lord Dillon the Irish governor was nephew to the same nobleman ; while he thinks that their declining to defend the place was not displeasing even to King James, for he wrote to the French governor, thanking him for his surrender before the inhabitants of the town were reduced to hardships. But there is in reality no ground for all this. Tyrconnel does not deserve to be held up to reprobation for no reason, except that from superior political knowledge he despaired of the success of the Irish in the war a few months sooner than others, who fought gallantly in a losing cause and who could not look at the state of affairs with the same foresight and judgment as himself. Neither Lord Dillon nor M. D'Ussone would have surrendered, if they could in their circumstances have done anything better. They might certainly have held out for a day or two longer, but to have done so against overpowering numbers without an object to be gained, would have only caused a useless expenditure of life. When no advantage could accrue from a hopeless resistance, it was alike prudent and merciful to surrender without further blood.

When the day arrived, some few officers and men of the garrison chose to join the English army : a few weary of fighting were wise enough to go home ; but the main body decided on going to Limerick to rejoin their comrades. M. D'Ussone and Lord Dillon, at the

head of nearly two thousand men, evacuated the place and were safely conducted to the place of their destination. The mayor and aldermen of Galway received Ginkell apparently with joy, and a very good store of ammunition and provisions was found in the place. Sir Henry Bellasis, at the head of three English regiments was left in charge, and means were taken to fortify the town so as to enable them to hold it against any force that the enemy might send against them. With this garrison, the English left such of their number as had fallen sick. For a month after Ginkell had withdrawn, the English detachment stationed in Galway, found sufficient occupation in capturing the island and castle of Bophin, the possession of which was regarded as necessary to protect the trade of the town.

Limerick was now the great centre to which the eyes of the army were directed. On the 28th of July the soldiers were in motion to return to Athenry, when Captain Cole with a fleet of seventeen ships, appeared in the Bay coming to co-operate with the army in the capture of Galway. He was ten days too late. The work was already accomplished. Ginkell sent him a message to sail back immediately to the Shannon. He set out himself for the same quarter, marching in the direction of Loughrea and Eyrecourt.

The army touched the Shannon at Banagher. The general had sent orders in advance, that the country towns and garrisons should be left in charge of the militia, and that every man who could be spared from the English garrisons in Leinster and Munster should meet him there. Every man was needed now; for the enemy had taken advantage of the time spent by

Ginkell at Galway to recruit their forces and recover their strength, and were now in the shelter of a strongly fortified city which the year before had defied the efforts of King William himself to take.

The bridge across the Shannon at Banagher had seventeen arches, one of which was broken down by the Irish before they abandoned the station. This important pass had been very strongly fortified in order to keep the English from going by that way into Connaught. At the western end of the bridge stood a regular fort well palisadoed, an old castle, and an earthwork on which four field-pieces were mounted ; while at the Leinster end stood a fort of stone which had been erected in the former wars, but had been demolished by the Irish before they departed. At this place the army pitched its camp in a strong position, flanked on the one side by a great bog and on the other by the river. While they lay here Brigadier Levison, at the head of a party of horse, was sent forward to Nenagh. As he and his men approached, the Irish garrison, after a show of resistance, deserted their post, set fire to the town, and retreated towards Limerick. The English pursued the fugitives, captured most of their baggage, and about four hundred cattle that they were not able to carry away.

On the 3rd of August the English crossed the river at Banagher, and passed on to Birr. What constituted the great difficulty of their march was the want of draught horses in sufficient number to take on the heavy cannon, the baggage, and the material of war, all of which were indispensable to the arduous work before them. An attempt to send them down the Shannon on floats utterly failed. A message sent to Dublin, making known their complaint, brought down

in response the coach horses of the Protestant nobility and gentry. Even these were not sufficient, and a great many more—the property of private individuals were in the last resort pressed into the service by the orders of Government. On the 5th, the army reached Borrisokane, and Nenagh on the following day. The country through which they passed was a wilderness; as they passed along they remarked that it was entirely desolate in every direction; and with the exception of what the men carried along with them there were no provisions to be found.

While at Nenagh, Ginkell received a message from Baldearg O'Donnell. That officer had failed to relieve Galway; for by the time he had made the circuit of Lough Corrib and approached the town from the west, it was too late; the English were already in possession. He withdrew for a time from the presence of a superior force, but finding afterwards by letter from Limerick that the loss of Galway was laid at his door, remembering the affronts put upon him by King James's viceroy, who had usurped his title in the same way as King James's grandfather had confiscated his hereditary estates, and made desperate by the privations which he had to endure, he now entered into private negotiations with Ginkell. He offered to join the English and to bring a considerable body of Irish soldiers over along with him, provided that his title of Earl of Tyrconnel, which he claimed as his own by right of birth, was recognized, that £2,000 sterling were paid to him, and that his soldiers were taken into the service of King William and employed in Flanders, or anywhere that they would not come into collision with their own countrymen. To some of these proposals, Ginkell was disposed to consent; but

before the bargain was concluded O'Donnel relieved Sligo, which was at that time besieged by a party of Williamites, and he compelled its besiegers to take refuge in Ulster. Notwithstanding this success, his behaviour had in some way excited the suspicions of his own party; in consequence of this he withdrew from Sligo by night, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of Colonel O'Kelly, the author of *Macariæ Excidium*, whose valuable work casts so much light on the Irish feeling of the time, he closed on the same day his agreement with Ginkell, and thus, as O'Kelly adds, "unhappily joined with the sworn enemies of his country." He failed, however, to bring over with him as many of the Irish as he expected, whether from their natural antipathy to the Sassenach, or, as he said, from the premature announcement of the treaty in the Dublin *Intelligence* and the London *Gazette*.\*

A similar offer from Sir Teague O'Regan, about the surrender of Sligo, miscarried, owing it was said, to some mismanagement on the part of Colonel Mitchelburne—formerly Governor of Derry, but now stationed at Ballyshannon to guard the passes of the Erne. This failure perhaps stood in the way of the after recognition of Mitchelburne's services on the part of

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\* It is only fair to add, that we are informed that the late Professor O'Donovan, in a series of articles in *Duffy's Hibernian Magazine*, has denied and attempted to refute this charge against O'Donnel. We attach very great weight in this matter to the evidence of O'Kelly, who spoke to O'Donnel on the day of his alleged treason, confirmed by that of Story on the other side. No candid writer, however, would wish to fix a stigma farther than truth requires on an ancient and honourable name; but even if it turn out that the weight of evidence is against O'Donovan's opinion, it is hard to blame O'Donnel for doing what Sarsfield and others did a month or so later—make the best terms that he could for himself.

Government, and in the meantime caused the death of Sir Albert Conyngham, who was slain in a sudden attack by the garrison upon an English detachment. This made it necessary for Lord Granard to attempt to capture the town, which he did successfully about a month afterwards.

To encourage other Irish leaders to lay down their arms and withdraw from a hopeless conflict, Ginkell on the 11th of August issued a proclamation extending for ten days longer the time of surrender allowed by the Lords Justices, and making them similar promises on similar conditions.

By the 14th of August the English army had again reached Cahir-conlish, four miles from Limerick. That evening the general accompanied by his staff had a view of the city and fortress from a distance of two miles. The army now found itself in much the same local position as it had been about that time the previous year; but great events had occurred since the siege of Limerick was raised eleven months before—the capture of Cork and Kinsale, the storming of Athlone, the battle of Aghrim, and the surrender of Galway. The English were now better and more powerfully armed, and in higher hope, while the Irish were numerically weaker and more dispirited. Of the three scouts, which the reconnoitring party came in sight of, no less than two deserted forthwith to the English side—an intimation that some of the garrison at least had lost hope of success—a prognostic of what was to be the end. Still the task before them was difficult, and the issue uncertain. In their front lay a fortress, strongly protected by nature and art, occupied by a garrison of great numerical strength, led by competent and daring officers, and composed of men



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who had so often met the enemy in the field that they had grown to be experienced soldiers. King William in person had carried away no laurels from before this city in the autumn of 1690; who could be sure that Baron de Ginkell would fare better in the autumn of 1691? \*

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\* Story's *Wars*: O'Kelly's *Macariæ Excidium*: Harris' *Life of William III.*

## CHAPTER XIV.

*THE SECOND SIEGE OF LIMERICK.*


VERY little of Ireland now remained in the hands of the Irish. The city of Limerick with adjacent portions of Clare and Kerry, still refused submission to the English; but this district was much too small to supply a numerous army with forage, provisions, and other supplies. Affairs in August, 1691, were looking, in regard to the cause of King James, very dark indeed; the peasantry were seeking protection from the English; men and even officers were deserting the army, and in the garrison itself there were jealousies and divisions. But Sarsfield and Wauchope—a zealous Scottish Roman Catholic, still encouraged the garrison in face of every discouragement, stating that if they could manage to hold out a little longer relief was sure to come from France. Two years' experience of what France had done for them, should have dissipated such a hope; but it did not. The leaders, therefore, prepared for a second siege. Most of their infantry posted in the city were to fight behind the walls; the remainder were ordered to guard the passes of the Shannon adjacent to the city; and the cavalry were stationed in a camp at some distance from the walls on the Connaught side, with the view that the men might draw their provisions from the town, and that the horses might draw their forage from the country.

Early on the morning of the 15th of August, General Ginkell, with a strong detachment of foot under command of Ruvigny, and a strong body of horse commanded by the Prince of Hesse, approached the city. As on the previous year, various bands of the enemy appeared outside the town, foot lining the hedges, and dragoons manœuvring in front ; but, as the party of observation advanced, they slowly retired discharging their pieces as they withdrew. Ginkell with his men ventured within cannon range, until they stood on the ground which King William's camp had occupied the preceding year. It was found that the Irish had repaired Ireton's fort, had built another at some distance to the right on the site of an old church, and had begun a third evidently with the design of perfecting a line of communication between them.

As the party were engaged in examining the ground for an encampment, two deserters from the city, came to Ginkell with the news that the Duke of Tyrconnel had died in Limerick the day before. As his death was rather sudden, a report arose that he was poisoned, but there is no reason to doubt that it was owing entirely to natural causes. His health had been failing since the spring of 1689, and he had not been able since that time to render to his master the active and zealous service of former years. Probably it was physical infirmities, which led him to take a more sombre view of affairs than some of his countrymen, and led him to counsel submission to the government of William, for which then and in after times the Irish blamed him so much. He certainly had nothing personal to gain by the advice which he tendered, and however displeasing to the more ex-

thusiastic spirits in the Irish army, we must believe that it was the best advice in the circumstances which the crafty old nobleman could give. Its wisdom may be inferred from the fact that in a very few weeks more, the Irish had to act upon it against their will. So soon as his death became known, a commission, hitherto kept secret, was immediately produced, appointing Sir Alexander Fitton, Sir Richard Nagle, and Francis Plowden, Esq., to act, on behalf of King James, as Lords Justices of Ireland. They also, like the late viceroy, were in favour of making peace before matters had reached extremities; but Sarsfield and his friends stood out against all compromise. Both factions were held in equal contempt by the French auxiliaries; their object being now, without regard to the interests of Ireland, to prolong the war so as to prevent reinforcements being sent from Britain to Flanders, to aid William in his war with their own king, Louis XIV.

On Ginkell's return to his camp, he found that a great number of waggons conveying bread and other necessaries, under convoy of the Tipperary militia, had arrived in his absence. As he was aware that the siege train and the military stores were now on the way from Athlone, he was determined not to repeat the mistake of last year. A strong force, under command of Major-general La Forest, was detached from the main body to go and meet the cannon which were coming in the charge of Colonel Lloyd's regiment. In due time all arrived safely; they consisted of nine twenty-four-pounders, nine eighteen-pounders, and three mortars. This artillery, along with the reinforcements, which came from Cork and the neighbouring garrisons, made the army before Limerick in every



way stronger than it was at the opening of the campaign. At the same time military stores and provisions were coming from the Lords Justices at Dublin in very large quantities, while Queen Mary was sending similar supplies from England by sea to Waterford. Deserters also from Limerick were constantly dropping into the camp, telling of suspicion, division, and strife in the garrison—all significant of a rapid end to the struggle. They brought a report that Colonel Henry Luttrell had been seized at Limerick by order of General D'Ussone for having proposed to surrender, and that he had been sentenced by a court-martial to be shot; whereupon Ginkell sent them word, that, if they would put any man to death merely for making a proposal of this kind, he would find means of punishing them for it in due time. Among those who arrived at the general's head-quarters was Sir William King, who once had been governor of Limerick, and had been kept in prison for two years. He now had made his escape from confinement, and his local knowledge proved valuable to the English in conducting the siege.

For some time, rainy weather interfered with military operations both in the city and in the camp. The trenches were deluged with water, and the roads became so soft, that for a time it was feared it would be almost impossible to bring the heavy cannon to the camp. In these circumstances the English soldiers kept up their spirits as well as it is possible for people to do in a deluge, and employed themselves in making fascines,—bundles of faggots which they hoped would prove useful some day after the siege had begun. This bad weather continued without intermission from the 17th till the 22nd.

Observing the extravagant rates that the sutlers charged for provisions furnished to the men, Ginkell sought to regulate the sale by ordering that ale from Dublin or Wicklow should be sold for sixpence a quart, ale coming from a shorter distance at a lower price, leaves at threepence per pound, brandy at twelve shillings a gallon, and so on. But the folly of all such regulations was soon made clear. The sutlers were well able to protect themselves. All the ale brought to the camp they designated Dublin ale, and sold it to the soldiers at the highest figure; and towards the close of the siege the price rose in defiance of Ginkell's regulations to fourteenpence a quart. There was another of the general's orders which could be better observed, and which proved to be more useful. An order from head-quarters forbade any person to buy cattle from officers or soldiers on pain of severe punishment. This took away at once all motive for robbing private persons of their property, and prevented soldiers from selling stolen cattle and converting the price of them to their own gains.

By the 24th of August the weather had so much improved, that on that day the whole army was able to move forward from Cahir-conlish toward the city; and without very much opposition from the garrison they took up their position a little nearer to the Shannon and a little farther from the walls than on the previous year.

The first endeavour of the besiegers was to get possession of the forts and earthworks, which the Irish held outside the town. Mackay, with a strong body of foot, was ordered to attack Ireton's fort, but as he and his party approached, the occupants withdrew to a little stone fort nearer to the walls. On

the evening of the same day, 25th of August, Count Nassau made an assault on Cromwell's fort, which stood to the left of the other, and in which the garrison had placed five hundred men. As the grenadiers approached it, the men in the fort gave them a volley of shot; but not minding that, the assailants ran forward, threw in their grenades, and the whole party following up the attack with vigour, they got possession of the fort at a very trifling cost. This short conflict cost the Irish the loss of a hundred men. After this day's work, the besiegers in memorial of their success, called Ireton's fort by the name of Mackay, and Cromwell's by that of Nassau.

Upon the following day, the siege train with eight hundred cart-loads of ball, bombs, powder-barrels, and tools necessary for making trenches and fortifications, arrived in front: and the same night the men commenced to strengthen the forts, dig trenches, plant batteries, and set about the siege-work in good earnest. At the same time and for some days after, detachments sent out from the army were employed in capturing Castle-Connel and Carrick-a-gunnel, and in dislodging small parties of the enemy from various outstanding castles of the district. Meanwhile, the besieged and the besiegers were exchanging cannon-shot underneath the walls.

It was not till the afternoon of the 27th, that the squadron of Captain Cole, consisting of eighteen English ships, arrived from Galway at the mouth of the Shannon. In coming up the river, they captured a French pink bound for Brest, having on board St. Ruth's equipage and servants, and also the horse on which that unfortunate general rode at the battle of Aghrim. Two other vessels, laden with brandy

and all in the morning also fell into their hands. As they came along they first into a party of Irish horse which they saw encamped on the bank at Ballyvaughan, many of whom galloped off immediately to the hills. As they came up the river, they destroyed the boats along the shore, thus making it more difficult to convey intelligence from the one side to the other. At last they cast anchor about three miles below the city. At their first appearance, the Irish took them for the French fleet sent for their assistance, but their joy was turned into sorrow when they found that it was no longer on the land side only that they had the enemy to meet. They had been led to believe that the English fleet was destroyed or if not that it soon would be destroyed by the French. The unpleasant fact now broke upon them not only that they themselves were weaker, but the English stronger than in the previous siege.

Rumours were abroad in England as well as in Ireland that a French fleet of thirty sail under Monsieur Renault had already left Brest to bring relief to the Irish. Admiral Delaval, with an English fleet, was sent to cruise about Cape Clear, in hope of falling in with Renault, and instructions were sent him not to withdraw his ships from the Channel, except with the consent of Ginkell. Still it was possible that a French fleet might defeat or escape Delaval and throw relief into Limerick; to prevent the enemy's fleet from wintering in the roads, orders were given to Captain Cole to burn the hay and oats on the Clare side of the river—that side which it was impossible to reach from the English camp. He performed this unpleasant task with great diligence up to the time that the cessation of arms was proclaimed.



On the 29th, two days after Cole's squadron cast anchor in the river, several new cannon and mortars were landed from the ships : and that same evening the line of circumvallation having been now finished, and a strong battery having been erected for ten guns and seven mortars, fire opened in full force about eleven o'clock, and before next morning, 101 bombs were thrown in, and the town was in flames in three places. As August closed, the trenches were drawing nearer, and the batteries planted closer to the walls.

For two days or more, the cannon and mortars had played upon the city without ceasing. On the night of the 31st, the enemy attempted a sally between Nassau's fort and the great battery, where the Earl of Drogheda's regiment was on duty. Orders were given not to fire, till the sallying party were within pistol shot, and then to give them a whole volley when they had come so near that nobody could fail in his aim. Soldiers imperfectly trained are not, however, amenable to discipline; the men, unable to restrain themselves till the critical moment had come, directed against the party a dropping fire as they advanced. The result of this was, that the assailants stopped without coming near the trenches, and their repulse was not attended with any great loss. The force on duty was strengthened after this, and the artillery operated as usual; but the general now saw that before anything really effective could be done, the batteries must be advanced closer to the town.

#### OPERATIONS BEYOND THE CAMP.

There were two peculiar sources of danger to the English army; the first was in Sarsfield, from whose gallantry and daring something was certainly ex-

pected after the experience of the former year; the other was in the Rapparees of Cork and Kerry, who had begun to grow troublesome since the withdrawal of the military garrisons to strengthen the besieging army. The militia left to supply the place of these garrisons were not able to cope with the Rapparees, who burned houses and plundered the country around Cork up to the very walls. Colonel Wolseley, with five hundred horse and dragoons, was sent up the river in the direction of Killaloe to keep watch on Sarsfield, who, it was reported, intended to carry on operations in that quarter: and on the 31st of August Brigadier Levison with seven hundred horse was sent in the direction of Cork and Kerry, to scour the country and to clear out the Irish garrisons stationed at Buttevant and Ballyclough, which prevented the English from drawing from that district the provisions which they expected it to supply. The Rapparees were aided by a flying detachment of horse under the command of Lord Merriion and Bretta, which swept over the country, and kept in check all disposed to co-operate with the besiegers.

Levison, on the 1st of September, fell in with this party in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, killed several and dispersed the remainder, Lord Merriion himself with some difficulty contriving to escape. Three days after, a party of three hundred horse were sent by Ginkell to reinforce him. Hearing that Colonel Cotter held possession of Tralee, he determined to attack him; but when it became known to Cotter, that Levison was advancing, he burned the town and departed for Ross Castle. Levison pursued after him, and made prisoners of two Irish captains and several officers. Ginkell, on hearing of this, wrote

to Levison to hang them both, except they could produce written authority either from the Irish commander-in-chief, or from Sarsfield, authorizing them to burn Tralee. This letter was sent to the brigadier by the hands of Captain Fitzmaurice, son to Lord Kerry, who undertook, with the escort of a small guard of horse and dragoons from Askeaton, to deliver it to Levison. When this small party, consisting of thirty or forty gentlemen, had reached Listowel, and were still distant some five or six miles from the place where they believed the brigadier to be posted, they suddenly became aware of three or four thousand of the enemy, who were at that moment encamped on the other side of the hill. This body of troops was composed of the regiments of Sir Maurice Eustace and of Sir James Cotter, which had formed a junction with Lord Merrion's men. One of the Irish dragoons, mistaking Fitzmaurice's little band for a party of his own people, came up and told them hastily that at first he had taken them for English, but that the main body of the Irish to the number of three or four thousand were only beyond the hill. A moment only, and the dragoon was shot and a despatch sent to Levison to apprise him of the danger of the party. But every precaution would have been in vain, and the whole of them would have lost their lives, had it not been, that at that moment the brigadier himself made his appearance. He had somehow heard that the Irish were posted in that neighbourhood, and had come up with a strong party to search for them, never dreaming that any of his own friends were in peril of their lives. He arrived at the very moment that it was possible to save them. The huzza, raised by Fitzmaurice and his friends, was the signal

to their pursuers that the prey had escaped their hands. A conflict immediately followed. At the first encounter, the Irish fled to the woods and bogs, leaving behind them thirty dead and thirty prisoners. Levison found in the camp which they had so hurriedly deserted, two barrels of gunpowder and a large amount of baggage. He wrote to the Secretary at Dublin, that "these blockheads would endure beating every day," meaning that however many were shot down, their numbers never appeared to diminish.

While the siege of Limerick was in progress, Brigadier Levison in this way found abundant employment in the adjacent counties, keeping the Rapparees in check, protecting the scattered Protestants, collecting forage, and sending fresh provisions into Ginkell's army. He sent for this purpose a thousand head of cattle into the camp at one time. But warfare, of the nature then waged in Ireland, broke down all moral principle in many, who under more favourable circumstances would have proved to be kind and honourable men. This officer, notwithstanding his high rank and efficiency, did not escape the suspicion, that, while his business was to collect cattle from the peasantry of Kerry for the supply of the English army, he contrived at the same time to do a little private trade of his own.

#### PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

Meanwhile, the siege of Limerick continued. Lord Castle-connel, who had been rescued out of the hands of the Irish in Kerry by Levison's Dragoons, advised the besiegers to raise a new battery, more to the east and nearer than any of the others to the King's Island, from which the English town as well as the

Irish town could be reached. The battery was accordingly erected, but it was found impossible even there to get nearer to the town than three hundred yards, owing to the river on the right and a low morass in front. This new position completed the enclosure of the city, on the Munster side of the Shannon. But the Clare side was quite open, and so long as free ingress and egress could be had there, it seemed almost hopeless to expect a surrender before winter. Failure, however, would not be so dangerous as last year; for should the wet weather set in, making it impossible to carry away the heavy siege guns over land, they could in the last resort be sent aboard the English ships lying in the river. But it was known that the bombs now did less harm to the city than at first, because the non-belligerents had all withdrawn, and the soldiers lay usually not in the houses but in the works. Besides, many of the Irish forces were outside the walls. The cavalry camp was two miles out of town on the northern side out of reach of danger, while up along the river there were several regiments of horse and foot posted to prevent the passage.

By the 8th of September the new battery was in working order, and the line of cannon around the city on the Munster side complete. On the south-east of the town, in the direction of the King's Island, there were three batteries; one to the left, consisting of ten field-pieces intended to discharge red-hot ball: another to the right, of twenty-five guns, all being twenty-four and eighteen-pounders, and in the centre eight mortars, from nineteen to ten inches in diameter. On Mackay's fort there was a battery of eight twelve-pounders, and another towards the river on the south-west where the

Danes were posted. All opened fire at the same time. Bombs, fireballs, and cannon-shot, rained on the city all day long without intermission. The Irish felt alarmed at the very noise, the like of which most of them had never heard before. Many of the houses in the town were demolished: before night, there was a breach made in the wall at King's Island, broad enough for two coaches to enter abreast. Next day the fire was kept up constantly with the view of widening this breach, which lay between the Franciscan Abbey and Ball's Bridge, as well as for beating down that bridge, which connected the part of the town upon the island with the other part on the Munster side, and for setting the houses of the town on fire. The garrison meanwhile were not idle. With their cannon upon the walls they responded warmly to the fire of the enemy: they threw up a blind to protect Ball's Bridge from demolition: and they made sallies for the purpose of disturbing the operations of the enemy. On the other side, empty casks and wool-sacks, were brought up from the camp, for the purpose of aiding in an effort to cross the river and to attempt the breach in the wall upon the King's Island; but it was found on trial to be more difficult to accomplish this than was at first supposed, and it had at last to be relinquished. That night the Irish came across in cots and burned the wool-sacks, it is said, in very sight of the sentinel on guard, who did not interfere with them, because, as he afterwards said, that he had no orders to fire. Obedience to orders is usually a virtue in a soldier, but obedience in a form so very extreme and uncommon ceases to be a virtue and becomes a crime.

The bombardment continued on the 10th. In the

evening an English bomb fell into a store of wine, brandy, and provisions, and rendered most of them unfit to be used. The town also was set on fire in various places, and blazed away for a great part of the night. Two more mortars brought from the ships, and planted upon Mackay's fort, under command of Lieutenant Brown, did also great execution. They discharged three shots for every one discharged by any of the others, and, so far as the eye could observe them, their aim was very accurate. Reports circulated in the camp that the French were preparing to relieve the city, and in consequence of this it was thought wise to send, both by sea and land, despatches to Cork to bring up the main body of the English fleet to the mouth of the Shannon.

By the 11th, the breach had become wider. There was still much talk in the army of crossing to the King's Island on floats, and of attempting to storm the breach which had been made there; but reports about the strength of the works and about the large numbers of soldiers in the city, gave grounds for hesitation. It was prudently decided, that, if such an attempt was to be made at all, it should be postponed till the numbers of the garrison had been somewhat thinned by the sword, famine, and sickness.

On the 12th, the guns of the besiegers were pointed at the cathedral of St. Mary, because they understood from deserters that the enemy used it as their principal military store. The number of guns by this time blazing away at the city day and night was about sixty, yet no such impression was as yet made on any part of the walls, as rendered it safe to attempt to storm. If Hamilton and Rosen could have directed against Derry the same amount of powerful artillery which

Limerick resisted successfully for so many days, without doubt the heroic little city of the north would have been in dust and ashes in four-and-twenty hours. Yet Limerick still stood out, and after weeks of terrible bombardment gave no symptom of surrender. Under these circumstances, it was agreed among the English generals to attempt to accomplish the purpose in another way.

#### PASSING THE SHANNON.

The first step towards after action, was to produce upon the Irish the impression, that the English, despairing of success now at the approach of winter, were about to raise the siege as they did last year. Orders were issued for having Kilmallock prepared as a central depôt of ammunition and provisions, to which the army could retire if matters should come to the worst. Castle-connel, Carrick-a-gunnel, and other detached fortresses along the Shannon, were ordered to be demolished. Two or three large guns, made useless by too much firing, were ostentatiously withdrawn from the batteries, and in sight of the enemy put aboard the fleet. The desired impression was forthwith produced upon the garrison that the English were secretly preparing for departure, and that the event of the previous year was about to be repeated. All this time, every English soldier not actually in arms or engaged at the batteries was preparing floats and tin boats, for the purpose of making an attempt to pass the river.

On the 15th of September, at nine o'clock in the evening, a party from the camp consisting of four hundred grenadiers, six hundred workmen, five regiments under General Talmash, and a body of horse



under General Scrivermore, marched, with all the apparatus necessary, to the bank of the Shannon two miles above the camp. It was there that they had determined to attempt to cross. The work of making a pontoon-bridge commenced about twelve o'clock, and while the workmen were busy uniting its several parts, the grenadiers were carried over quietly in successive loads by tin boats to a little island in the river, from which it was possible to wade to the opposite shore. The bridge was almost finished, before the enemy, lulled to security by the withdrawal of the cannon, and the anticipated flight of the English, became aware of the real design. Hearing occasionally some little noise, the cause of which they did not understand, a few stragglers fired at random into the darkness in the direction of the spot from which the noise proceeded. When day dawned, the work of the night became manifest in spite of the fog. The grenadiers were in possession of the island. The dragoons were passing over the bridge. The enemy became alarmed: and a number of Clifford's dragoons came down, more it would seem from curiosity than to oppose the passage. Talmash then commanded the grenadiers to wade through the strip of water which separated the little islet from the shore, to line the nearest hedges and to take possession of a house about a hundred yards from the enemy; but at the same time to reserve their fire as much as possible, until they could be supported by the horse who were still crossing the bridge. The Irish attempted to flank the grenadiers, but this manœuvre was prevented by the dragoons, of whom a considerable number had by this time got over. The grenadiers then received orders to advance, upon which the enemy took to flight

without further resistance. The bridge being by this time clear of all obstructions, great numbers of horse and foot passed over and made good their position on the Connaught side.

When the English formed on the bank and marched forward, the Irish of Clifford's Brigade, who had the charge of guarding the passage, took to flight; some ran towards a bog, others towards a large wood which lay in their rear, throwing away from them their muskets, grenades, and other weapons, as they ran. The English pursued for a short distance, killing a few and taking some prisoners. They then halted till they were reinforced by a large party who had now crossed the bridge, and then all advanced together to the camp of the enemy. Their presence there was a surprise. The confusion that they produced, can scarcely be described. Some were found sleeping in their huts, some were in their shirts, and some it is said were running about whose dressing had not advanced so far. Dragoons were seen hurrying to and fro, looking for horses, which horses were at the time at grass more than two miles away: others with more presence of mind took to their heels, leaving saddles and bridles and baggage all behind. Some took the precaution of pulling down their tents before they fled away: others made a show of fighting, in order to gain time for removing valuables and stores into the city, and for securing their cattle. Some dashed forward towards the Thomond Gate in order to seek protection in the city; while others having charge of the gate, attempted to shut them out. The surprise of the horsecamp was a scene of wild confusion.

If Talmash and Scrievemore had taken advantage of the panic, and dashed forward boldly, the amount

of disaster it might have caused the Irish, can scarcely be imagined. At some short distance from the spot at which they now stood, between the horsecamp and the city, were lodged King James's Lords Justices, the treasure for paying the army, the public records, and the ladies, the whole protected by only one regiment of foot and two squadrons of horse. A little more dash and boldness on the part of the assailants, might have secured a grand prize and brought the Irish war to a speedy close, without either capitulation or treaty—the very thing which many a hungry officer in the English army was so desirous should occur. But the generals in command were cautious as well as brave. Talmash and Scrivevmore were not Cardigans, and Limerick was not Balaklava. With their own heavy guns all beyond the river, they did not judge it prudent to venture within range of the cannon on the walls, or to run the risk of having their own retreat cut off and themselves surrounded. They contented themselves with rifling the horsecamp. They captured two brass guns and Brigadier Maxwell's standard. They burned the horse-saddles, and took possession of beef, brandy, and everything else, which the hurry of the moment prevented the dragoons from carrying away. They burned a few houses which gave shelter to the enemy, and gave the whole party a fright.

But this was all. All that occurred on the occasion was a mere skirmish, which resulted in nothing except to prove that the English at last had crossed the river, and that now neither side of the city was safe from their attacks. The whole thing cost them the loss but of one sergeant and of twenty wounded, while their opponents did not lose more than fifteen men.

Talmash with his men having stayed on the other

side of the river till two o'clock in the afternoon, left a guard in a fort that they had erected to guard the bridge, and retired to the camp. All the time that the transactions thus described were occurring, the cannon at the batteries never ceased from bombarding the city, which was now in danger upon all sides. One result of the English throwing their bridge over the Shannon was, that a small garrison of the enemy on St. Thomas's Island, and another on the Wier Island surrendered forthwith, the soldiers in each case being made prisoners of war.

While this important transaction was passing, Sarsfield with the main body of the Irish cavalry was encamped at Killaloe. When made aware of what had happened, it was too late for him to retrieve what was lost, but he made a show of fight, in order to give time to the dragoons to carry away what remained of their tents and baggage. The cavalry encampment at some distance from the city, had in his absence been left in charge of Colonel Sheldon. Sheldon, when he heard of what had occurred to the detachment in charge of the passage of the river, was so alarmed, notwithstanding that he had three thousand horse under his command, that he retreated to a mountain at some distance from Limerick, and in such disorder that, if he had been charged by only a hundred of the enemy's horse, he would have been badly beaten. He never drew bridle till he had reached Six-mile-bridge, some fifteen miles from the point at which he started, and halted at a spot where no grass was to be had. Before noon, orders from M. D'Ussone and Chevalier Taafe reached him to return immediately. He obeyed these orders and reached the city in the afternoon, somewhat ashamed it is to be hoped for his discredit-

able flight. The horse took up a strong position near the city; but at the end of three days they were ordered to march into the country for forage—an order that seems strange, considering that in the city there were oats enough to have fed their horses for a much longer time than the English, now when winter was approaching, could have kept the field.

The Irish then and afterwards, had a strong impression that the English could not have passed the Shannon except by the connivance of the Irish officer on guard: and tradition has fixed this charge of treachery on Colonel Henry Luttrell. Captain Parker, an officer of Ginkell's army, who himself formed one of the party who crossed the river, seems to bring a sort of contemporary evidence to confirm this tradition, by stating that Colonel Luttrell, in order to preserve his estate, corresponded secretly with Ginkell, and gave him to understand the time when he himself was in command of the guard. But this is one of those cases, in which contemporary evidence appears at its weakest. Parker at no time had opportunity for knowing the secret correspondence of Ginkell, and, as his *Memoirs* were written out many years afterwards from hints taken at the time, his statement is not the result of personal knowledge, but much more probably the expression of the popular tradition. The Earl of Westmeath, who at the time was in command of a regiment under General Sheldon, and who from his position had a better opportunity than Parker of knowing the facts, assured Harris,\* that Colonel Luttrell, at the time when the English passed the Shannon, was in prison at Limerick, and that the officer in command of the guard at the ford was Brigadier Clifford,

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\* See *Harris*, App. 62.

who, if there was any treachery, must have been the real traitor.

Clifford, though descended from a noble English family, was by birth an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. He belonged to the moderate party, who were weary of the war and who desired, like the late Duke of Tyrconnel, that it should come to a close without delay : so much so that the rulers in Limerick were far from satisfied with him. It is possible that he may have thought it on the whole more beneficial, to permit an act which would necessitate the garrison to surrender on favourable terms, than to prolong a useless strife which was sure to end in ruin. For an honourable man, trusted by others with a great responsibility, and not in a position to act independently, to have behaved thus, would have betrayed great weakness and great culpability. But some men are capable of acting thus, apparently with the best intentions. The author of *Macariæ Excidium* confirms this view. He says it was afterwards proved before a council of war, that several officers who went the round, notified to Clifford that the enemy were working at a bridge, but his answer always was that *it could not be*. The accused officer in his own defence pled guilty of unpardonable neglect, but professed himself innocent of any treachery. The strong fact that cast suspicion upon him, was the sort of defence made by himself and his men, when, through the dim light of a foggy September morning, it was discovered that Talmash and his soldiers were crossing the pontoon bridge. That defence everybody regarded as a sham, and nobody could believe that it was all that an honest and brave soldier could have done in the circumstances. O'Kelly describes the unfortunate brigadier as "vain and airy,

of shallow parts and of no great conduct." He thinks it was anything but a prudent act of Sarsfield, to trust such a very important post to a man who was a creature of Tyrconnel, a malcontent, and unfortunate in all his undertakings.

The passage of the Shannon settled the fate of Limerick. It was manifest to all that the surrender of the city was now but a question of days. Even then, when victory was in his grasp, Ginkell showed that he had no desire to prolong human sufferings without necessity, or to drive a brave enemy to the last extremities of war. He issued a new proclamation, in which, assuming that it was the French who gave the Irish the evil advice to protract the war, he offered the garrison, in case of their capitulating within eight days, the most favourable terms, pardon for offences against King William, restitution of the estates which they had forfeited, reward for their services, and all the benefits promised by the Lords Justices in their proclamation of the 7th of July last. He added, that, if notwithstanding this proposal they should still remain obstinate, he held himself guiltless of the certain destruction which they were about to bring upon their own heads.

The offer was not accepted by the Irish, for the time for doing so, although very near, had not yet come. But the design of the general was no less obvious than kindly. He had no personal wish to push a gallant foe to the verge of despair; he drew a wide distinction between rebels, and men, who like those in Limerick, were fighting for one, who once was, and whom they regarded still, as their lawful king: his eyes were not, like those of some of his officers, watering for confiscations and forfeitures of

lands; he wished by the pacification of Ireland to strengthen the hands of King William; and he desired to set free a large number of gallant soldiers from the miserable work of slaying their fellow-countrymen, to aid his master in carrying on war upon the Continent against Louis XIV.—the common enemy of Europe.\*

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\* *Diary of the Siege of Limerick*: Story's *Wars*: Parker's *Memoirs*: O'Kelly's *Macarie Excidium*: Harris.



## CHAPTER XV.

*CAPITULATION, AND END OF THE WAR.*

**N**OTWITHSTANDING all the advantage now gained, the English were not yet sure of immediate success. To take the city was still a very difficult and a very dangerous enterprise. At a council of war held by Ginkell, on the 17th, the leaders were by no means agreed whether to go on with the siege in the ordinary way, or to march in force over the river, and destroy all the forage of the enemy in County Clare. First, it seemed as if they would cross the river; then, the orders for doing so were countermanded. Preparations were made as if it was their intention to winter in the camp, and at the same time some of the heavy guns were put aboard the fleet. Everything betokened uncertainty—the want of a settled purpose. At last, on the 19th, it was finally decided to pass the river and burn all the forage in the surrounding country, if not to prosecute the siege.

Preliminary to this, there was an attempt made to bring the pontoon bridge nearer to the city. But there was a difficulty even here. The bridge proved to be too short to stretch across the river farther down; for the recent rains had swollen out the stream to greater dimensions, and they had no more boats at hand in order to lengthen the bridge. It was removed

to St. Thomas's Island, and to other places, but still the difficulty remained. At last the inconvenience was surmounted by means of carts and barrels put into the shallow water next the shore, from which they reached the bridge. By the 22nd, everything was ready for crossing the river; and matters were so arranged that in case the garrison should sally forth and attack the camp in the absence of the main body of the troops, those left behind should be able to maintain their ground until succour would arrive. Another thing favoured the movement. Two days before, General Sheldon, with most of the Irish horse had left the city, in order to forage in the country. It is not certain whether Ginkell was aware of this or not; but the time appointed for the expedition was as well selected, as if he had been informed of their absence.

The 22nd was the day agreed upon. On that day the general himself, with ten regiments of foot, a strong body of dragoons, fourteen guns, and seven days' provisions, passed the river, leaving Mackay and Talmash in command of the camp and of the batteries on the Munster side. By twelve o'clock the whole party was beyond the bridge. The English advance party of eighteen dragoons were attacked by a stronger advance party of the enemy, and compelled to retreat. As the main body came forward, the Irish were driven back in their turn, until at last they were under cover of the guns on the city walls.

About four o'clock orders were given to the English grenadiers and four regiments of foot, to advance and attack Thomond Bridge—that is, the bridge leading into the city from the Clare side. It was, however, protected by forts, one on the right about a musket

shot from the end of the bridge, the other on the left a little nearer. These defences were strengthened, farther, by about eight hundred men posted in stone-quarries and in gravel-pits which were at hand. The conflict between the assailants and the defenders proved at first to be very hot; and at the same time the English laboured under the disadvantage of exposure to the cannon of the garrison playing upon them from the king's castle, and from two or three batteries, as well as to the small shot discharged from the walls. Ginkell's soldiers had been ordered not to advance too near the walls, but when the conflict grew warm, they forgot their orders, and dashed forward in face of both gravel-pits and forts. The Irish were put to flight; two detachments from the town then came up to reinforce them, but they too were driven back. The English pressed forward, and turned their retreat into an ignominious flight. So very hot was the pursuit, that the French officer in charge of the bridge, fearing that the pursued and the pursuers might enter into the city together, pulled up the drawbridge too soon, the result of which was, that as many as six hundred of the Irish soldiers, thus shut out of the town, were driven over the fall of the drawbridge and drowned in the river, or else miserably slaughtered.

As it was, the English, though shut out of the city, were left in possession of the forts and earthworks on the Clare side, and were able to post themselves within ten yards of Thomond Gate. The number killed in the action was something less than a thousand, and about twenty Irish officers, and a hundred soldiers were made prisoners. Three brass guns, and five flags, were captured. The besiegers lost only twenty-five men, and had about sixty wounded.

With a loss comparatively trivial, they had inflicted a serious blow on the garrison. Limerick now for the first time was quite surrounded; all communication was at last cut off between the city and the country, and between the garrison and their own horse now foraging in Clare. The fall of the fortress was therefore but a question of hours.

Next day, Wednesday the 23rd, the rain fell in torrents, but all the day the English cannon and mortars never ceased to discharge their fiery missiles into the town. At six o'clock that evening a parley was beaten on behalf of the garrison, and a cessation of arms was agreed upon. Colonel Ruth came out to Mackay's fort, and Talmash having been informed of the object of his visit, referred him to General Scrivermore and the Marquis of Ruvigny. On the day after, Sarsfield and Wauchope came out to Ginkell, and proposed that the cessation should be prolonged for three days, in order to afford them time to communicate with the horse outside the city, with the view of including them in the general capitulation to which they now consented. The request was granted. Half-a-dozen safe-conducts were accordingly sent to Sheldon, who filled them up with the names of deputies appointed to act on his behalf; and these came the following day to the city. The English prisoners, or what remained of them, to the number of two hundred and forty, were delivered up. These men had been well taken care of by the Protestant inhabitants, while they were permitted to remain, but after they were sent away, the prisoners had been collected and confined in places exposed to the English shot, by which some of them were killed. The survivors were now released; some of them with wounds undressed, which they had received

from the fire of the English guns, and all of them starving with hunger. When set at liberty, it was found that some of them from long imprisonment had lost the use of their legs and could not walk, and some of them were so little accustomed to feel the fresh air and to see the face of friends, that they fell down and died, when they were free.

On the 25th, several of the leading Irish—Lords Westmeath, Dillon, and Galmoy, General Sheldon, the Roman Catholic Primate, and the Archbishop of Cashel, came up from the horse-camp, dined with General Ginkell, and then, in a boat rowed by French sailors, passed into the city for the purpose of consulting with their friends. The cessation of arms was continued for a day longer. Brigadiers Sarsfield and Wauchope dined the next day with the general, and agreed to exchange hostages in order to a treaty. To the author of *Macariæ Excidium* it seems a great mystery, that Sarsfield, after making such a gallant resistance, was now among the most active in settling the terms of surrender. The solution probably is, that Sarsfield knew a little more, and was a man of better judgment, than O'Kelly. Sarsfield fought for what he regarded as the cause of king and country, while there remained any hope of success; but after all hope had died out, and he saw clearly that further resistance could accomplish no good and would involve a vast and useless waste of life, that provisions in the city were almost exhausted, that no relief was coming so far as he could see either by sea or land, and that no terms so good as those now offered were likely to be obtained at any future time, he counted it mere folly to hold out longer. Every man of good sense will admit, that in the circumstances he was quite

right. The universal confidence which the Irish entertained in his integrity made the garrison consent to a surrender; but all did so with regret, and many would have preferred death, if by dying they could have preserved their country from what they counted disaster and disgrace.

The terms on which the Irish were willing to surrender and which they sent in to Ginkell, were found to be rather the proposals of victors, than of men driven to their last refuge and not able to hold it for many days longer. They demanded, in case of surrender, that their Majesties William and Mary should agree to pass an Act of Parliament, extending to them pardon for all past crimes and offences, restoring all Irish Roman Catholics to such estates as they held before the war began, and allowing free liberty for their worship, with one priest for every parish both in town and country. They asked further that all Catholics should be free to all employments, civil and military, as well as to follow all trades and professions; and if living in cities and corporate towns to enjoy all corporate privileges in common with their Protestant fellow-citizens. They required further, the Irish army to be taken as if they were English troops into the service of the Crown, and to be paid at the same rate, in case they were willing to serve against France or any other country. These extravagant terms, it was supposed at the time, had been suggested by the French, in hope that they would be rejected; for it is manifest that they had a much greater interest than the Irish in prolonging the war and thereby crippling the power of William—the great antagonist of their master. If the conjecture is correct, the French were right in their calculations. The general

refused at once terms which he deemed so unreasonable, and gave immediate orders to prepare the batteries for renewing the conflict.

The Irish then sent to know what terms the general was willing to grant. Ginkell, it was understood, had secret instructions from the king to grant them very liberal terms, and to bring the war to an end at any cost. He therefore released all their prisoners and sent them twelve Articles, which were much the same in substance as were agreed to afterwards.


Upon the 28th, Sarsfield, Wauchope, the Roman Catholic Primate, the Archbishop of Cashel, and a number of other Irish leaders, came to the camp and met the leading English officers to talk over the terms of surrender. The interview was long and the debate keen. At last, Articles of surrender were agreed to for the city of Limerick and for all the castles and forts in Ireland. It was arranged that there should be a general cessation of arms both by land and sea : that such of the Irish forces as chose to leave their own country should have free permission to pass into France, that English transport ships should come to Limerick and Cork to take them away, and that French transports should have free access to Irish ports for a similar purpose. Though the substance of the arrangement was agreed to, the Treaty itself was not formally concluded till the arrival of the Lords Justices from Dublin ; for the Irish insisted that the heads of the civil administration should sign the agreement on behalf of the Government of England. Matters were so far advanced, however, that the commander-in-chief judged himself warranted, not only in sending for the Lords Justices, but in writing to Admiral Delaval, to inform him of the agreement

and to request him to take the necessary steps for getting the transports ready.

By the 29th, everything looked so well that soldiers out of the city were visiting the camp, and soldiers from the camp were paying occasional visits to the city. The following day, nearly all the Irish general-officers dined with the Duke of Wurtemberg; but beyond these social and friendly gatherings, nothing was done till the Lords Justices should arrive. About nine o'clock in the evening of the 1st of October, these gentlemen reached the camp. Next day at three o'clock, they were met by the great men of the Irish nation, civil, military, and ecclesiastical. In this conference the debate was renewed; and by twelve o'clock that night all was settled, the Articles were ordered to be engrossed, and the Irish leaders went back to the city.

Next day the Irish chiefs returned to the camp, and, after dining with the Duke of Wurtemberg, they and their adversaries signed the ARTICLES in due form in Ginkell's tent. The MILITARY Articles, referring to the surrender of the city and of any other place in the hands of the Irish, were signed only by the generals on each side; but the CIVIL Articles, referring to the rights and privileges secured by treaty to the Irish nation, were signed on the English side by the Lords Justices and the commander-in-chief, and on the other by several Irish noblemen and gentlemen on behalf of their fellow-countrymen.

The Treaty of Limerick has been so often printed, and is so well known, that nothing except a summary of it need be given, for the information of readers who have little time to prosecute researches in other quarters.





The **MILITARY** Articles secured the right of any Irish or French soldier in arms, who chose to leave Ireland, to go anywhere he pleased except to England or Scotland: and every Irish garrison throughout the country was to share in the benefit of this agreement. For their conveyance to a French port, Ginkell was to provide the necessary transports and convoy: the ships were to be returned safely, and the provisions used on the voyage to be paid for. Prisoners of war on both sides were to be released. The Irish town of Limerick was to be surrendered to the English on the day of signing the Articles: the English town, only when everything was ready for embarkation. The garrison was to be free to march out with its baggage and arms, and a portion of its ammunition.

But the **CIVIL** Articles were far more important in their nature and range. By them it was provided, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland were to enjoy the same toleration for their religion as they had done in the reign of Charles II. All of them, except those now out of the kingdom, and those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to King William's Government, were to have restored to them the estates which they possessed before the Revolution, they were to be free to follow their trades and professions, and they were to be pardoned for all offences which they had committed since the accession of James II. Permission was given them to carry arms in self-defence, and no man was to lose the benefit of these Articles, because that some other might hereafter break them: and no oath, except the oath of allegiance, was to be administered to any Roman Catholic who submitted.

In both the civil and military Articles, there were several other provisions of minor importance, but

those now stated were the most prominent. It was agreed that their Majesties should consent to these Articles within three months, and that they should use their best endeavours to procure their ratification by Parliament. The substance of the whole was that the Irish soldiers should have full permission to leave the kingdom if they pleased: and it was guaranteed to all Roman Catholics residing in Ireland, who should live peaceably and take the oath of allegiance, that they should enjoy the same privileges as they had before the Revolution—the free profession of their religion and the restoration of their property. These were high terms, such as few men have ever been allowed who have waged an unsuccessful civil war against a *de facto* government: and many of Ginkell's officers would have rejoiced had the Treaty fallen through, for they had an eye to confiscated estates, and it would have afforded them a better chance had the Irish been utterly ruined. But King William could not regard as rebels, men who were fighting for one whom they obeyed and regarded as their legitimate king and who had been unfortunate, and he did not care to drive brave men to despair. He ordered Ginkell to bring the war to an end on any terms. Many of the English in Ireland were very much dissatisfied with Government for giving the Irish such good conditions.

The evening was so far advanced before the Articles were completed, that the English did not then find it convenient in accordance with the Treaty to take possession of the Irish town, but that night they occupied St. John's Gate and the Stone-fort, and the next day they entered Limerick. The church was found full of oats, which by treaty belonged to the garrison. There were fourteen pieces of cannon,

much dust and ruins, and very little more. Everything else the Irish had carried away with them. The English town was meanwhile occupied by Sarsfield and his men. For some days afterwards the English guards stood at one end of Ball's bridge, and the Irish at the other.

To the Irish it must have been somewhat mortifying, that only two days after the Articles were signed, there arrived in Dingle Bay for the purpose of relieving Limerick a French fleet, consisting of eighteen ships of war, six fireships, and twenty other large vessels, bringing two hundred officers, three thousand men, and arms for eight or ten thousand more. Had such a reinforcement arrived a few days sooner, most likely the Irish would have postponed the treaty and made one more trial of their strength. At that late period of the season, it is quite possible that the English might have been forced to raise the siege, and the deadly struggle would have lasted for a year longer. This would have served no good purpose; and therefore it was good for both sides, that the French were a few days late.

It does not appear that anybody, except King William and the English Government, was more than satisfied with the Treaty of Limerick. The French were much displeased that the war was not prolonged; what were the sufferings of Irish people to them, provided the prolongation of the war enabled them to carry out their political projects on the Continent? General D'Ussone on his return to Paris, was thrown into the Bastille for surrendering a city when there was a French fleet coming to relieve it, and when the

approach of winter would have compelled the besiegers in a few days more to withdraw. The Roman Catholics of Ireland were the greatest sufferers, yet some of their leaders were dissatisfied that the battle was not fought out to the last. While by a large section of the Irish Protestants, Ginkell and the Government were blamed for giving the Irish nation such favourable terms, when the garrison of Limerick was reduced to such extremities, and when in a few days more they would have lain at the mercy of the conquerors. What men who spoke in this way really wanted, is now known very well. They did not wish to sacrifice the lives of the Irish; all they wanted was to leave them without property, and without rights political or religious. The fact is, that it was the generosity of William and of the English Government, which saved the Irish people from that servile condition, to which Bishop Dopping and Bishop King would, if they had got their will, have reduced the vanquished. If the Treaty was practically forgotten and themselves treated with harshness for more than a hundred years after, the blame was not owing to their English rulers, but to that Irish Parliament in which their bitter and most bigoted foes had always the predominance. It is the action of the Imperial Parliament which has corrected the evils under which they suffered, and has raised them to a higher degree of social comfort and political influence than was ever dreamt of by the authors of the Treaty of Limerick. The real wounds of Ireland are those which Ireland inflicted upon herself.

But to return to our story. On the 5th of October, an event occurred, which had almost broken up the recent treaty and set the two parties once more at

war. It was part of the stipulated agreement, that while every soldier in the Irish army was free to go to France if he pleased, he was equally free if he preferred it, to remain in Ireland and to go back to his home. But the Irish generals were anxious that all should decide to go abroad, entertaining perhaps the hope that at the head of a large body of soldiers they would be more welcome to Louis, and be more likely to return in force at some convenient time to win back Ireland or England for King James. The Lords Justices and the English officers were, on the other hand, anxious that the men should stop in Ireland, for as they believed, their departure would be a loss to a country so much desolated by war, and because by their enrolment in the French army, they would strengthen what was then regarded as the most formidable of England's foes. Both parties, therefore, used influence, but it was understood that neither should use force to induce the Irish troops to decide in its favour.

Reports got abroad that the Irish officers were using undue means, to force or persuade their soldiers to go to France. It seemed suspicious that they kept the gate of their division of the city always locked; and it was whispered that there was a very liberal distribution of brandy, claret, and even money, to induce them to go abroad with their officers. Still there was no pretext for interference afforded, until an officer in the Irish army wrote a letter to the English general, informing him that he, the writer, was put in prison because he had refused to go to France. Ginkell was indignant. He immediately ordered four guns to be brought down and planted on Ball's bridge, saying that *he would teach them to play tricks on him*. So

soon as Sarsfield heard of this untoward occurrence, he came to speak to the general on the subject. Keen words passed between the two officers. Sarsfield ended the dispute by saying that "Submission was now his lot, for he was in the general's power." "Not so," said Ginkell, "you and your men shall go in again, and do the best you can." The substance of the explanation given by Sarsfield was, that the complainant was imprisoned, not for desiring to stay in Ireland, but for speaking disrespectfully of his superior officers. The matter was, however, hushed up, and the colonel was set free.

Ginkell took occasion from this circumstance, to let the Irish soldiers know that they were as free to stay in Ireland as to leave it. That same evening he sent six cannon and ten field-pieces into the Irish town, and issued a proclamation, offering the Irish officers and men full permission to return to their homes with all their goods, on condition of delivering up their arms for payment of their value, and living quietly for the future under King William's government. He stated also, that, although according to treaty the troopers were to deliver up their horses, he would permit them to sell them, in case the owners chose to join the English army. He added that every man was at liberty to go to France if he liked; but in case he did so, his decision was final; he must not return to Ireland again.

On the afternoon of the same day, Sarsfield and Wauchope addressed the Irish soldiers in the city and on the King's Island, showing them the advantages that they would secure by going to France, and that next year, in all probability, they would return to Ireland as part of a powerful French army, which

would restore King James and set everything to rights. They added, that in France, every Irish officer would be continued in his present rank, and every man paid at exactly the same rate as if he had been enrolled in the English army.

It still remained to be seen, what influence these various representations would exert on the conduct of the men. The next day, 6th October, 1691, was to determine that point. That morning a priest preached a sermon to each of the regiments, in which he set before them at length, the advantage it would bring to them and to their religion, to remain faithful to the French interest, and the fatal result that would ensue should they cast in their lot with heretics. Then the bishops gave their blessing to the men. After this the soldiers, to the number of fourteen thousand, were drawn up on the Clare side of the river. General Ginkell, accompanied by the Lords Justices, went over to see them. Yesterday's proclamation was distributed, and the adjutant-general pointed out to them the advantage of taking service in the British army, and how unnatural it would be for them to take the side of a foreign nation against their own country. It was arranged, that all who had resolved to go to France, should, after filing past, march on, and that those deciding to stay in Ireland should turn off on reaching a certain point. Lord Iveagh's regiment, composed mostly of Ulster Irish, Colonel Wilson's regiment, and two of Lord South's, decided to stay. So did Brigadier Clifford, Colonel Henry Luttrell, and Colonel Purcell. But the great majority, both of men and officers, decided for France. The royal regiment, containing fourteen hundred, and the best regiment in James's service, all, with the exception of seven men,

declared for France. The others did the same. The general could not conceal his vexation, that while only a thousand men consented to enter the English service, and two thousand expressed a desire to return to their families, there were very few less than eleven thousand men, now trained in the art of war, going away from the land of their birth, to strengthen the hands of the enemies of England.

The die being thus cast, every exertion was made to provide means in accordance with the treaty for carrying them to their destination. Nearly five thousand of them sailed from Limerick. One of the transport ships accidentally ran on the rocks before leaving the mouth of the Shannon, and no less than 120 of the Irish soldiers were drowned. These ships, having landed their passengers at Brest, returned to Cork, from which Sarsfield and four thousand more set sail on the 24th of November. Two thousand men were conveyed afterwards. So that at this time ten thousand men—the very flower of the Irish army—left Ireland for ever, to constitute the Irish Brigade of Louis XIV.

The scene which occurred at Cork when the troops were embarking, was most affecting: and the treatment of innocent people on that occasion was inhuman and cruel in the highest degree. The very first of the Military Articles of Limerick provided that all persons of every condition should be free to leave the country, along with their families and effects. Relying on this, the wives and children of many of the soldiers had gone to Cork, expecting to be taken aboard along with their husbands and fathers. The men and officers were taken off in boats to the vessels, but the women and children were left on the shore.



The poor creatures, discovering now at the last moment that they were to be parted from those they loved, sprung to the boats which carried away the officers, and when they could not get in clung fast to their sides. Some were dragged into the water and drowned, others had their fingers cut off and perished : all without exception were left behind. The wild unearthly shrieks of sorrow and desolation which rose from the multitudes that lined the shore, can only be imagined by those who have witnessed a parting scene where Irish families expect to meet in the world no more.

Who was really to blame for this cruel separation, we do not exactly know. The Irish laid the blame on Ginkell and Nassau, who it is said, wished to use conjugal and filial affection as an instrument to induce the soldiers to remain in Ireland with their families and wives. The English laid the blame on Sarsfield and Wauchope, who did not wish the men serving in a foreign country to be encumbered with wives and children, and who wished those who served under them to leave the country with a sense of bitter wrong in their hearts, and with strong inducements to return in due time. We do not take it on us to decide as to which side was to blame. All we can say of it is, that after peace was proclaimed, such an act was without necessity, and without any rational purpose : and the long series of atrocities perpetrated in Ireland in the three campaigns of 1689—91, is fitly closed by the most unfeeling and barbarous incident of that desolating and inhuman war.

It is not the purpose of this narrative, either to follow the fortunes of the Irish Brigade in France, or to describe the steps taken by the Parliament of

Ireland to raise the country from its ashes, or to carry out the Treaty of Limerick. These things can be read in fuller and more comprehensive histories. We have only to say, that as the transport ships stood out to sea from Cork harbour, carrying with them so many brave men out of Ireland, and leaving so many broken-hearted women weeping on the shore, the war of the Revolution was at an end. No less than a hundred thousand human beings had perished either in the field or by the hunger and hardships that war occasions. Limerick, Londonderry, Cork, Carrick-fergus and Charlemont stood regular sieges. Athlone and Kinsale were stormed. Newry, Omagh, Dungannon, Limavady, Tralee, Nenagh, and other country towns were burned down. Horses, sheep and cattle were carried off in thousands: country houses rifled by soldiers: peaceable men who objected to being robbed, shot down like dogs: hay and oats burned where there was not time sufficient to carry them off: and the whole country suffered from violence, famine, disease, death in many forms, and from crimes worse than death in multiform and hideous variety. When that war began, many people in retired districts no doubt imagined it would never reach their happy firesides: long before it was over, the most secluded hamlet in the island was suffering under its dread effects. The sense of relief was general, when men ceased to murder each other and to rob their neighbours. At length the din of war died out, and the labourer and the artizan who survived, were left free to return to their industry. The Revolution was an accomplished fact. James Stuart was a king no more, and with him irresponsible government had passed away. A constitutional monarch in the person of

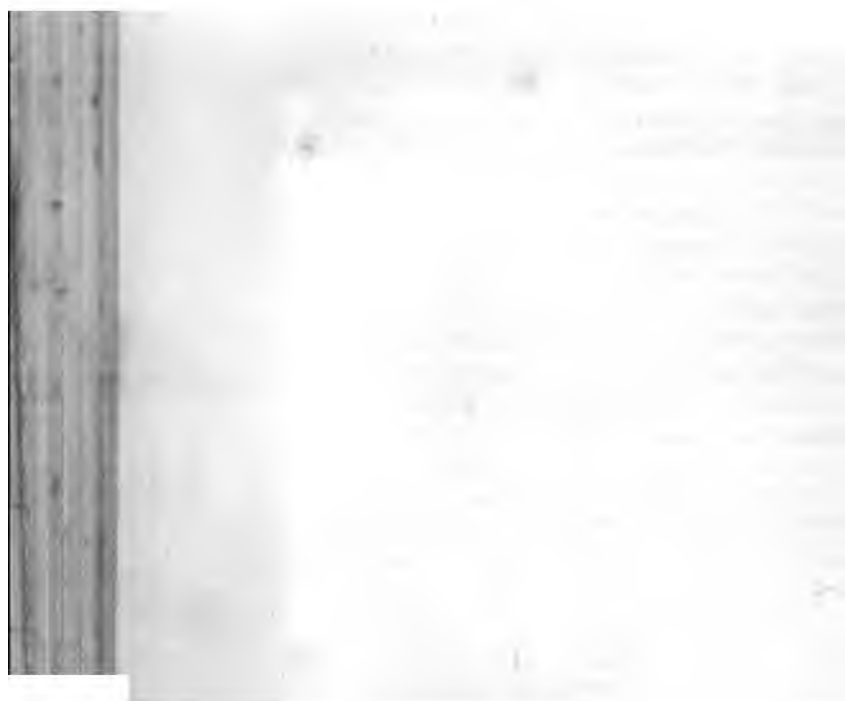
William sat on the throne of these kingdoms, and liberty in Church and State, though long afterwards held in check, was virtually triumphant.

-Out of the ashes of a desolate and ruined country, peace and good order and freedom and happiness, slowly emerged. That generation and the next and the next, bore with them to their graves the wounds and scars, which this deadly struggle left behind it; and those who should have soothed and cherished the sufferers, often cast into the sore the salt and the vinegar, rather than the oil and the wine. A better day has now dawned on our country, and every one who loves old Ireland should aid in advancing her moral and social improvement, and, in attention to the duties of the present and the future, should allow himself to forget the bitter memories of the past. In our present circumstances, intellectual and political, we have at our hands the elements of a great and happy future, provided only that as a nation we had wisdom to turn them to account.\*

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\* *Diary and Articles of the Siege of Limerick: Story's Wars of Ireland: Macarix Excidium: Harris.*

THE END.



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